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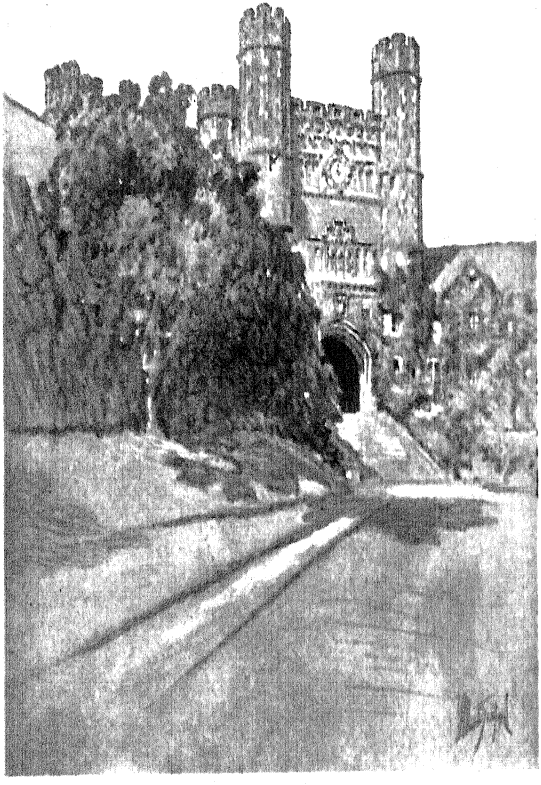
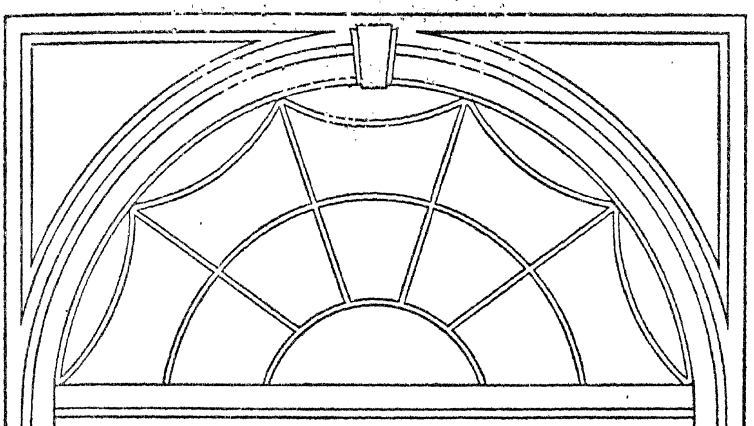


The Path Sweeps up to the Square Central Tower



RAMBLES IN OLD COLLEGE TOWNS

By

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with drawings by

John Albert Seaford

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RAMBLES IN OLD COLLEGE TOWNS

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CHAPTER I

Jefferson's College in Charlottesville

It was late in April when we decided to begin our little tour of the old college towns here in the East by starting for Virginia. We'd neither of us ever been farther into the Old Dominion than Mount Vernon, which is not so much part of a State as part of history, so the distance beckoned with all the allurement of the new. Then there was the hope of warmth and sun, powerful magnets in this cold, grey, unwilling war spring, as reluctant to mobilise as the most pernicious pacifist in a House and Senate just then struggling with the Conscription Bill.

"Shall we take the sea trip and begin with Williamsburg, or go by train and see the University of Virginia first?" I asked Sister, as we studied time-tables and looked at maps and wished the janitor would respond with greater heartiness to the telephoned demands for more heat. Outside the rain drizzled on the

pavements and two trees, visible from the western windows, withheld without a struggle the least impulse toward budding.

"Nothing that's wet appeals to me," Sister responded. "I don't really think that spring has got any farther along to the South, but if it has I want to see where it begins. My vote is for the train."

Surely one of our modern miracles is the ability we have to change the space of a season from weeks to hours. Surprise is the most volatile and fleeting of possessions—the most amazing experiences lose their wonder in the very act of happening. The huge subversion of life that is in progress along the fighting line in Europe becomes the commonplace of daily living in a few weeks, with no more element of surprise than inheres to the customary existence of a broker on Wall Street. What happens happens, and your adjustments are made so instinctively as to be practically imperceptible.

We were off. We had marched down the long corridor of the Pennsylvania Station, preceded by a red cap grimly enduring our two suit cases, two umbrellas and one small grip, for he had permitted us to retain none of these things. We had stepped down the flight of stone steps at the farther end into the mighty concourse with its pale and effective decorations by Jules Guérin,

those vasty maps that do really hint of the magnificent spaces of our Continent, and we had plunged on downward to the level where our train waited, and found our chairs.

"Yassam," said the porter, unbending as he found that though women we were not immune to the great American habit. "Yassam, 7 and 9, here they is." He stowed away our baggage, interrupted for a moment by two men in khaki who sought further seats. His eyes brightened, and he smiled upon us:

"I done decided to enlist myself," he told us, and so departed, for all we knew, on the first lap of his long journey to the French trenches.

In the stealthy way of trains running out of the Pennsylvania we found ourselves gathering speed and presently our eardrums were repelling the pressure of the tunnel with a determination to do or bust familiar to commuting Jerseyites who go right on reading their papers as though a rampant eardrum were something beneath notice, even their innocent children ignoring the contest completely. But we sat with our fingers pressed to our ears as though suddenly shocked by language quite too dreadful for endurance, and breathed deep when the train emerged into the sunlight feebly struggling through the clouds that hung over New Jersey.

Manhattan lay behind us—the thrill of a coming

vacation, the knowledge that for the next month we should be prospecting among colleges, from Virginia to Maine, swept over us, and we smiled. Only the New Yorker, completely in the control of the huge city as he is, really knows what Getting Away means.

I maintain that part of every place is the getting to it. And when it comes to Virginia, which has given to the country so many great presidents and statesmen, then Washington is surely a part of Virginia. And since Thomas Jefferson was the creator of the University of Virginia, or at least its chief parent, in going to Charlottesville you must stop off at Washington or you will not get the whole of the college town. A ramble is as indefinite as a dream, being largely a thing of the spirit, a condition of mind as well as the putting of one foot before another.

But long before we arrived in Washington we had found our surprises. The first was a row of plum trees in full flower. Spring, by Jove!

That was half-down through New Jersey. The skies were blue before that, the grass ran green beside us; now we passed a cherry in flower! And we pulled out of Philadelphia to the accompaniment of a perfect chorus of green and pink and lavender, displayed by forest trees beyond the city.

"This is really the thing!" exclaimed Sister.

"To walk right up on spring, as it were, from a chill, raw morning without a leaf to this balmy flowering at noon. Look, there's an apple tree in full bloom!"

We entered Washington to find it at the very height of its loveliest season. Opposite the Powhatan, where we put up, a little park displayed everything used in spring furnishings from apple and cherry to lilac and spirea, nursemaids and rosy babies.

We wanted to hear some of the debating going on in Congress. Boys from the very colleges we were to visit would debate there in their turn some day, and the fate of many of them now in those colleges was being settled in the House and the Senate. Were we to tackle a great offensive war, and pour millions of our own men into the bleeding ranks of the allies, or were we going to spend money only, at a pleasing interest rate?

When you try to realise what it would be like to get along without words, you find that the things are important—even essential. But after you have sat for a few hours listening to the quantities of these very words crowding the dull air in the halls of Congress it seems difficult to believe them of the least use. We went to listen, thrilling with the idea that here we should watch and harken to history in the making. I suppose

we did. But the actual impression was decidedly below this mark.

"Perhaps nothing seems important when some one else is talking about it," said Sister, as we waited for one impassioned orator to give place to another, hoping that then something really worth while would be said. That is the spell of the place—you wait and wait, discounting the boredom of the moment for the hope of what may come next instant. It is the instinct for gambling dormant in even the most cautious.

We left Washington next day without having heard the great speech, or even the decisive word. Yet all about us, in these lovely buildings standing amid the bright glory of fresh leaf and flower, the huge machinery of a nation rousing itself to action was in progress. Men in khaki, men in blue, secret service men lost in business suits, moved through the streets. On the green behind the White House, in the late afternoon, young men were drilling, and a bugle spoke to them at intervals with a military summons in its ringing throat. Guards waited inside the White House grounds, and women suffrage pickets, with banners, outside the gates.

Near us, while we watched the boys drilling, two old men sat on a bench.

"I was here in this town when they fired on Fort Sumter," one of them said, "and I was here

when the Spanish War came along. Guess this one will have something to show for itself before we get through."

"Beats all how these wars keep coming along," murmured the other man, who was even older and whiter. "Nice looking young fellers . . . but no better than what the other wars took."

Possibly there, and not in Congress, we heard what we had waited for.

It is usually something that you have not anticipated that strikes you when you go to a new place. I remember that my first impression of Bermuda was a delightful and pungent fragrance of growing onions. So the first thing that struck us in Virginia was the lettering on two doors at a way station waitingroom. The division was no longer that of the sexes; instead of MEN and WOMEN we read WHITE and COLOURED.

"Well, sure enough, we're in the South," I remarked.

The three hours' run between Washington and Charlottesville takes you through lovely, diversified country. Broad fields green with winter wheat or a deep crimson where they had been freshly plowed, and fringed with woodlands in new leafage, rolled away on either hand. Through the woods the dogwoods made a white splendour, and a tree we had only seen in carefully tended

gardens, the brilliant coral tree, with its close-set pink blossoms covering every branch, lent itself lavishly to the colour scheme, growing solitary or in clumps, by fields and deep in the forests, a wonder and a joy.

Charlottesville is in the footbills of the Virginia mountains, that rise beyond in blue waves. An air as caressing as the soft Southern drawl to which we had listened all morning blows over it, and somewhere a clear and lazy river winds past it. Indeed, we had read that "Charlottesville is picturesquely settled on the Rapidan River," and we rather expected to see something like one of those little towns on the upper Thames in England that string along either bank, buried in flowers and grey with age.

But Charlottesville is not in the least like that.

We had left to chance the determination of our hostelry: used more to western than southern travel I expected to find the *Commercial Hotel* as the one dominating factor when it came to bed and board. But as we looked out of the window of our train, approaching the brick station that cuddles under a hill in the lee of the town, we saw a small bus with the name NEW GLEASON blazoned upon it.

"That'll do," I decided. "Let's go to the New Gleason."

In five minutes we had done so. A rather

frayed and battered looking house on the Main Street, opposite an old and unattractive church. I have always hated more than another the word pretentious. It is an ugly word and means an ugly and distressing thing, but it is considerably used in this our country. I felt immediately, however, that it would never be used in relation to the New Gleason. There was nothing whatever pretentious about the place. It was plain, it was unadorned, it bore the records of elder days in dusky wallpaper and imitation grained wood. The elevator that bore us to our floor moved with a glacier's speed, and the rooms themselves conformed strictly to the worst mid-Victorian ideas of colour and furniture. But the windows were big, and the air that blew into them was sweet and soft. Hot water ran freely into a big bathtub, and the beds were comfortable. The place was not pretentious, but one liked it. One liked it better as one knew it better. The service was effective and friendly and personal. The food was simple and good. Every one in the place was pleasant.

Our depression on first coming in vanished. We looked out at the unattractiveness of Main Street with a fresh interest. The town must have more than we could see in that drive from the station—and then there was the river, the Rapidan.

We left our New Gleason, looked right and left, and turned right. Where would it take us?

In a minute we had crossed the bridge over the tracks of the railroad, and the street became greener. Old houses backed away from it, with gardens as a protection between themselves and the passerby; old gardens, running to seed, but full of savour and colour. Suddenly we saw great stone and iron gates before us, with a group of shops—The College Book-Store, a drug store, a post office—it was, we heard later, the Corners, and the chief rendezvous of a public sort for the students. Many of them, and fine boys they looked, lounged in the doorways and on the extensive flights of steps that recent or fairly recent grading made necessary.

We had reached the first college on our list, Thomas Jefferson's University of Virginia, and we had done it instinctively. Here were the forty acres bought from John Perry for twelve dollars an acre, his field having been selected from three offered, all within a mile of Charlottesville Court House. To be sure, the forty has been broadened to over five hundred, and the buildings have multiplied since Jefferson's day. But he it was who evolved the idea of a University from the original scheme to erect a mere academy, he it was who drew the plans, and he who, with the manager of his estate of Monticello, an Irish assistant,

Dinsmore, and ten able-bodied workmen, started the building of the college. The story of this start is worth retailing, as it is told by the manager, Captain Edmund Bacon, for years Jefferson's personal friend and major domo.

"As we passed through Charlottesville," he says, "I went to old Davy Isaac's store and got a ball of twine, and Dinsmore found some shingles and made some pegs and we all went to the old field together. Mr. Jefferson looked over the ground for some time and then stuck down a peg. He stuck the very first peg in that building, and I stuck the second. He carried one end of the line and I the other in laying off the foundation of the University."

The corner stone was laid in 1817, by the Widow's Son Lodge, Madison and Monroe assisting while Jefferson looked on, his noble white head towering over the crowd that had come to attend the ceremonies. The college then was called Center College, but Jefferson had already evolved a plan for its development into a University, and helped by the hearty co-operation of his friend, Joseph Carrington Cabell, the plan was adopted by the Legislature in 1818-19, and seven independent schools, under the name of the University of Virginia, were opened to scholars in 1825. Jefferson died the year following, on the Fourth of July, almost at the same hour that

saw the death of Adams, but he had the joy of seeing the institution to which he had given such fervid support, and even the actual labour of his hands, in full running order.

The place is wonderfully beautiful. It is more cohesive in architecture than any other college group in America, save only Leland Stanford, but it is far lovelier and richer to the eye than the western university, richer with years and the softer, greener climate, with age-mellowed stone and pinkish brick, lovelier because the Greek idea from which it springs is more exquisite than any other. The hard, bright beauty of Stanford loses beside the unconscious grace and charm of Virginia. Shaded by giant oaks and elms, with magnolias shining in its old gardens, the long slopes of its rectangular, oblong campus (called The Lawn) terraced down from the Rotunda at one end to the Administration Building on the other, and fenced on either side by the long pillared arcades that are like cloisters in old monasteries in Italy, and follow Tuscan models, the first impression is enchanting and complete. For though there is more, and though we spent hours of delight in wandering here and there, looking into box edged flower-beds, sitting before statues, leaning on the stone balustrades of curving pergolas that gave one far flung views of valley and hill, yet that first glance round The

Lawn, with the sunlight playing wonder-tricks on column and wall and ivy hung building, gives the essence and the beauty undiluted and radiant. We loved it in an instant.

From the gate where we entered you go past the hospital, a fine building dating from 1900 which is being enlarged, and which is far newer than the academic piles, though the good taste of the controlling spirits of the University has kept every part in complete architectural harmony. By winding paths and up steps and under a leaf-hung arch we reached The Lawn, which is on the highest part of the old grounds. Young men in khaki were hurrying hither and thither; it looked as though the whole University were preparing for war, and later we were told that more than seven hundred of the students had enrolled in the military organization. Bronze tablets on either side of the entrance into the Rotunda (where now the library is housed) bore the names of Confederate dead sent out from this same spot to fight the Union; were there to be new tablets to the names of Virginia's youth fallen for the Union?

"You cannot look at those fine boys and think what may be lying ahead of us and not feel positively sick," said Sister. "In every college we are going to see them, young and eager and joyous, thrilling to this call from their country. Look at

all this, and picture those trenches in France and Belgium—all in the same world."

Above our heads, high in the maple boughs, a cardinal was calling, with that swinging, swishing note, clear and high, the very note of youth. It dropped through the branches like a great drop of blood, flashed in the sun, and was gone.

In 1895 a fire destroyed a portion of the University. The Rotunda was partly burned, the dome going, and to the north of it, where now the Plaza extends, the Public Hall, used for lecture rooms and in the graduating exercises, was completely gutted. The fire threatened the dormitories of East and West Lawn, as those facing on the Lawn are called, but a fortunate change of wind helped the fire fighters, and the oldest part of the college structure was left unharmed.

A delightful boy did the honours of the place for us, showing us in and out of the buildings and retailing scraps of history.

"There's a drop of twenty feet from the lowest step of the Rotunda to this square here, the New Quadrangle," he said, and softly the southern accent fell upon our ears. "This part is the new group—the Academic and Rouss and Mechanical. This south end used to be open once, so from the Rotunda you could look clear out across the country."

He took us through the arcades of West Lawn to the Rotunda, chatting as we went. It was a stirring time for the University, with all her sons volunteering.

"I reckon our fathers who graduated here wouldn't hardly have thought we'd ever be doing that," he remarked, smiling. "And some of the older men and women aren't rightly reconstructed even yet."

From the stone terrace of the Rotunda above the columns and arches we looked southward down The Lawn. Five pavilions on either side separated at regular intervals the one story dormitories where the students lived; these are the houses of the professors, two stories in height, and copied after Doric and Ionic models. Jefferson got his idea from the drawings of Palladio. These portions were finished and ready for occupancy by 1823. The roof of the colonnade, balustraded, joins these pavilions, making a long balcony shadowed by the maple boughs.

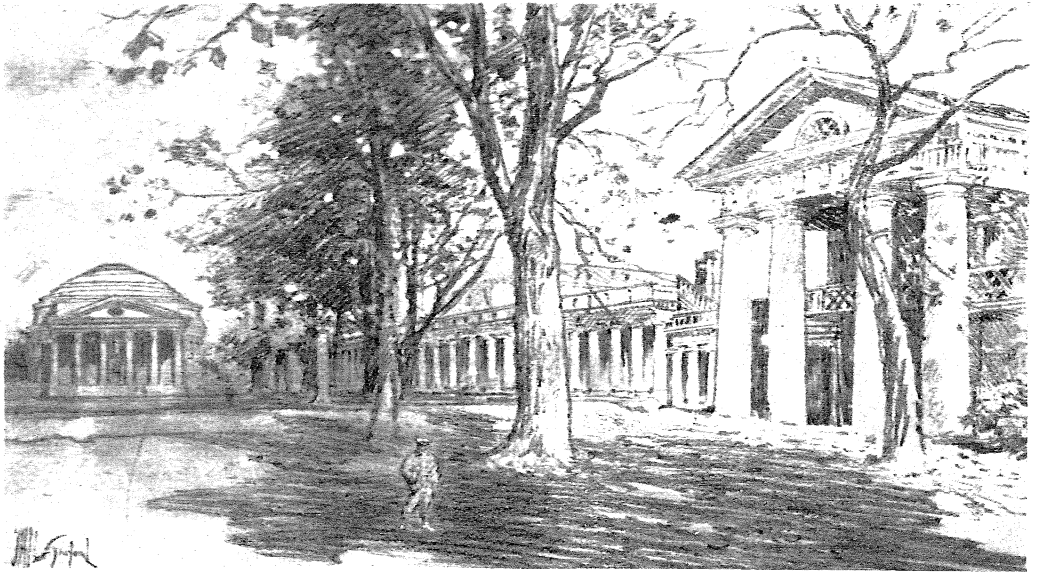
Close to the Rotunda to right and left are the offices of administrators and the Faculty and President's rooms. Until 1905 U. of V. was managed by the Rector, a Board of Visitors, and instead of the President, the Chairman of the Faculty, with only slight executive powers. Then a change was made, and Edwin Anderson Alderman was given the Presidency. Jefferson's idea

was to make a little Republic of the institution, and here the elective system was first tried. This is what the Founder says on that score: he was writing to George Ticknor, of Boston:

"I am not fully aware of the practices of Harvard, but there is one thing from which we shall certainly vary . . . holding the students all to one prescribed course of reading, and disallowing exclusive application to those branches only which are to qualify them for the particular vocations to which they are destined. We shall, on the contrary, allow them uncontrolled choice in the lectures they shall choose to attend, and require elementary qualifications only, and sufficient age. Our institution will proceed on the principle of doing all the good it can, without consulting its own pride and ambition; of letting everyone come and listen to whatever he thinks may improve the condition of his mind."

There was a statement worthy of the great exponent of Democracy. And well have his plans been fulfilled, and splendidly have they proved themselves.

The Rotunda, which was so badly injured in the fire, was restored by McKim, Mead & White, and is one of the handsomest buildings in America, modelled after the Panthenon in Rome. On Jefferson's last visit to the University, about a month before his death, he sat on the balcony of



The Arcades of West Lawn and the Rotunda

the then library, and watched the first marble capital being placed on its great column. The capitals had been imported from Italy when the stone of the neighbourhood was discovered to be too friable for the work required. Jefferson allowed nothing but fine material and honest work in his beloved institution.

"He sat right over yonder," our student explained, "before that fourth pavilion on the West Lawn. That was the building whose corner stone was laid as Central College, and the first of the row. It was the library for several years, and some folks call it the Old Library to this day—but it's been one of the professor houses since 1840, I think; a long time, anyhow. He had come to classify some of the books. Just as soon as the capital was in place he rode off, and that was the last time he got over here."

Jefferson is still a presence in the University. Statues and portraits of him are to be found in the main readingroom of the library, in the Academic building, on the New Quadrangle, where he faces Washington across the width of The Lawn. And his name sounds familiarly in the talk of student or professor. The child of his old age loves him still. The statue in the Rotunda was saved from the fire by the struggles of the students, who carried it out of danger, breaking a small portion of the cloak that hangs

from the shoulders, we were told, though we could not find the spot. It was made by Galt and was said to be a perfect likeness. The newer statue on the Quad is by Karl Bitter. That of Washington is the original of the one lately presented to England by Virginia.

It is easy to spend hours lingering about these old, beautiful buildings and grounds. The Rotunda's central chamber is a magnificent thing, the great dome, painted a pale sky-blue, in which soar white eagles with golden beaks, being supported on a circle of graceful pillars that are indescribably dignified. At one side there is a bust of Poe, whose room, in the West Range, we saw later. The bust is by Zolnay, the same that was so ardently praised by the poet Stedman.

Jefferson had intended the Rotunda for the library, and also for use as a chapel, though entire religious freedom is one of the tenets of the University, and there was never a hint of compulsory attendance. This gave rise, in narrower days, to a report that the college was atheistical. If you didn't make people worship according to your own idea, you must be wicked to the core, was the prevailing notion. As it happens, the first Y. M. C. A. in the world was established at Virginia, and has always been of immense usefulness there. It is housed now in a fine great building conforming to the general scheme of

architecture, built recently, beyond the West Range. There is, in the corner northwest of the Rotunda, a Gothic chapel erected by some committee or other in 1890, a fair example of its style, but utterly out of keeping with the rest of the University. Fortunately it is sufficiently out of the picture not to be distressing.

"This terrace must be a wonderful place in a moonlight night," Sister said, as we lingered there, on coming out of the library again. Our guide, with a few hasty directions as to what we must see next, had hurried off to get ready for his drill. "Think of commencement, with all the pretty girls and all these fine young fellows, and this place—they must all be engaged before the night is over."

On either wing the terraces overlook walled gardens, shadowed by magnolias, sweet with rose and jessamine when June blooms, full now of paler spring blossoms. Vines float and sway from the stone ballustrades, birds sing. Down The Lawn the lovely vistas extend, column and arch and stately portico, warm with the pinkish and ivory tones of rough-cast brick and marble and stone of softer grain but as tender a hue. To the west and east, parallelling the dormitories known as The Lawns, are the second rows of dormitories, called the Ranges. They are like The Lawn, except that for columns they have brick arches. Between

are the gardens, separated by brick walls. These walls, fulfilling some charming fancy, are serpentine instead of straight, producing an elusively playful effect on the serious beauty of the place that is like the sunlight dancing on the columns.

Number 13, in the West Range, is the room where Poe lived while a student, and after his quarrel with his room mate, Miles George, who lived in the West Lawn. Over a small door is this inscription:

Edgar Allan Poe's Room
MDCCCXXVI
Domus parva Magni Poetæ

The brick arches are lightly plastered over, after the Tuscan fashion, in these Ranges. Each little home adjoins its neighbour; each is entered through a door opening on the arcade, and each looks out upon a garden through a window in the rear. Occasional passages passing from the Lawns to the Ranges serve to connect the two, giving the passerby fascinating glimpses of greenery—it was a place where a poet might be happy, even such a poet as Poe. But his life there, as elsewhere, was stormy and broken by his own wild spirit.

On the east side the East Range duplicates the West. They also have their Pavilions, which in older times were mess halls and rallying places. The Literary Societies for which the University

is famous housed in two of the Pavilions, and the Jefferson Society still meets in the central Pavilion of the West Range. The Washington Society now has a small, temple-like building at the north end of the East Range, but once it met in the Pavilion at the south end of that Range. These societies, and the later Columbian, have been and are of great influence in the college life. At one time they were discouraged by the authorities of the University under the conviction that they abused their privileges; but this opposition has long vanished.

As the institution has continued to grow other dormitories have had to be found. Dawson's Row, built in 1859, in the arc of a circle, follows the plan of the earlier buildings, but Randall, south of East Range, though of the prevailing brick and stone construction, is two storied and with room for many men.

There are other dormitories and a mess hall on Carr's Hill, north of the Rotunda. We, wanting to see the drilling in the amphitheatre, the athletic field with its mighty arc of seats and effect of a Roman circus, turned our backs on The Lawn, and found our way to the back (really the front) of the Rotunda. Two vast flights of steps lead from it, the first ending at the Plaza, where once the Public Hall or Annex, stood, the second sweeping down to the street that separates

this older portion of the grounds from the athletic field immediately adjoining, where tennis courts and tracks are laid out, overlooked by the Fayerweather Gymnasium, a handsome, up-to-date structure, with a Corinthian Portico, the columns and capitals of solid stone, conforming in its architecture to the general scheme, and containing everything proper to its purpose.

To the left of the Gym, crowning a hill-slope, is the beautiful home of the President, close crowded by fine trees.

Our way lay on past the Gym, up a charming roadway. Many other people were going the same way, and many of these were girls, pretty girls too, with Southern voices and alluring ways of moving and laughing. Down in the roadway marched companies of the college men, not all in khaki, since all the uniforms had not arrived—the rush of student enthusiasm was too eager for the University to keep abreast of it in her preparations.

There is hardly so moving a sight on earth as that of the young and joyous running to arms in the service of their country. Hundreds upon hundreds, here they came, in a long, swinging stride, active, straight, vivid. "One, two, three, four," the sharp count rang along the lines. In through the arched entrances to the Stadium they wheeled, line by line. And we followed, to group

ourselves on the low, broad step-seats of the Stadium, and watch them march and countermarch, turn, stop, rush off at double quick, now in long lines across the noble field, now four by four. And the hour flew by for us who looked as quickly as for the training boys.

"That's my brother, that one next the end," a tall, dark-eyed girl remarked to Sister. "Aren't they doing well?" Her eyes shone as the lookers on applauded a difficult evolution. "Almost all the men are in it—don't they look nice in khaki? I reckon those who haven't joined feel pretty bad, don't you? But of course some just couldn't."

"Do you want him to go to war?" asked Sister.

The girl glanced at her. "Why, I don't know," she said, slowly. "Seems natural for a Virginian to go to war. . . ."

They marched the lads back and disbanded them on the Plaza before the Rotunda, company by company. Off they ran, down the steps, across the road, laughing, shouting——

"D'you see me get all balled up? . . ."

"Tom'll never learn to keep step. . . ."

"Wish those uniforms would get here . . ." their gay voices rang through the evening, their feet clattered, they shoved each other about or hurried, linking arms.

"The South seems to be turning out a pretty

good line in sons," I remarked, as we watched them scatter.

Up there in the Rotunda, many years ago, Lafayette had been given a dinner, after a parade through the streets of Charlottesville remarkable for pomp and colour. To-day Joffre was in Washington, with Lafayette's name on his lips; once again Frenchman and American were to fight side by side.

We walked slowly down The Lawn toward Administration. Built as it is, on the slope of the hill, you enter on the second story. One flight below is the parquet of the auditorium, one flight up the gallery. Here the college exercises are held, and portraits of the founders decorate the walls, notably one of Jefferson. In the lobby is the bronze memorial tablet commemorating the fire and the restoration of the old buildings, with the building of the three new ones, all by the same architects. The heading to the statement is the line "E'en in our ashes live our wonted fires." But, as Sister said, that is not meant to be taken literally!

Administration and the two buildings that flank it, the Scientific and Mechanics, are joined by curving pergolas that give on the charming view of the hill and valley, on the great oaks that mark Virginia so nobly, and on glimpses of the town. The twenty years elapsed since the build-

ings were finished have mellowed brick and stone to the look of age—the century that has gone since the first corner stone was laid seems to have passed over each façade facing in upon The Lawn—the harmony is complete. Only the trees are young. It was Jefferson's idea that the classic severity should not be softened by a tree, and for long The Lawn was unshaded. Then locusts were planted, and finally the two double rows of maples that now stand there. Fine, well-grown trees, full of lusty life and beauty.

The honour system has always been in vogue in the University of Virginia. A man's word is unquestioned by the Faculty. Very few are the cases where this trust has been misplaced. A student puts his signature to his examination papers stating that the work has been honestly done. In the rare instances when there has been cheating the Faculty has never taken action. The students took up the matter. There is no rough handling; the offender is "simply made aware of the existence of a strong public sentiment which makes it impossible for a man to stain his honour and remain a student of the University of Virginia."

"This seems to me a spot where one would be glad to have one's son," said Sister. "Here, it seems to me, is the soul of Jefferson incarnate."

The sun was setting as we made our way back to the New Gleason, past the Corners, where students crowded for the evening mail. Along the quiet street mocking-birds sang in the old gardens, a tangle of music, silver-sweet. Then we crossed the railway bridge and enchantment fell away.

But in the hotel we had a supper that was worth eating, with corn pone and ham and greens and hominy and coffee that was comfortingly clear and strong. The coloured boy who took our orders was deeply interested in seeing that we got just what we wanted, and begged us to take a little more of each dish. He even insisted on bringing poached eggs to augment what he considered too slight an order. And we ate them. We couldn't have hurt his feelings by leaving them.

Afterwards we chatted with the young lady at the desk.

"You ought to see Monticello," she told us. "No, you couldn't walk it—I did once, but never again. It's only about three miles to the gate, but after that it's miles and miles. But it makes a nice drive, and the woods are fine now. They've been talking of buying it for the Nation, like Mount Vernon . . . it's a mighty pretty place."

We asked her whether there were any special

The Old Homestead of Judge Dewey, with its Columns and Doric Simplicity

haunts in town that attracted the college boys, but she appeared to know of none. "The University holds about everything the students want," she thought. "Of course they go to the Corners, and visit folk in town, but we don't see much of them. I reckon the men who are in Virginia University are there to work, not to play 'round," she concluded.

We decided to drive to Jefferson's home the following afternoon. And went again to our informant for news of where to spend the morning.

"You might go and see the college cemetery and the old Confederate burying ground next it, and so up to the Observatory. That will make a nice walk," she told us.

A soft, warm morning, with a silvery haze over the blue hills and veiling the broad fields that lie along the river. Before going to the cemeteries we decided to see a little of Charlottesville. Though the first impression of the town is not attractive, the place is really charming. Small and old, surrounded by farm-lands, the farm houses built on the crests of the swelling hills, and almost invariably surrounded by a group of splendid oaks, the streets merge into country roads almost imperceptibly. That is, those which don't end in an impasse. For many a fine broad street we took led only to some house in fine grounds

barring further progress; and we trapesed back the way we came, but contentedly, for beautiful trees shaded our way and there were unending views across the valleys, with their rich crimson soil or new, vivid green. Many a splendid Colonial house still stands in the old town, with Greek portico and stately pillars. There are many houses of brick, almost none of wood.

But we couldn't find the river!

"Here is a town 'picturesquely situated on the Rapidan,' and we can't see hide nor hair of a stream," I complained. "Yet it seems idiotic to go up to a citizen and ask him for a river."

But we had to. We walked here and we walked there, and not so much as a gleam of running water rewarded us.

He was old and very Southern in appearance, and he enjoyed talking.

"The Rap*eye*dan? Why, it's some ways along, ladies." He directed us minutely, and then asked us what we thought of the war.

"We've got to get those Prussians beaten," he began. "I fought through the war here and I don't care for any more fighting, but it looks like it has to be done. You-all visited the University?"

Thrilling with delight at the you-all we told him we had.

"Our blood and sweat's gone into it," he said

slowly, taking off his broad-brimmed hat and mopping his forehead to give point to the statement. "It's a fine place; but the war set us back a whole lot."

He was explaining to us the policy of the Central Powers when we broke away—for time was flying, though no one in the South acts as if this were a fact. We found that the river itself, for all the hasty significance of its name, moved with a casual slowness under the bridge which we attained at last. Willows bent above the stream, fields full of buttercups spread back from it, and on surrounding hills picturesque pines aided the oaks in the scheme of decoration. While we sat at the edge of the water several drivers passed us, on their way to town from the country districts. Not one but held the lines over a horse showing traces of blood and breeding. Virginia loves horses, and here, where the great lover of a good horse lived so much of his life, a fine animal or none at all seems to be the rule. Jefferson did a great deal to improve the breed in this part of the state, and though he never raced a horse, he loved to drive a fast trotter or ride a steeple-chaser.

For our drive to the old home of the statesman we secured a charming bay, and took turns with the lines. The red-dust roads were firm and smooth, the trees continuous, and once past the

lodge at the entrance to Monticello, the drive swept upward to the top of the sugar loaf hill in gracious curves, with constant outlooks over the country below.

"I cannot imagine an easier job on earth than learning to love Virginia," declared Sister. "Just look at those sheets of dogwood under the pines! And hear the cardinals! And remember that over this delightful road Jefferson used to ride every day to visit his beloved University. Bad weather, unless it was *very* bad indeed, couldn't stop him. The tall, gallant, happy man, who was said to go singing and humming about his work, and never to be idle, and who watched over every detail of his estate with such exquisite care. It is good to know such things have happened, and it is good to look around here and see the relics of it, kept so beautifully. Virginia makes you feel at home. . . ."

Jefferson's classic taste found full expression in the house he built, with its domed roof and columns, placed so well among the trees and gardens on the hilltop. A couple of youths on horseback, probably students, were idling along, chatting and pointing. This was the sort of ramble a boy could profit by. The man who had built this house, with its fine, reserved beauty, was a heritage to every student in the University. They had their literary societies and their Greek

letter societies, and they had too this influence left behind by a great, simple and generous spirit. It is with emotion that you look about you at Monticello.

"Everything best in American tradition meets here," I remarked, as we drove slowly away. "And tradition is worth while—it must give a noble quality to those it touches as it must touch every boy who is educated here."

Our time was drawing to an end, and we had not yet visited the college burial ground. But the afternoon was only just waning as we returned, our bay still full of playfulness, and sauntered off toward the University, and the little walk under the oaks that led to the quietest of graveyards.

White and blue periwinkle carpeted the ground under the cedars and the ivy grew thick over the ancient stones and simple marble crosses. Here was nothing of pomp and ostenation. A few old English tombs with carven sides and tops. An urn on a column, half hidden in green leaves, simple rounded headstones with names great in the story of Virginia—a place now of singing birds, who were nesting everywhere.

Beyond, under oaks, with the wild flowers growing over them, was the place where the Confederate soldiers rested. A bronze figure in

the centre commemorated these heroes of the lost cause, lying at the very foot of Mt. Jefferson. Little paths led among the graves. A tender loveliness brooded throughout the space.

Above, at the top of the little mountain, was the Observatory, containing the great Clark refractor. It is called after its chief donor, McCormick of Chicago, and is very complete. Vanderbilt also gave a large sum toward its building. Jefferson had selected the site, but was unable to install more than an apology for an observatory at the time.

It is easy to understand that neither money nor social standing cut much of a figure in this great and growing University. There is nothing to spend money on; the woods and fields, the quiet stream, the mild excitements of the Corners are all that call to the student, and none of these asks money. No honourary degrees have been given by the University, which confers its honours only for work done. Character is what counts, and every boy who enters feels that in the first week of his life there. Athletics are eagerly followed, and the publications of the students show real enthusiasm and marked literary ability. There is nothing slack, nothing wasteful.

As we walked homeward to the hotel, round by way of the tennis courts, we heard some of the

young fellows giving the college yell: a good yell, and reaching far:

WAH-HOO-WAH
WAH-HOO-WAH
U-NI-V-VIRGINIA
HOO-RAH-RAY
HOO-RAH-RAY
RAY-RAY
U-V-A

CHAPTER II

William and Mary

RICHMOND is only an hour from Williamsburg, and I don't believe any one ever had the heart to go through Richmond without stopping off if there was even the faintest shadow of an excuse. Naturally the students from William and Mary come to Richmond for contact with the great world—for though Williamsburg is one of the oldest places in America it is as quiet as it is old, and the college boy often demands more of life than age and repose; so Sister and I felt that it was decidedly necessary to get a look at Richmond before continuing down the James River to what was, for a brief time, the old capital of Virginia.

Richmond has a Roman proclivity for hills and a truly Southern passion for flowers and trees and parks. Its up-and-downness and its greenness are as marked as its historic associations with Washington, Jefferson, Patrick Henry, Jefferson Davis and Robert E. Lee. Most of our elder cities can lay some claim to one or two of these men. But Richmond gathers them all in, and many another. Here they lived or here they

met in mighty converse. There they died or there they fought. Old church or beautiful home, public building and tomb, stand as witnesses. To the Southerner his history is real and beloved. In many an old New England town you will hardly find a soul to speak of the past, to direct you to some relic of vanished deeds or to remember the names that wrote themselves into its story. Not so in Virginia. The Revolutionary picture yet holds its vivid colour, and as for the Civil War, we began, before we had stayed many days in the Old Dominion, to listen for the echo of its drums and the sound of its marching.

"We're doing pretty well," said an ex-Confederate soldier who walked about with Sister and me in the picturesque graveyard of the church, St. John's, built in 1741, where Patrick Henry made his famous "Give me liberty or give me death" speech. "We're doing all right now; but that war we fought 'bout forty years or so ago set us back a long way." Forty or sixty years, what matter? It was nearer forty days to his memory.

Richmond, with one other city I know, Paris, has charm. It is a totally different variety of charm, but it's there. You feel it immediately, and it grows more imminent with every day that passes, capturing you as charm always does. There are many reasons for finding Richmond

beautiful and attractive; Capitol Square alone, with the Capitol designed—of course—by Thomas Jefferson, is sufficient. But that plea of the Elizabethan poet to

"Love me still, and know not why,
So have you the same reason yet to dote upon me ever,"

finds ready answer in Richmond. You admire the city for its noble, tree shaded streets, its Colonial buildings, dignified and gracious as some dame of high degree, its far-flung views of winding river and characteristic country; you like its habit of leisure that is neither lazy nor shiftless, and your heart opens to its citizens, who make you feel that Richmond, being their home, is yours also. But behind or within these compelling reasons is an undefined and powerful quality more compelling still, and which is simply the charm.

We suffered a severe disappointment in the city, none the less. We had had, to be sure, a taste of corn pone in Charlottesville. But it had arrived late in the meal and our enthusiasm was over. We wanted more. We asked, wherever we went, for corn pone. The marble magnificence of the Jefferson knew it not; the little lunch rooms on Broad Street refused it; it did not occur at any

meal served in those homes where we were, otherwise, happy guests.

"Can we have some corn pone?" Sister asked it of the friend who was giving us luncheon in the Hotel Richmond.

Any other day, possibly. But not that day. It was not on the bill, to the waiter's regret.

Then Sister told how she made it at home, and how good it was. "But I did want to eat the real Southern pone, and maybe get some hints as to how it's made. I've got the cornmeal, beautiful, golden yellow meal that I send away for——"

Both of us noticed the extraordinary expression that swept the face of our host. It was fleeting, but in it mingled a world of protest, of wonder, a shuddering horror, a frantic effort at concealment, with other to us unexplainable emotions.

"It's no use," we said, "something terrible has happened. What is it?"

At last we got it out of him. Yellow cornmeal!

It seems that yellow cornmeal is only fit to feed to horses. No Southerner ever touches it. White, white as the sand on India's coral strand, it must be, sweet, water ground, so that it is never subjected to heat till it's made into pone, an ethereal, exquisite substance, with a flavour—the moment when a Frenchman would have kissed the tips of his fingers and sent that kiss afloat with an in-

comparable gesture had arrived. The Southerner met it differently:

"I reckon you No'therners don't rightly understand what corn pone is," he concluded.

So far as Richmond goes, we never had a chance to find out—we only discovered what it wasn't.

But we must be on our way to Williamsburg—and how to go?

"What you want to do is to take the boat down the river to Jamestown, and then get across to Williamsburg," we were told. And the beauty of that trip was extolled in no uncertain phrases. Past famous Westover and Brandon, and Shirley, ancestral home of the Carter family, the boat would take us. Hour after hour the green and lovely banks would unroll as the river swept along. And perhaps we should find something to take us to Williamsburg at Jamestown; sometimes there was an automobile to be hired, more often not.

"But they'll get you over some way," we were assured.

It sounded tempting. To be sure, when we discovered that the boat left at an hour which meant breakfast at five, my ardour fell about eighty-five per cent, though Sister was still strong for the trip. And then fate stepped in. The boat only ran every other morning, and it didn't

run our morning. So we took the highly convenient train.

The conductors on Southern railways have the manners, and many doubtless the blood, of the F. F. V's. They take your ticket from you as though it were a privilege of no mean kind to accept the offering. They will not permit you to carry your suitcase an inch, and they are solicitous that you should find seats on the shady side.

"It gives you a sort of Alice in Wonderland feeling," sighed Sister, as we settled ourselves. "Is the subway really in the same world?"

The country, in its springtime heyday, flowed past, cultivated tracts alternating with marshes starred with wild flowers. Splendid oaks led the processions of the trees, topping the slight rises, crowned with farmhouses, and standing in stately groups where the fields opened out. Pine and dogwood contended for the dominating note of dark or white, making a Japanese effect of form and contrast. Occasionally we got a touch of local colour in a negro driving a two-wheeled cart drawn by bullocks, or a group of pickanninies watching the train go by.

"All out heah for Williamsburg," observed the brakeman, softly but clearly.

"Let's check our bags and walk over to the village and look over the land before we decide where to go," I proposed. "Maybe we'll like

one hotel better than another, and anyway we want to be fairly close to the college."

There was a peculiar contraption in the station of the penny in the slot variety. You put a dime in one place and got a key and that unlocked a door and into the space beyond you slipped your baggage, locked the door and departed. But what if you lost the key?

A lovely country road, grass and buttercup edged, drew away from the station between walls and fences hung with vines, wistaria among them, hanging its pale lavender tassels in riotous profusion over rail or ancient brick, and spreading broadcast its delicate fragrance. Birds sang wildly in the golden sunlight.

A little way we walked and found ourselves on what was evidently the village green. It was a solid golden sheet of buttercups edged with mighty trees, under whose boughs nestled old houses of brick and of wood, standing within gardens as old as themselves. Across from us a long, grey, rambling, delightful haphazard building marked the eastern boundary of the green—Court Green. A sign on this building informed us that it was the Colonial Inn.

"There is our home for the next few days," Sister said. "Nothing shall move me from that position."

An amazing number of men in khaki were

crossing hither and thither, and crowding the long and wide Duke of Gloucester Street on which our Inn faced. Were they all martial college youths? No. These were regulars, no mistaking that fact.

We made our way into the office, but no one was at the desk. Khaki filled the room. We seemed to be the only women in the world! A world of soldiers.

"Let's wander about and see if we can find just a plain ordinary man to ask questions of," I proposed.

But just then a youth, anxious inquiry in his eyes, rushed up to us. We wanted a room, and we wanted lunch.

"Come into the library," he begged us, "and I'll see what we can do."

We followed him into an adorable old room, with a fire of logs crackling on the hearth, books in cases round the walls, comfortable old chairs drawn round the hearth, quaint ornaments on shelf and mantelpiece. A spinet stood in one corner, a huge bunch of daffodils shone in another.

We exchanged a look of rapture.

"There's a regiment of Marines in town," our guide informed us, "more than six hundred, and the band's quartered with us. But I reckon we can find a room for you two ladies somehow." He disappeared.

"So that's who they are! Uncle Sam's Marines

—They go first!" remarked Sister. "What larks! Probably there will be a parade. I wonder where the rest of the six hundred, who aren't the band, are put up. This seems to be the one place in town."

We found out later. They camped in their little dog tents on the University Athletic Field, rows and rows of khaki shelters that didn't look big enough to cover a large-sized Newfoundland, let alone a Marine, all of whom seemed to run to extra sizes as men go.

Now our host entered, and bade us welcome with a truly Southern grace and distinction. Yes, we could have a room, and yes, it should look out on Court Green—for we wanted that. Those buttercups!

So we surrendered the keys that guarded our suitcases, and went in to lunch. The long, low room was filled with officers and their wives, besides, at one table, the band in its blue uniform. A gay sight. Rather overpowered looking black waiters hurried about, doing their best. Probably the Inn had not had to meet such an emergency since the days of the Jamestown Exposition, but it was standing the test gallantly. We were served promptly, and always with that effect of being personally and attentively looked after that kept its pleasant palpability about us throughout our Virginian visit.

Before delivering our letter of introduction from a friend in Richmond to President Tyler of William and Mary we thought it better to go wandering through the old town itself, and get hold of the local colour. Rain clouds were beginning to pile up, and we wanted to do our tramping before the weather had a chance to show what water could do with the red soil of the roads.

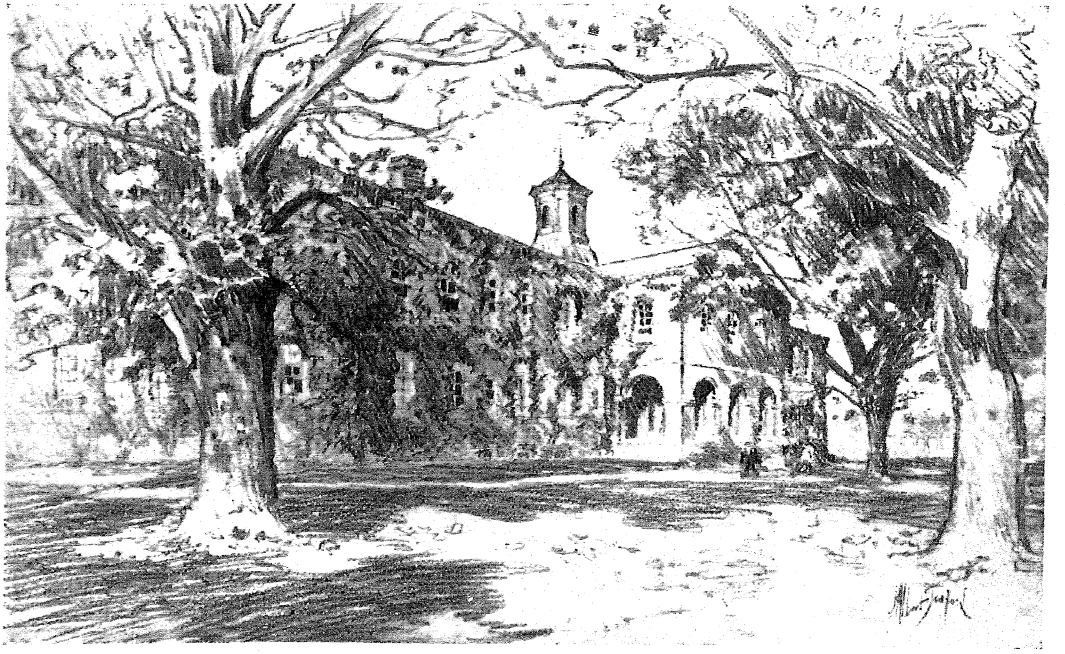
Williamsburg is constructed on a simple plan. There are three long, broad streets running east and west, seven or eight or more, shorter and not so wide, crossing at right angles. The names savour of the days when the English settled Virginia; in New England the towns changed their English names after the Revolution, but conservative Virginia kept hers. So besides the Duke of Gloucester there are King, Queen and England streets among the names. A small guide book told us to begin our pilgrimmage at the Inn, which we couldn't very well help doing. Turning to the left, we first went up the street to the site of the old capitol, on a circular green, the street bifurcating and sweeping round to right and left.

Now nothing but the stone foundations of the fine building that stood here in all the glory of Colonial days remains to gaze upon. We sat down on one of the stones and looked down the

street to the college campus and buildings, veiled in trees. About us historic interest was piled high. From 1699, when the capital was moved to Williamsburg from Jamestown, to 1779, when it betook itself to Richmond, the laws of Virginia were made here, and here the governors held state. The word Capitol was used for the first time in America for the Williamsburg building, built in the form of an H, of brick and stone. Indeed, there are a number of *firsts* in this dreamy old town, as we found later.

It was in this capitol that Patrick Henry, in 1765, on May 30, denounced the Stamp Act, and presented his resolutions. Eleven years later the Virginia Convention passed resolutions urging the Continental Congress to declare independence. A fiery and energetic group of men kept Williamsburg in the very front of the nation's history during all the long struggle for freedom. It was no sleepy college town in those days with its eyes on the past, as it is to-day, but the wild-beating heart of Virginian patriotism.

Round about this ancient site are some of the oldest and finest of the Colonial houses that give the town its character. Untouched, perfectly preserved, lived in to-day as throughout the long years, these brick or wooden houses, with their dormer windows, stand within their walled gardens, brick paths leading from gate to grace-



The Main Building Has an Effect of Serene Dignity and Welcome

ful doorway, and on each door shines a bright brass knocker and plate. Here looking like a New England house is the home of Peyton Randolph, first President of the Continental Congress, and a short way further on Basset Hall, at the end of a long lane of trees, spreads its noble proportions. Here lived Tyler, later President of the United States. Once the famous Raleigh Tavern stood where now a little shop faces on Duke of Gloucester Street.

"It must have been a scrumptious sight in the old days here," Sister said. "Isn't there a picture in the Metropolitan Museum that shows the old church here, Bruton Parish Church, with stately men in full-bottomed coats and cocked hats, afoot and on horseback, greeting each other and the beautiful highborn ladies sitting in a coach? We must see that church."

But I was not to be outdone with this display of cultured knowledge.

"Did you know," I asked coldly, "that Tom Moore, of distinguished fame as a poet and a lover, once stayed right there in Basset Hall? And that there he wrote his poem to the Firefly, never having seen fireflies till he got here, on a night of May?"

"There's one comfort," responded Sister. "Between us we know everything!"

I had found the song in the library of the Inn

that very day, but I didn't think this was worth telling. Instead I murmured the first verse:

"At morning when the earth and sky
Are glowing in the light of spring,
We see thee not, thou humble fly,
Nor think upon thy gleaming wing."

"No one would dare write a stanza like that nowadays," I mused. "Yet how sweetly pretty."

"The day when the sweetly pretty was popularly acclaimed is over," agreed Sister. "Even a girl needs more than that to make her a success. But is there not more to be seen?"

"Thomas Jefferson announced many years ago that 'The only public buildings in the Colony worthy of mention are the capitol, the palace, the college and the hospital for lunatics,'" said I. "All are gone except the college. At least, the hospital was rebuilt after 1885, this foundation remains of the capitol, and on the site of the palace now stands the Whaley School, used by the college to train its scholars in the art of teaching. Yet there are things worth seeing."

"What a Hun fire is," Sister remarked. "I believe Jefferson criticised the proportions and ornaments of the capitol, but a minister who lived here, the Rev. Hugh Jones, announced that it was the 'best and most commodious Pile of its

Kind that he ever had seen or heard of.' In 1704 it was the largest and handsomest building anywhere in the Colonies, so they say. And when it was first burned down, about forty years later, the governor denounced the act as 'the horrid machinations of desperate villains instigated by infernal madness.' Anyhow, it is vanished, with not a wrack behind, unless you count this pattern on the grass, and the monument here."

The Association for the Preservation of Virginia Antiquities has set up this monument, with its interesting inscription, telling briefly the more famous incidents in the life of the capitol. Here, besides the speech of Henry, that according to some opinions of that time did as much to bring about the Revolution as any other single factor, occurred the various landmarks along the road to independence marked by Dabney Carr's Resolution to form a committee to confer with similar committees from the other colonies, a first step toward the ultimate union of the states, and later the Declaration of Rights, the work of George Mason, followed a few days afterwards by the adoption of the first written constitution of a free and independent state ever framed.

Not far from the capitol used to stand the old prison, described by a writer of the day as "a strong, sweet prison." Here the wild companions of Black Beard the pirate were confined, and from

here they went to their execution. Certainly, history in many phases has been made on this little piece of earth.

We sauntered up the street toward the college, bewitched by the old houses on the way, almost every one of them an exquisite example of the best period of the eighteenth century's conception of home architecture. A little way beyond the Inn a queer, octagonal building, with a sharp-pointed roof, turned out to be the Powder Horn, where powder was stored in Colonial days. When the news of Lexington came to Williamsburg, the then governor, Lord Dunmore, had the powder taken away in the middle of the night and shipped aboard a ship lying at Yorktown. The people of the town were furious, and made a great demonstration, led by Patrick Henry. So furious that the governor followed the powder, and was never again seen in Virginia.

The Horn, or Magazine, was built under Governor Spotwood in 1714, and probably because of its dangerous contents, never did catch fire. It is practically as it was then, but now is a museum for antiquities, under the protection of the same Virginia Society whose ministering hand has done so much to restore or to preserve what is old and valuable in the State.

The street, as we drew nearer the centre of the town, grew livelier and livelier. Not only was

it filled with the khaki of the Marines, but also crowded with darkies in all sorts of ramshackle rigs where they weren't afoot. Baskets and manifold chatter accompanied them. It was market day, in fact. Gay bandannas decorated many of the women's heads, and black and smiling youngsters in print dresses raced about, far more silent than their elders, after the fashion of pickanninies. Vegetables made heaps of colour, pushcarts loaded with candies, oranges and other sellable things were steered about dexterously by young men who shouted gleefully to each other or to the women.

"You-all haveter quit this foolin' and git to the war soon," they called, vastly amused at the idea.

Williamsburg was settled in 1632, and then called the Middle Plantations, being half-way between Yorktown and Jamestown, in the middle of the peninsula. Whenever there has been fighting on the Continent, Williamsburg has seen her full share of it. "We've surely known what war means here," as one of the ladies said to me later on, "its scars are with us to this day. And are we to have our dear ones taken from us again? Why, armies have marched back and forth over this town ever since Bacon's Rebellion. . . ."

In her face was that look of indefinite sadness that is found so often in the faces of Southern women past their first youth—a heritage perhaps, and, who knows, a prophecy maybe? The care-

less negroes laughed at the idea. But the woman of the South can never laugh at the threat of war. Can you imagine a Belgian laughing at it, even generations hence?

We stopped for a moment to look at a small sulky building, hiding behind a new shop, the old Poor Debtors' prison, and then crossed the street to look at the ancient Court House, backing on Court Green, said to have been designed by Christopher Wren. The fine sweep of stone steps that leads to the porch was imported from England when the building was erected in 1769. It is a simple and satisfactory house of red brick with white facings, beautiful in its proportions, with a cupola balanced by two chimneys, and a pointed, overhanging pediment making the roof for the porch.

In enumerating the buildings that were worthy of mention Jefferson overlooked one of the most beautiful of the whole country, Bruton Church, built in 1715, succeeding an earlier structure dating between 1632 and 1665, and probably the oldest church building in America. It is of beautifully toned old brick, with a white, octagonal and pointed wooden tower superimposed on the square brick foundation. The body of the church forms a cross. A brick wall surrounds it and the graveyard in which it stands, a lovely place, reminding you of many an old Eng-

lish graveyard, even to the blooming hawthorn trees and ivy that shade and soften the tombs.

Children were playing here, running in and out among the square headstones or the carved tombs, calling to each other in the soft Southern voices that are an unmixed delight to the ear protestingly accustomed to the raucous shrieks of New York's younger element.

The dates on the headstones reach back far into the seventeenth century, and several bear titles. One recorded that it was "Sacred to the Memory of Lady Christina Stuart, Daughter of John Stuart, 6th. Earl of Traquier, and Wife of Hon. Cyrus Criffen, born in Peebleshire, Scot. 1751, Died in Virginia 1807." The sides and top were carved, and the sculptured arms still witnessed to the pride of birth that made Virginia as strongly aristocratic as the old land from which she drew. Another tomb summed up a brief life briefly. "Born 1787, Mar. 1808, Died 1816."

Close by is the Whaley tomb, with its pathetic inscription:

Matthew Whaley lyes
Interred here
Within this Tomb upon his Father dear
Who departed this life the
26th. of September 1705
Aged Nine Years
Only child of James W. and Mary his wife.

This is the child for whom his mother left the money to build a free school as a memorial. The lady herself, so desolately bereft, went back to England, where she died. Mary Curtis' children are also buried here, close to the church.

The church has passed through various vicissitudes, and at one time was considerably altered inside by tasteless renovators, but in 1906 it was restored to practically its ancient condition. It is charming, with its rows of mahogany pews, and the stately governor's pew opposite the pulpit, on a railed-in dais, a great carved chair overhung with the Spotswood canopy, a strong note in the tranquil beauty of the place. Here through the generations the same service has been held, the same prayers spoken, here the vested choir has sung hymns older than the country in which it stands. We listened, next morning, to the prayer in time of war, and thought upon the days when that same prayer had stirred anxious hearts in the pews where now we sat. During the ante-war days of the Revolution the governor, Lord Dunmore, and the members of the House of Burgesses moved up into the gallery, ousting the college students, for their lack of popularity persisted even within the church.

We were shown the three Communion Services, one given by Jamestown, another by George III.,

bearing the legend of the Prince of Wales, Honi Soit qui mal y pense, the third the gift of Lady Gooch, wife of Governor Gooch. This is dated 1686. All are exquisitely fashioned.

The coloured sacristan pointed out to us, on Palace Green, the Whaley School, and told us that we should find several old houses worth our while:

"You go on roun' this heah way," he said, "and you'll find the house where Geo'ge Washington lived; the Geo'ge Wythe House. And over yander's where the first theatre in this yer country used to stand."

That was the theatre where Miss Johnston's "Audrey" was supposed to have played. Washington was fond of attending the performances given there in the gay old days when Williamsburg worthily maintained her position as capital of the colony. A pleasant stroll across the Green from the Wythe House it was. We sat down among the buttercups and tried to reconstruct the picture. What a different scene from those that stir the imagination in the old Puritan towns of New England!

But Williamsburg had its grim reminder that the life of man is sad.

Leaving the church we crossed Duke of Gloucester Street and took one of the cross streets, wishing to see the hospital (the first for the insane

on this side of the Atlantic) that had been spoken of as very fine and well run. A guard stood at the gate, and seeing the numerous patients walking and idling about the pretty grounds, we made no attempt to enter. The wild and sullen looks of the women who stared out at us took away the faintest desire to get a closer view, and we turned into a street that seemed to lead past the end of the long building. But we wished we had not taken it, for it ran close under the wall of the men's quarters, and as the day was warm they were all out on the long, iron-barred verandas, or sitting at the open windows, and our presence drew shouts of inquiry, which added point to the strange medley of sound that rose and fell in endless waves.

"Let's turn back—my knees are shaking," whispered Sister. The road stretched on ahead, revealing no turning that would take us away from the sorrowful place. It was better to turn back.

An old man, at a window on the second story, appealed to us in a clear, insistent voice:

"If they ask after me, be sure to tell them I'm not here," he begged. We hurried on, but he called again, with greater anxiety, "Girls, if they ask for me, tell them I'm not here."

"Surely," I called back. "We'll tell them." He seemed satisfied, and reaching the corner, we left the dim confusion of those stricken beings behind us.

"Well, we've seen the frame to the college," said Sister, "and it is various. Let us get to the college itself."

William and Mary is the second college in seniority in the United States, Harvard alone being older. King William III. and Queen Mary gave it its charter in 1691—its colours, the orange of Nassau and the white of York, witnessing to its royal lineage. It is the only college in America, if not in the world, to have arms given by the English College of Heraldry. The arms of most colleges draw from some donator, some patron of wealth and power. William and Mary's are her own alone. On a golden shield a silver college building, with a sun above, shedding its rays below, and at the bottom the date of the actual beginning of the institution, 1693.

But though this Virginian college was not the first in existence, it was first in many ways. The desire for a college had been stirring in the colony since 1619, and though the Indian massacre of 1622 checked all chance of its building for many years, the idea persisted, waiting only a favourable opportunity.

First it was, to get a charter from the Crown, first to have a full Faculty, and first to award medals for collegiate prizes through the generosity of Lord Botetourt. It was also first in having a Greek letter fraternity, Phi Beta Kappa, now one of the great societies in all the larger colleges and universities. It also first inaugurated a system of elective studies, the honour system, and the first schools for foreign languages and municipal law, these latter under the urging of Thomas Jefferson, who was one of the many distinguished graduates of the college, and who got several of his ideas for his own University from his Alma Mater. Two other firsts may be recorded: here political economy was first taught, and here the first school of history was founded.

Something of achievement, certainly.

At the foot of the Duke of Gloucester Street a tall iron gateway marks the entrance to the campus, though there is no fence or wall about the grounds. These are triangular in shape, well grassed, with fine trees. A flagged walk leads straight to the main and oldest building, which, five times burned, has always been rebuilt upon the original stout brick walls. It is a beautiful, harmonious structure, solidly set upon the turf, overgrown with vines, through which the mellow brick shows warmly. Double storied, with a slender cupola on top, and a fine projecting

entrance, the lower portion magnificently arched, it has an effect of serene dignity and welcome. Within this building are the Chapel, two Literary Society halls, the treasurer's office and a dozen or more lecture rooms. It is the heart of the college.

Almost as old are the two brick buildings that flank the walk just within the entrance, Brafferton Hall, where the first Indian School in the country once had its being, and the President's house. Brafferton is now a dormitory. Across the road are three other dormitories and the mess hall. Most of the students live in dormitories, though some board in town. The place is a real college. Its three hundred students know each other intimately, and their daily life is lived together. We watched them as they drifted here and there in laughing groups. It was Saturday afternoon, and no work was to do. Girls walked with them, girls reminding you of Judge Coalter's remark, in 1791, to the effect that he "scarcely knew a place more pleasing than Williamsburg, which may justly receive the title, the land of lovely dames." The men looked unusually youthful for college men, boys hardly attained to their twenties, one would say. But a tremendous spirit of friendliness and comradeship made itself felt. These boys were going to look back on their years at William and Mary with a home feeling that it is

difficult to imagine associated with the great universities of our Eastern States.

During the Revolution the French camped on the college campus and inadvertently burned the President's house. Louis XVI. rebuilt it out of his privy purse, donating a collection of books as further proof of his contrition and graciousness. The work was perfectly done, and the house is a charming addition to the group on the campus. An interesting detail is that the flagged walks form the letters W M.

A series of contretemps prevented us from seeing President Tyler at the college or in his house. This was the more disappointing, as he had promised to show us the treasures of the library, gathered in the new building close to the Athletic Field. We stepped into the room, for most of the building consists of one large room, and glaced at some of the portraits and drawings, the old prints, and the interesting looking backs of rows of old books and manuscripts. But that is as far as we got. Several students were reading comfortably in big chairs—it was the homiest looking college library either of us had ever visited.

Oddly enough the space beneath the main college building was used as a burial ground for several of the great men of Williamsburg. Here lie the Randolphs, Sir John and his two sons,

Peyton and John, with Lord Botetourt, Bishop Madison and Chancellor Nelson. Washington was Chancellor of the college at one time. Before the main hall stands the statue of this Botetourt, the most popular of all the royal governors, showing a suave, agreeable man delicately clad in the height of the then fashion. It was made in 1773, and stands on a beautiful base cut with word on word of fervent praise. A fascinating, competent and delightful gentleman this Lord Botetourt, evidently.

William and Mary is now a state college, and much of its energy is devoted to training men as teachers for the public and private schools of the country.

So far as we could see, none of its students were in khaki. But as we passed the Gymnasium on our way to the Athletic Field, dotted over with the tents of the Marines, in regular rows stretching away from the Colonel's walled tent, before which stood the Colours, we found that they were decidedly interested in military manifestations. The whole college and most of the town had gradually collected there.

Baseball was in practice at a dozen different spots, the soldiers of the sea and the college lads playing together with shouts of glee and roars of laughter and excitement. Everywhere over the orderly grounds strolled the boys, looking and

asking questions. The tennis courts were deserted, and the many diversions of Saturday afternoon sacrificed to hobnobbing with the men from the ships.

"This is their second day here," one of the college boys told us. "To-morrow morning they go back to Yorktown. But to-night the officers are giving a dance at the Inn, and the Marine Band's going to play. It will be fine. You'll be there, of course?" He smiled at us. "The diningroom at the Inn makes a fine place for dancing."

The students at William and Mary find their fun, not in the way that the men at Yale or Harvard find theirs, a way usually including the spending of much money and the acquiring of a good deal of sophistication, but in the way that boys growing up in an old and small town, where the social element is strong and well founded, find theirs. The life of the college student mingles with the life of the old families of the town. He has his particular interests, of course, his debating societies—and William and Mary has more than once carried away the prize for oratory from all the other colleges or universities in Virginia—his Literary Societies, his college papers, his athletics. But he knows the daughters of the time-honoured houses of Williamsburg as he might the girls in his home town, he is asked to dinner or to tea,

and in the hospitable walls of the Inn he goes to many a dance, to many a party. A flavour of the older days still gives to the college a quality of intimacy and cohesion rare to-day, but desirable as rare.

And now, with a rattle of drums and the clear call of the fife, the Marines were marching.

And we all marched with them, or at least behind them. Down the broad street to the stretches of Court Green, where, for over a hundred years, soldiers have paraded and village sports taken place. We, the spectators, some sitting on the grass, others on the steps of the houses, or in motors or carriages, ranged round the square. The Marines deployed upon it, and prepared for dress parade.

"We are in amazing luck," exclaimed Sister. "Isn't it a stunning sight; but I do hope it is not going to rain!"

Here and back again swung the martial lines, responding to the sharply enunciated orders of the officers. The band played, the band stopped. The manual of arms was gone through with snappily. Again the band blared out and again the men swung along in measured cadence. Certainly it was a sight to stir the blood.

And the rain did hold off till it was all over. Then there came a spattering, and we all raced for cover, we lookers on. The Inn proved a

convenient spot for shelter—and presently the veranda was crowded with officers, college boys, pretty girls and older people. The balcony above took the overflow. Then the rain stopped.

Upon which the band marched out in front to give us a concert.

"It's like old days—in a way," I heard a lady, white haired and gentle of voice, murmur to her companion.

One of the officers stepped up on a waiting motor car when the music ceased and began to make a brief but extremely thrilling speech, urging the young men of Williamsburg to volunteer.

Here, on the very ground where the Union soldiers had burned and torn down the homes and public buildings of the forefathers of those youths listening in the last flickerings of rain, we heard the appeal to fight for our common democracy, spoken in the short, swift sentences of a soldier:

"We have just heard that Conscription is coming," he said. "War is already here. Many of you young men will be drafted into it—many, I hope, will volunteer for it. And it looks as though you who are still too young to be drafted or to volunteer will grow up into this war and have to fight in your turn. But the harder we strike, the quicker we strike—the better our chance for ending this war soon—for ending war itself.

Strike we must, against the greatest peril this country has yet had to face. War is a horrible thing. We, whose business it is, know that better than any, and perhaps hate it worse. We Americans will never be a militaristic nation. Our whole national ideal is opposed to war, to aggression, to the military ideal. But we have never hung back when the hour to fight has come, and we shall not hang back now. There is fighting ahead of us, suffering ahead of us, sacrifice ahead of us—at the end there is triumph, peace, security for all we hold precious ahead of us. And it is you, you, the young men of America, who must help to win this peace and this security. There is no way to win it except by fighting."

Sister and I sat on the balcony, looking down at the young faces turned toward the speaker. It took little imagination to conjure behind them the figures of the mighty past, when Williamsburg had blazed in the very forefront of the first great struggle for liberty; or to hear, within the words of the officer who spoke, the ringing cry of Patrick Henry, spoken but a few yards from the very spot where we were gathered:

"Tarquin and Cæsar had each his Brutus, Charles the First his Cromwell, and George the Third—George the Third may profit by their example. If this be treason, make the most of it!"

But the band struck up *Dixie* and the ghosts disappeared. The next moment we were being presented to most of Williamsburg as well as meeting the officers of the visiting regiment. College boys and young girls began drifting away to waiting suppers, talking of many things, doubtless, besides the war, and the older people, after bidding us welcome with that gracious charm that is so characteristic of Virginia, and hoping to see us later at the dance, followed their sons and daughters down the broad, quiet streets and into the beautiful old houses in and out of whose doors have passed so many patriots, so many men without whom America would have been poor indeed.

We felt that we had seen Williamsburg at a peculiarly fortunate moment of her life; something of the stir of the older days was here again; and that evening, in the long room of the Inn, something of the colour and charm and gaiety of the days of the Raleigh Tavern, when the town was a city, the capital of the colony, when the House of Burgesses was sitting and the Supreme Court in Session, when, in fact, the season was on, the theatre drawing its nightly gatherings of stately cavalier and powdered dame, and the big coaches swinging to open doors with guests for dinner and guests for the dance, something of all this was reconstructed that evening.

To be sure, we danced the fox trot and the

one step, and the men were in evening clothes or khaki, while the Marine Band played music written later than the days of the Revolution. But what of that?

When Thomas Jefferson was a law student in the town he had written home, heading his letter "Devilsburg" in a jocose spirit, and had stated that the night before he had been supremely happy, dancing with Belinda. The present-day Belindas have lost nothing of fascination. We thought we had not often seen so many pretty girls, and what a royal time they were having, splitting dances three and four times, surrounded by little courts, and managing their swains inimitably.

"There isn't a doubt but that these Southern girls know how," whispered Sister, as we watched one little beauty distributing her smiles and words with an exquisite impartiality, making of her evening and of each dance a work of art. "It's a gift—nature's dower."

Next morning the Marines marched away, and Williamsburg fell back into her present-day state of village calm.

If ever a town and a college were one, that town and that college are Williamsburg and William and Mary. From all we were told, and all we could see they are one big family. Now that the mint grows unplucked in Virginia gardens

there are no taverns such as those that in older days drew the college youth to roistering or taught them the delight of gambling. But William and Mary was always dignified. Her classes were and are small. Yet many great men have come from these classes. Four Presidents of the United States were students here, congressmen, senators, jurists, at least one Judge of the Supreme Court; she gave us that Clark who won the country the Northwest Territory, she gave generals both to the North and the South in the war between us. Her heritage is great, and the men who go from her to-day, to teach all over the country or to enter the various learned professions as the case may be, are full of the spirit that has made her so important a part of our history. The town where they spend four years is scarcely changed by the passing of time. During the Jamestown Exposition the citizens were considerably upset by a proposition to build a trolley up the Duke of Gloucester Street. They escaped the threatened peril, and continue to be allowed the privilege of walking and the peace of no other sounds than those of the horses going softly through the dust or mud, or the chugging of the automobiles that even Williamsburg conservatism has not kept away. They have kept the old names, and the old houses. Six miles away lies Jamestown, now no more than a lovely group of old buildings

within a charming park; twelve miles on the other side is old Yorktown, as picturesque, almost as ancient, almost as small. Williamsburg is a stronghold of the past, a sort of enchanted ground, lovely and quiet as a dream.

CHAPTER III

Annapolis

We went to Annapolis on the electric line from Baltimore, and can recommend the trip to any one. It runs through charming country, all planted out in strawberry fields and wheat fields, in kitchen gardens, or else running wild to flourishing woods. Coming up from Richmond, we found the spring a trifle younger. Apple blossoms back on the trees, dogwood just whitening on the bough, and round the pretty houses the clear gold of forsythia.

Annapolis is as clean and bright as a new whistle, in spite of its dignified age, witnessed by the innumerable stately mansions that speak a day when men built houses that matched a courtlier time and more gracious manners than we know to-day. When they built for a family, for sons to succeed them, and set their homes within gardens whose large leisure reflected their own spirit, unhurried, never idle, serene. Within its small extent Annapolis has more of these fine old homes than any other place in America. It has also been a sailor town so long it must be as spic and span as it is old and noble—there is the air of a quarterdeck to Annapolis.

The little city is almost surrounded by water and the breath of the sea is sweet across it. Its greatest interest, next to its own existence, is the fact of the Naval Academy, of whose fine portals, with the dome of its Chapel, you constantly catch glimpses, now down some tree-embowered street, now across a little square, or beyond blue water and clustering fishing craft from an old wharf—and the old wharves are a mighty pleasant section of a most adorable town.

The centre of all is the State House, a square Colonial building with a white cupola and noble portico, that stands on a slight rise, the avenues and streets leading to it from the radius of a circle, and a flourishing little park surrounding it. Close by are the Governor's House, old churches, the court house, in fact, the whole group of public buildings, and many of the finest mansions. But truly everything is close to it, for the town is as compact as it is small; a morning's stroll will take you all over it, from the line of the old Civil War fortifications and the site of the one-time gate to the Severn River and Annapolis Harbour, from College Creek to Spa Creek.

"We will begin with the Academy," I expounded to Sister, "because we may perhaps not be able to begin there, or even get there. The hand of the Kaiser has swung-to the gates of the Naval Academy and kept the townsfolk from

their agreeable task of overlooking parade and listening to the band at sunset. It also bars visitors from out of town. Will the publisher's letter that I proudly carry prove stronger than the German threat? We'll see."

So we climbed out of the car at the very entrance to the beautiful grounds. Above the sky was a brilliant blue, with galleon clouds, snowy-white, sailing on the west wind. Beyond the bluest water flung white foam from wave to wave, and everywhere else was green, green, green. Each little new leaf looked to be swinging its hat for very joy of life . . . yo-ho, heave-ho! . . . while every grass-blade danced a tiny hornpipe.

But the Marine who stood on guard inside those gates danced nothing. His demeanour was grave, even formidable, as we approached the forbidden entrance.

We produced our letter and were led to the sentry house just inside, where we handed our credentials to a second guard; and presently thereafter we were being escorted to the Superintendent's house.

Captain Eberley is the present head of the Academy, a man of evident force and distinction, a fit inheritor of the notable line of officers who have preceded him at the post he holds. He granted our request to be allowed to see the

college without hesitation, speaking of the necessity of taking precautions and regretting that we could not see the Academy in its normal and more welcoming state, when there was some play mixed with the large amount of work that made the daily routine of the cadets' life.

"At ordinary times it would be better to come late in the afternoon for parade and the chance it gives to see the students lined up—but the social side of Annapolis isn't very much in evidence at present. But you can see the grounds and the buildings at least."

He assigned us a Marine as guide, and off we marched to look over Uncle Sam's plant for producing sailor officers—a plant said to be the finest for the purpose in the world.

Since the Spanish War the country has spent some fifteen million dollars in replacing the old, unsatisfactory and inadequate buildings with which the Navy had struggled for long years by the splendid new ones that now stand in their white beauty, magnificently grouped about as fine a parade ground and park as could be wished on any college. To be sure, there has been a wail or so from the cadets in regard to the breezy open spaces of the new arrangement. Even Lovers' Lane, a broad walk curving near the bandstand, knows nothing of nooks and corners. In the annual published by the graduating class the stu-

dents give way to feelings and opinions, sometimes in prose, occasionally in verse. One inspired midshipman of the class of 1910 poured out his soul in several stanzas bewailing the bright changes. We memorised the last of the stanzas, and here it is:

"For in this place new buildings stand,
All stiff and new and white,
With not a single quiet nook
That's not out in plain sight!"

The Academy is a clean swept place of noble spaces and proportions, shaded by fine trees and traversed by white paths. Every inch of it is "out in plain sight." Perhaps the ingenuity of youth discovers opportunities for flirtation, but certainly the architects and landscape artists, who laid out the new Annapolis, made no provision whatever for the romantically inclined.

"Remember the magnolia shaded terraces and walled gardens of the University of Virginia, the wistaria hung porches and lilac fenced corners of Williamsburg," murmured Sister, as we walked the trim reaches of Lovers' Lane. "It's all very well to hold strictly to business, as they do here; but why the sardonic humour implied in calling this Lovers' Lane?" "Affecting a virtue if they have it not," I responded. "But, instead of pity-

ing the cadets because they seem here to be denied the sailor's immemorial right to flirt, let us look at the thorough preparation that has been made for them to work."

The Superintendent's house flanks the Chapel to the right, as you stand facing it, with the Administration building to the left. These are on the town side of the reservation and opposite from them, across a broad stretch of lawn, is the Basin, where are anchored the ships used in training the cadets. Among these is the Reina Mercedes, a Spanish battleship captured in the Spanish War, and now a receiving ship.

"She was sunk, but they got her up again and cleaned her out and keep her here," said our Marine. "She makes a good ship for what they want."

"Maybe we'll have some German ships to range alongside of her," hazarded Sister.

"Some of them submarines might come handy," agreed the Marine. But his mission was to show us the Academy, not to prophesy, and he now led us to the door of the Chapel.

Or rather, before its gates, magnificent sheets of sculptured bronze that were presented by Colonel Robert M. Thompson as a memorial to the class of '68, with which he graduated. The massive beauty of these doors make a fit entrance to a church, new as it is, that has a dignity, an

up-springing grace and virile strength which make it rememberable among all the collegiate Chapels in the country. Its fine dome rises superbly from the main portion of the building, built in the form of a Greek cross whose short arms are bound together by the circular arch of the walls. This Chapel dominates the entire splendid group of grey-white buildings whose key-note is strength and simplicity, giving the final touch of inspiration and aspiration needed to express the spirit of the place.

As we entered the Marine surrendered us to the care of a coloured gentleman who rapidly imparted a number of statistics and pointed out various memorial gifts. We heeded him little. The interior was both rich and grave, and must make a wonderful frame for the students in their dark-blue uniforms, as they sit rank by rank in a solid group in their own particular portion of the auditorium. If they are like other college boys, let us hope that the sermons are short. We wished that we might see them march in and out, and hear them sing. And then we asked if we might go to the crypt and look upon the tomb of Paul Jones.

Yes, the Marine was ready for that.

John Paul Jones is to America what Nelson is to the English, the consummate hero of the seas. Not only is he a hero, but the years that have

gone have not been able to dim the rich human quality of the man. His charm reaches us yet and warms our hearts to him.

Now he lies, sepulchered in pomp, within a great sarcophagus of black and white porphyry, richly veined. Stands of flags decorate the circular chamber, with streamers bearing the name of the Bonhomme Richard, and golden cables guard the entrance to the tomb itself. A solemn state shrouds the dust that held so much fire. A gallant and daring spirit it was, lit by the flame of genius, and all this marble and all this dim splendour of flag and column and arch are not too much to do it honour.

We turned silently to leave, but were checked at the exit by the guardian of the place, who beckoned us to the register, and asked us to set down our names. We did so, and mounted the steps that led out again to the green spring.

"What do you suppose," said Sister, "becomes of all the registers once they are filled with names? Who ever reads them? What are they good for? Where are they kept?"

"That's like those terrible questions about what becomes of the lost pins. But it is remarkable, that passion for getting names into a book wherever tourists might be expected to congregate. Whose the honour, tourist or book? Shall we ask the Marine?"

But the Marine now pointed out the general plan of the buildings. We were not here to ask so much as to see and listen. His words were brief and his information clear.

To the right of the Chapel group stood Bancroft Hall, the dormitory of the students, whose magnificent façade extends for 1,208 feet. On one side it faces in upon the campus park, on the other it looks out upon Annapolis Harbour. Flanking it on either hand are the Armory and the Seamanship buildings. Beautiful pergolas join the whole together with rows of graceful columns. The stone used in all the work is not so much white as a tender grey, that harmonises admirably with the tones of the water and the brilliant verdure of the lawns and trees.

Opposite Bancroft and removed by the whole sweep of the green that lies back of the Basin are the Engineering and Mathematical Departments, the Steam Building, and to the right of these the Power House, standing on a small peninsula forming the northern boundary of the Basin. Besides these buildings there are the various houses for the officers and their families, Sampson Row, Upshur Row, Rodgers Row. These rows skirt the town side of the Reservation. Farther to the north, across College Creek, is the Naval Cemetery.

This perfect arrangement, as well as the com-

prehensive scheme of building, is due mainly to the energy and enthusiasm of two men, Rear-Admiral Philip H. Cooper and Colonel Robert M. Thompson, the same officer who gave to the Chapel its bronze doors. They were big men, and they did a big thing, against all sorts of delay and opposition. Ernest Flagg, the New York architect, was the man chosen to consult with them and with the Board of Visitors once the necessary permissions and appropriations had been secured. This was in 1895. But before actual work commenced the Spanish War arrived to call another halt, and it was not until '98 that the corner stone was laid by Rear-Admiral F. V. McNair, who had succeeded Admiral Cooper as Superintendent of the Academy.

Visitors are not allowed in the class rooms or the quarters, but may see the library and the flag room, as well as the machinery room, where innumerable models of engines old and modern are collected and are visible. The library and flag room occupy the central portion of the Engineering and Mathematical Building, these departments being placed in the two wings, that advance at right angles, the building making a hollow square open at one end. Over the main entrance is a balcony, and here we stood for a few moments to watch the classes march across between the point where we waited and Bancroft Hall. It was a splendid

sight. Two classes came from Bancroft toward us, while the two others marched back. They came and they went with a swing to the gay note of the bugle, the dark-blue uniforms and white caps as snappy to the eye as the alert marching step was to the ear. In tip-top athletic form, slender, straight, each boy keeping perfect alignment, rank by rank they moved, now in the sun, now under the shading elms, a gallant thing to see.

And that was our only view of the students.

The library consists of a long, handsome room, beautifully fitted, and hung with portraits of distinguished officers. In serried ranks the books crowded the long shelves, all of them, it seemed to our hurried glances, devoted to technical subjects. There were plenty of magazines on the tables, however, and doubtless the lighter moods of literature find room somewhere among those many volumes. We got brief time to make discoveries, however, for time was on the march, and the Marine with it. The flag room was our next goal.

It has often been observed that human emotion is a strange and unaccountable thing. Most of the rules the nations have made are attempts to control and direct it, and most of our individual life is spent in doing something of the same sort. What raises one man to heaven throws

another into hell, and your heart will beat wildly enough at what leaves your neighbour cold.

But go into that flag room at Annapolis, fellow American, and remain unmoved if you can. What, after all, is a flag? A piece of coloured cloth, no more? Yet, looking round that circular chamber, about whose walls, carefully sheltered behind glass and exquisitely preserved against the tearing fingers of time, hang the rich folds of the standards, each with its own story; looking up at the ceiling where are spread the captured banners of many a bitter battle, surrounding that famous flag, which, flying over Fort McHenry, inspired Francis Scott Key to the writing of the National anthem; thus looking, standing in that silent chamber, you will find your heart thumping and your breath come short.

The place holds the quality of grandeur. These banners, that flew in the wild breezes above fighting men, that waved from fort and ship or fluttered in the clutch of a standard bearer at the head of his Marine regiment, hang strangely still and silent. Captured flags beside those that were brought home in triumph. Flags from all the world, and flags that tell the magnificent story of our ships wherever those ships have sailed and fought.

Here hangs the flag of the Maine, found ready to hoist at the foot of its mast. Here is the flag

of Perry of the Lakes, and, stirring the heart above the rest, Lawrence's flag, that carried the immortal "Don't Give Up the Ship." And how many foreign flags!

"We seem to have been fighting all the time and everywhere," Sister whispered.

China, England, Tripoli, the Philippines, Korea, each hangs a tribute on these walls. Strange designs, fantastic patterns, flaming colours, each with its story.

Softly we trod the magic circle of that room and left it to its solemn reveries. A place of symbols, where glory and death have met, and glory conquered.

Our tour of the grounds was over, and we were back at the gate, with thanks to our competent guide, the most silent I have ever met, but by no means the least satisfactory on that score.

The Naval Academy dates back to 1845, when a few old buildings on the Army Reservation at Point Severn were handed over as the nucleus of a Naval School. Up to that time the teaching of a midshipman consisted in going to sea and getting licked into shape somehow, learning to handle a ship and studying the intricacies of navigation much as Oliver Twist learned to spell window, by getting to work washing it. But when steam came in something more of preparation was recognised as necessary.

The inadequate and rather haphazard school turned out good officers, though no comprehensive plan as yet underlay its teaching or training. In the Civil War the school moved to Newport. And at last, when it returned in 1865, a man who saw its possibilities and dreamed of its future, Admiral David H. Porter, took hold and raised the standards of instruction. During his long administration the school became really great. In 1881 Captain Ramsay was made Superintendent, and in him again Annapolis was fortunate. From then on her progress has been swift and steady, till now she ranks the entire world.

A cadet's life is held wihin far narrower bounds than that of the average college student. Practically all of a naval cadet's time is spent on the Academy grounds. But one of Annapolis' most treasured traditions is the close and friendly relationship subsisting between the families of the officers and the young students under training at the post. A constant and delightful social intercourse is maintained, and the value of this on the manners and the character of the boys cannot be overestimated. A naval officer must possess considerable social poise to meet properly the various duties that fall upon him, both at home and in foreign countries. The ease that comes from mixing with well-bred people must be part of his

endowment. The teas, the dinners, the dances and the real friendships that enter into the life of each cadet are as useful as they are delightful in helping to develop him from the raw country boy he may have been into the trained and finished officer he is at graduation.

Like West Point, Annapolis is a place for hard work, not for play. Athletics are the chief diversion at both these schools. Cadets don't trapse about town, don't own motor cars, don't turn up at recitations if they like and cut them if they prefer. They must account for every hour of their day, and their life is ruled by the strictest discipline. Yet they seem to get in a lot of fun. In addition to the rules and regulations of the place itself, they have innumerable ones of their own, especially for regulating the lower classes and seeing that they very much toe the mark. Hazing has been stopped, and these rules awake more amusement than anything else, and furnish material for all sorts of jokes between individuals in the different classes. As each class attains graduation it brings out a number of The Lucky Bag, a stout volume that is crammed full of personal and particular history. Each student's portrait with a brief and witty-as-may-be summary of his character and accomplishment is included, and there are hits and allusions, scraps of verse and prose, pictures of the athletic teams,

the fencers and ball players, the foot ball team, sketches of salient moments, drawings of lovely girls—a whole world of undergraduate interest, frolic and achievement. The name of the annual comes from an old ship's custom. On a cruise the odds and ends left lying about deck or anywhere else where they should not have been left were gathered up and stowed away in a great sack. At the end of the cruise the contents were distributed by lot among the sailors; some got a good haul, some nothing worth the picking up.

But the Naval Academy is by no means the whole of Annapolis. There is St. John's College, lying just across from the upper part of the reservation, the two being separated by King George Street. This college was founded as King William's School in 1695, the first free school in America. Its main building, McDowell Hall, was begun in 1742, and then intended for the governor's residence, but for some reason the intention remained unfulfilled. It is a fine example of Colonial architecture, and with Humphrey Hall, to the left as you mount the slope of the campus from College Avenue, it makes most of the college; there are four or five smaller buildings in the group, however, nobly placed on a beautifully laid out and tree-covered lawn that stretches away to the northwest as far as College

Creek. At this end there is a monument to the French soldiers and sailors who fell in the Revolution, erected by the Sons of the Revolution.

St. John's was the Alma Mater of Francis Scott Key, as a bronze tablet in the façade of McDowell Hall relates. And there is another special possession of the college, the great Liberty Tree, standing on the campus part way up the slope. This tree is a tulip, and of enormous size. It is a forest in itself, and as we stood under it, looking up into the vast spread of branches, and listening to a world of birds singing among the innumerable leaves, it appeared rather like the tree of some ancient folk tale than an actual plant. Its age is unknown, but under its boughs a treaty between the Susquehannock Indians and the first white settlers of that locality was drawn up. Since that day it has seen countless political gatherings; here the early settlers made rendezvous to consider plans for defence, here Washington and Lafayette walked in earnest talk, and beneath it the French tents were pitched in Revolutionary days. Apparently it has always been a notable tree, older and larger than any other, in all that countryside.

Annapolis is full of old and beautiful relics of past days. Fire has wrought less destruction here than in most of our Colonial cities. Only a few years younger than ivy-hung St. John's, where

for awhile we watched the collegians drilling on the campus, is the State House, that stands on the highest part of the peninsula on which Annapolis is built, within the green circle of its parked grounds. The present building was begun in 1772, and is one of the finest expressions of the architecture of its noble period. The bricks that went to its making are English, and charmingly patterned. The spacings of walls and windows are managed in masterly style, and though the windows are not large, the whole effect carries elegance. A pointed pediment flanked by two chimneys surmounts the second story above the pillared portico, and above all soars the dome, a curious structure in its detail but most agreeable to the eye. From the top of this dome we looked out on the whole of the little city, ringed by its blue and silver waters and dressed in the green finery of hundreds of trees. There lay the Academy, a lovely pattern; there old St. John's, close beside us the ancient church of St. Anne, and amid fair gardens the fair houses of the brave men and noble who had made the capital their home through the long history the town has known.

It was in this building, in the old Senate Chamber, that Washington surrendered his commission as Commander in Chief, and that, a year later, the Treaty of Peace with Great Britain

was signed and delivered. The room has been kept in the same condition, with the desk over which the resignation was tendered still in position. A great painting of the event is hung on the wall, and portraits of the four Signers of the Declaration of Independence who were citizens of Annapolis, Stone, Chase, Paca and Carroll of Carrollton.

Close to the State House, in the same Circle, stands a simple little one-storied building of brick with a gabled entrance. This is now apparently unused, but was till lately at least the Treasury. It dates from the Seventeenth Century, and in it the House of Burgesses met in Colonial days.

"Walking through these streets and lingering by these old houses is very much like opening a volume of our early history and stepping into it bodily," remarked Sister, as we sauntered along the leafy ways. The very names of the streets belong to another day. King George and Prince George, Cornhill, Hanover, Calvert (family name of Lord Baltimore), Carroll. Here too is a Gloucester Street, that used to be Duke of Gloucester, named after the same child honoured in Williamsburg, whose early death struck the joy from the heart of his father, William of Orange, and left Anne childless. And each street has its wonderful old houses, some set far back from the quiet

street, some closely edging it and walling the view from the magnolia-planted garden behind. Inside, we were told, are doors and mantels carved by hand—the mantelpiece of the Brice mansion had an international reputation, and the house is notable even in that town of notable homes, with its great, flat end-chimneys, its high pitched roof, the wings connected by corridors and buried in ivy. Then the Chase House, the finest specimen of its type in all America, famous for the silver mounted mahogany doors, the great double staircase with its classic pillars and the chimney pieces carved with scenes from Shakespeare's plays. This wonderful house, whose carved breakfast room was fit for kings to eat in, is now used as an old people's home. It is pleasant to think of the old folk finishing their days in a house whose own age is like a benediction.

The Peggy Stewart House, close to the Naval Academy, is the spot made notable by the fact that there Peggy watched her husband, Anthony, set fire to his brig with his own hands as a peace offering to his enraged townsfolk. For he had come to port of an October day in 1764, laden with tea—and tea was not being drunk in the Colonies then.

Idling along we found ourselves at the end of Main Street, where an arm of the harbour came up to a little round park in the middle of

which was a well curb, with the dates 1649-1708 cut into the stone. But though we asked several passersby, no one knew what they signified. Later we found that it was here that ten families of persecuted Puritans, crossing the Potomac to the Severn side, built huts, taking advantage of the Toleration Act, the glory of Maryland under Governor Stone. So part of the date was accounted for. It was in 1608 that that intrepid discoverer, Captain John Smith, first sailed up Chesapeake Bay—perhaps we had misread the second date.

Close to the park is the fish market, and if there is anything more worth seeing than a fish market, why, I remarked to Sister, bring it on. There, in shining rows and heaps lay the flashing catch of the sea. Heaped in baskets were oysters —Annapolis has a big trade in oysters, packing away barrel upon barrel of the famous Chesapeakes. Salty men hung about, wearing battered hats and blue shirts, and mumbled to each other, indifferent to the rest of the world, as is the fashion of elderly sailor- and fishing-folk. Beyond extended the wharves and docks, crowded with small boats and smacks. Dogs lay in the sun, and small brown children played about.

Not far away was a place that had a sign out, *Sea Food.* To that spot we went in haste, and presently the oysters were proving their worth

to us. Oh, the poor, tasteless creatures eaten in the white glare of Broadway! The pitiful apologies that lie, tame and spiritless, on beautiful china in the rich hostelries of Fifth Avenue. More terrible still, those flaccid canned abominations of the West.

"Ha!" I said, as we ordered more. And "Yes," responded Sister.

"I wonder if the cadets get oysters like these?" I went on, as time passed gently along. "Fit reward for all their hard work. Why couldn't we have met a cadet, and asked him questions of importance, questions that must be unanswered for all time. There must be a good deal to Annapolis besides history and training. But you have to be a resident to find it."

"While at present we are more like the Walrus and the Carpenter," said Sister. "Have you had enough?"

Once again we resumed our lazy tour of the town. We didn't want to miss seeing Carvel Hall, the old Paca homestead, and now a hotel. It is a five minute walk from the fish market, on Prince George Street, and as soon as we saw it we wished that we were to spend a long while in Annapolis, and that Carvel Hall were to be our headquarters. Here the mothers and sisters of graduating students come, and from it go joyous girls to the dances at the Academy.

William Paca was one of the governors of Maryland as well as a Signer of the Declaration, but splendid as might have been his other attainments, he never did anything finer than the building of this house, with its two wings, its air of gracious welcome and warm dignity, a house that has an unforgettable personality aside from its sheer beauty. The very wall that guards it from the street is a work of art.

Annapolis' oldest church is St. Anne, on a circle of its own west of the State Houses. It is a queer, long, low structure with a pointed spire, dull in colour but well overgrown with ivy. The present building is the third reconstruction of the original, finished in 1700, and three times damaged by fire. They tell a story in Annapolis of how the bell given by Queen Anne rang its own knell during the first fire, weirdly and unaccountably tolling its death song. This story and the Communion Set, bearing the arms of William III., and the date 1695, are the most interesting things about the old building to-day. Once a graveyard enclosed it, but the buried have been removed. St. Anne's is also noted as being the first missionary meeting place in America; the heathen to be converted being no other than the Quakers of Pennsylvania!

Carrollton is now owned by the Catholics and used, we were told, as a monastery. It stands

hidden by St. Mary's Catholic Church, and no nearer view than that from the bridge across the river could be had, a mere glimpse. But the river was worth looking at, and so was the outline of the town, mounting to the dome of the State House, and holding, near or far, a remarkable quality of stateliness, a something not modern at all.

"And in all the little city," remarked Sister, "there is not one shabby spot, not a minute of disorder or decay. Fresh and clean it is as this shining water and sweet as the sea wind. It has all that's best in being old and nothing that is not best."

You could not walk a street that did not have something worth notice on it. On our way back to Church Circle to take the car we turned into little Charles Street to look at the quaint gable-end house and printing office where Jonas Green lived and published the Maryland Gazette, founded by him in 1745, the first in the colony. And as the car was not yet due we took the few steps that separate Church from State Circle to gaze upon the old Governor's Mansion, new for Annapolis, being built in 1867, but an attractive place standing in flower-planted grounds and finely shaded, like the rest of the city.

The sun was setting in purple and gold as we turned back to the car line. From the direction

of the Naval Academy came a faint echo of music, then the boom of a gun. The day was over.

"We have seen the most perfect town Colonial America produced," said Sister.

"And the Flag Room at the Academy," said I.

CHAPTER IV

Princeton

You do not have to ask your way to the University. Its splendour reaches right to the railway station; in fact, before getting there we had been gazing out on Brokaw Athletic Field and beautiful façades of low, long, gracious buildings built of grey stone, the skyline broken now and again by square, battlemented towers. The very dream of a University was here before us, real and solid, concreted from men's ideals and wishes and devotion. Coming from the smaller, more ancient William and Mary, from the chaste harmony of the University of Virginia and the sharp if fine efficiency of Annapolis, Princeton spread before us with an effect of vasteness and intricacy, a great city devoted to learning, a place where youth came in thousands rather than hundreds, and to a life far more complicated than that led by the students in the two Southern seats of study, or in the Academy where every effort was pointed to a single aim.

"This—why, it's tremendous!" exclaimed Sister.

Following the advice of interested friends we did not immediately enter the University grounds, but travelled down University Place to Nassau Street, and by that thoroughfare to the Fitz Randolph Gate, directly before old Nassau Hall, the original college building. For there is nothing like beginning right, even when, as at Princeton, you couldn't go wrong in your sight seeing.

There is a delightful touch of sentiment in regard to this magnificent Gateway. For it was given to the University by Augustus Van Wickle, whose ancestor, Nathaniel Fitz Randolph, was the donor of the ground on which stands Nassau Hall, built in 1756. The Gate itself was put up in 1905. Its tall main towers, flanked by smaller ones, the fine wrought iron of gates and fence, the massive foundation of granite, give just the right impression of steadfastness and balance; a fit entrance to a great institution.

Nassau Hall possesses above all that quality and dignity inhering to the best architecture of its period. The tall, slender cupola and belfry rise above the wide spread of the wings and the beautifully conceived central portion with a fine upspringing effect. The arch of the door and of the great window above it are excellently planned to aid in this combination of strength with uplift. The building is worthy of its historic interest.

The grass of the Front Campus with its patterning of paths, the new-leafed elms and the thick-growing ivy over the Hall added their loveliness to the picture before us. Here too the finger of war had sketched its line of colour; a group of students in khaki were marching round to the left of the building, not in formation, but evidently hastening to some drill. Arms over each others' shoulders, comrades chatted together, bound in the new service more closely than even by college ties. Old Princeton has always been eager in her country's cause; we saw plenty of signs that to-day no less than yesterday her sons were patriots.

Nassau Hall, as we find in an old document published in 1764 by the Trustees of the college, was named in honour of King William, "that great deliverer of Britain, and assertor of Protestant liberty." Here the whole student body was housed, three in a room, and here was the library and a hall, "of genteel workmanship, being a square of near forty feet, with a neatly finished front gallery." The architect was Robert Smith, of Philadelphia.

It has had its vicissitudes. During the Revolution both British and Colonial armies used it as a barracks, and pretty well destroyed that genteel interior, and two fires, one in 1802 and the other in 1855, swept through it, burning the

library and doing further damage. But the stout walls withstood both flame and army, and are now little changed from their original appearance; slight alterations in the façade, such as the removal of the two additional entrances it once possessed, and the raising of the cupola, summing up anything of importance in outward change. And both are improvements.

To-day the old building is used for the administrative offices, Faculty rooms and such business necessities.

Back in 1783, from late in June to early November, as the Revolution was reaching its end, Nassau Hall was the seat of the Congress of the new Nation, and here Washington came frequently to confer on state affairs. Here too he was tendered the thanks of Congress for his great services, and here, with splendid pomp, the first Ambassador accredited to the Republic, Pieter J. Van Berckel, from Holland, was received. The room where Congress sat has now vanished into air—for the main hall, in the central part of the building, is now two stories high, lending it a fine spaciousness, but cutting away the upper chamber where the august body met.

We walked up into the gallery to look at some of the portraits, among them the Peale portrait of Washington, painted from life in 1784. When the canvas arrived at the college the Trustees

hung it in the frame of "the picture of the late King of Great Britain, which was torn away by a ball from the American artillery in the battle of Princeton." Rather a neat job the ball made of it, for the frame is untouched, and fitly embellishes the large canvas, with Washington, looking remarkably young and plump of face, occupying the foreground and waving his sword toward the tumultuous scene of Princeton Battle, with a view of Nassau Hall in the dim distance. A wounded youth is engaging the attention of two men close behind the General—but everyone is very calm and elegant about the whole affair.

You might spend a week or a month, or perhaps the whole four years of the college curriculum learning the history of Nassau Hall. A faint breath of other ages hangs about the noble rooms, softly lighted by the many ivy-hung windows. At nine o'clock, from the belfry top of the old tower, curfew still chimes, unheeded but not unheard. And on the steps, flanked by the two bronze lions, when the evenings turn, the Seniors gather to sing, after the old custom, and it is on these same steps that they group themselves, in carefully unstudied attitudes, for the last class photograph—packed pretty tight these days, when Princeton has grown so huge. On these steps, too, the honourary degrees to distinguished men are conferred. In the Hall itself Lafayette was

honoured with the degree of Doctor of Laws by President Witherspoon. Nassau is in truth the very heart of Princeton, the centre of the college tradition, the beloved and beautiful pile to which the memory of each graduate returns at the anniversaries of his Commencement.

"It's a great sight to see the alumni in all their crazy get-ups," said a friend who took it on himself to give us a birds-eye view of the University. "But this year it will all be different. The men who come will wear khaki, or else make no alteration in their customary and conventional appearance. So many of our men have already gone from here to war, so many belong to the battalion or the aviation corps, and so many of our alumni have also joined the colours that Princeton is more like a military college than a great lay University this year. Many of the men from the Junior Class are going too, and will probably never come back for their last year here—I tell you, war hits the colleges pretty hard!"

Our guide was himself in khaki, and constantly, as we wandered on along the paths and between the buildings, other soldierly figures hailed him, nodded, saluted, or simply grinned. The Orange and Black of the University had yielded to the dun hue of America's service; it seemed to us that the whole of Princeton had mobilised.

"There'll be a lot of us thinking of the old

place next September," concluded the man who was so graciously giving us his morning.

The college buildings are beautifully placed upon the wide-flung grounds, so green, so exquisitely cared for, so nobly shaded by elms. Charming vistas lead the eye under arched openings or through great spans to further lawns, or give on a sudden wonderful glimpse of square tower or Gothic façade. Now you walk close under the windows of the dormitories, open to the spring sun and showing just a hint of the life within; now you confront a splendid flight of steps, or pause to delight in some particularly absurd gargoyle, lost in an eternally humourous abstraction from the merely human existences that eddy past it.

We passed the University Offices, an old building where the two famous societies, the American Whig and the Cliosophic, housed back in the first years of the nineteenth century.

As everybody knows, these literary societies of Princeton, known commonly as the Halls, are almost as old as the college itself. They met in Nassau Hall before the building of this separate house in 1803, which was meant to be used for a variety of purposes besides those of the two societies. In 1838 each society built a house for itself, since pulled down to be replaced by the beautiful Ionic structures that stand in

white and classic elegance fronting the quadrangle behind Nassau Hall, whose corner stones were laid during the 1890 Commencement, that of Clio Hall by President Patton, and that of Whig by ex-President McCosh.

These societies are unique among college undergraduate activities, and they have been and still are the most important single influence brought to bear on the intellectual life of the students. They have weathered all sorts of storms, and have managed to survive the dangerous competition of the Fraternities that promised at one time to become a dominant factor in Princeton's existence. It was Dr. McCosh who conquered these Fraternities, the great McCosh, who was so similar to Princeton's earlier great man, Witherspoon, both in character and in the tremendous effect he had upon Princeton's growth. There are strange coincidences that the Princetonian likes to relate concerning these two Presidents of the University. They came to rule the college just a hundred years apart, the one in 1768, the other in 1868, each working there for twenty-six years until his death, Witherspoon on November 15, 1794, and McCosh a century and a day later. But this was not all. Both were Scots from the Lowlands, both University of Edinburgh men, each a minister of the Church of Scotland, and important in its history. Witherspoon was more widely

interested in the affairs of the Nation he made his own, an active worker in the cause of freedom, and a member of the Continental Congress, and a Signer of the Declaration. But he had a tremendous influence on the University and a strong effect on the men who worked with him. His administration marked a long forward step in the curriculum, as did that of Dr. McCosh. McCosh also did a tremendous amount in improving the campus and adding to the college buildings.

One of these Presidents carried Princeton through the Revolution, the other came soon after the end of the Civil War. Princeton suffered greatly in both wars, her sons being among the first to rush to the colours; in the Revolution the tide of battle swept over her; while the Southerners, who had numbered many among her student body, naturally deserted her after their years of bitter fighting. Witherspoon had had to rebuild an almost wrecked institution, McCosh to reconstruct one that was immensely weakened.

Sister and I had been listening to much of this history as we walked across the quadrangle toward the Halls. In the centre of this Quad is the famous cannon, standing with its long muzzle buried in the ground. This is the Big Cannon, and was left behind by both American and British forces, because of a broken car-

riage, in the historic days of 1777. During the war of 1812 it was taken to New Brunswick, but never used there, being considered unsafe. Princeton finally got it back, and in 1838 it was taken to the college grounds, and planted in its present position two years afterwards. Here the excitements of undergraduate life have their whirling centre. Here the great bonfires blaze, and here is the scene of the Freshman-Sophomore Rush, on the evening of the day when they begin their term.

"It only lasts three minutes, that scramble, but it's a winner," remarked our guide. "More happens in those three minutes round that old cannon than you could tell of in three years! And I've never known a rush yet where each side doesn't claim—and prove—that it has won."

Nothing could look more peaceful and remote from struggle than the quadrangle on a day in May, however. The men who were passing were all intent on some one or more of the thousand activities of the busy undergraduate life, that grows so intense before Commencement. We could not tell one classman from another, and certainly not one among them appeared to have so much as three minutes to spare for anything so frivolous as to get to, or to prevent some one else from getting to the old cannon.

"There is another cannon between Clio and

Whig, and it's had its own Revolutionary history, and stirred up some excitement in its time," we were told. "We call it the Little Cannon. It is the one the Rutgers fellows stole one night from the corner of Nassau and Witherspoon, where it had been partly buried for years. They thought that the Princeton men had got it from them. This rescue, as they considered it, didn't occur till twenty-five years after they had missed their own brass piece, and the whole of Princeton was roaring mad when they found what had happened. A party of students went over to New Brunswick, broke into the museum and carted away some old muskets, but couldn't find the cannon. In the end, when Princeton was able to prove that the cannon had been hers ever since the Revolution, we got it back, and buried it in concrete, as you see."

We did indeed. It would take a yoke of mastodons to haul the piece away now.

"And what *had* become of the brass cannon belonging to Rutgers?" asked Sister.

But there seems to be no answer to that question, at any rate in Princeton.

It is difficult to get consecutive information from an undergraduate. But we managed to dig up something more regarding the particular features of the two Halls. The men who join the Halls are those who are particularly inter-

ested in debating, in writing, in oratory, who have the forensic gifts and who want to follow the courses in public speaking that are conducted by the Department of English for Hall men, and are part of the Freshman curriculum. The old days when the whole student body was divided between the Halls, and competition ran high, are gone forever. Once the campaigning for members between the two Halls was much more important than the "bickering" among the clubs, of which more later. And before the day of the "Lit" the only literary expression open to the students was through one of these two literary societies.

"But the Halls are still a tremendous factor at Princeton, and probably they always will be," said our student. "The men recognise their value, and then certain prizes and medals are open to Hall competitors only. The Halls keep their distinction and they give a man a fine training, especially if he means to go into politics or the law. Then they are entirely democratic, and there isn't a college or a University in the country that's more democratic than Princeton. A man stands on his own merits here. He is just as likely to be on the Senior Council if he's working his way through college as if he has all the money in the world to burn, and it's the same in the clubs and the athletics. The life here tends to it, and the traditions are all for it. The men all live

in the dormitories and eat at the clubs, that are just an outgrowth of the old commons. And there isn't any splurging here to speak of—mighty few of the men own automobiles, and as there isn't any city close by, there aren't any great temptations for spending."

We sauntered back across the quadrangle toward West College, with its bright window faces and busy store, the oldest of the dormitories, built in 1836, with Reunion beyond. Comfortable structures, each housing some eighty men. Between the two a path leads to Alexander Hall, a florid looking building with a high peaked gable and sharp pointed towers and altogether too much patterning of granite and brownstone. This is where the Commencement and Class Day exercises are held, the public lectures and similar affairs. The inside is mostly given up to the auditorium, which is said to be particularly well planned. It is very splendid with mosaics and marbles.

We spent little time here: its life is dormant during the usual run of college days: but we walked on toward Blair Hall, that confronted us like some picture by Maxfield Parrish, extending its white splendour on toward Little and the New Gymnasium in an almost unbroken Gothic line. The white path sweeps up to the huge central tower and through the pointed arch, after flinging abroad two arms that lead to either

side, running along the two-storied wings, with their charming balconies and the smaller arches of their doors and windows. Four round corner towers buttress and climb above the mighty square of that central portion, rising solidly to twice the height of the wings. Seen beyond the fresh green boughs of young trees, the effect is marvellously inspiring.

Through the arch, terraces and steps lead you out from the University to the station, but we were by no means ready to take that way yet.

We turned to the left and passed between Blair and the distressing but very comfortable mid-Victorian aspect of Witherspoon, along by Little and the New Gym. It is difficult to give an impression of this noble group. Seen from the train it takes the eye at once, with its irregular towers and the agreeable hue of the stone from which it is built, but approached afoot amid all the green charm of the campus it is as fine an aspect as America holds. The Gym is called the best building for its purpose in the country, and the taste with which the Gymnasium and dormitories have been made to harmonise with and enhance each other is excellent.

"I don't wonder that Princeton men have a tremendous loyalty," I remarked. "The life here is framed with such dignity, and it is so self-contained. You don't need to go outside the

University limits to find all you can wish for. Most colleges and universities are dependent to more or less extent on the city or the town that surrounds and holds them. The students will be scattered all over in boarding houses, or go to various favourite places for their meals. But I should think a Princeton man might easily forget there was any outside at all."

"That's the way to talk," agreed our smiling guide, complacently. "And at that, I don't know but you're exactly right."

There are outside dormitories, however, he explained, Upper and Lower Pyne, on Nassau Street, facing the front campus, being beyond the University enclosure. Nevertheless, they belong to the University and are built to harmonise with the Gothic quality of the newer part of Princeton, and are fascinating in aspect, with their overhanging upper stories, and their red slate roofs, that accentuate the warm tone of the brick; their chestnut beams and cross-pieces giving them the look of houses in some quaint English town. Hill Dormitory, close to the station, is the one privately owned dwelling place, and a handsome building. Possibly there are others, though we heard of none beside.

"It seems like walking through a park to wander about this series of campuses and quadrangles," Sister remarked. "The lovely slopes

and broad reaches, the spreading trees and shrubbery, the sense of space, and all these beautifully related but uncrowded buildings. The place itself is uncrowded too, isn't it. With so many students here it seems strange that we see only a few groups and scattered individuals—where are they all? Why aren't they round, enjoying it this spring morning?"

"Morning's the time we stick about inside, working. You know, work is part of the business of being here! Yes indeed. And Princeton has a mighty fine rep as a working man's home. Times past there was a lot of loafing, and a 'poler' was in for a good deal of criticism. But it's different now. The honour system and the preceptorial method have had a lot to do with the change, I guess. I don't mean that there isn't a heap of larking, and of course we are strong for athletics, but men study here quite unashamed nowadays, and the biggest athlete may be an honour man—and often is."

Princeton is genuinely athletic. That is to say, practically every one of her students goes in for some form of athletics. With the Freshmen it is obligatory. They have to become swimmers, and the Department of Hygiene and Physical Education generally keeps a cautious and guiding attention upon them. Then are countless ball teams and soccer teams, tennis experts, golfers, and

what not of active exponents of good health by way of outdoor or indoor sports and games and contests. In the afternoon we saw any number of sprinting youths about the grounds—everywhere except on the front campus, which by some unwritten law, is never used for athletic purposes —swatting and catching balls and variously disporting themselves. Golden Field with its tennis courts was crowded. But the war has had an effect on even this playing among the undergrads. The drilling takes too many of them, and then there are to be no intercollegiate games this year, with all the training they enforce. But the great swimming tank in the Gymnasium retains its popularity. We saw an unending stream pouring into the building, and were told "They are in for a swim."

"I can't help a selfish joy that I haven't a son near college age this terrible year," whispered Sister, later on in the day, when we sat watching the drilling on Brokaw Field. "Look at that wonderful sight, all those splendid youngsters, and think that perhaps a name carved in bronze will be all that's left of many of them a few months hence. And this very minute they are drilling back there in the Stadium at the University of Virginia, and companies are forming at William and Mary. And all our colleges are telling the same story of gallant eagerness. It's

wonderful and beautiful, but . . ." she stopped, and I saw tears in her eyes.

But let us get back to the walk we were taking, and which was now leading us past the pleasing severity of Edwards Hall, once known as "Polers' Paradise," another dormitory, named after President Jonathan Edwards and built in 1880, and the Italian charms of ivy-grown Dod Hall, ten years younger, given by Mrs. David Brown in memory of her brother, Albert B. Dod, a professor of mathematics at Princeton for many years. Beyond is the Art Museum, an interesting structure of handsome brick with a terra cotta frieze across the front, a copy of part of the Parthenon decoration.

"It's full of jars and pots and vases and plates," said our student, somewhat apprehensively. "We can go in later; but I think now we'd better get through with the buildings, as lunch is coming on." We agreed with him, as we had an engagement to eat at the Princeton Inn which we by no means wanted to miss. As for the pots and dishes, it was a disrespectful manner of alluding to the world famous Trumbull-Pyne collection of pottery and porcelain, the finest of its kind in the country, dating back to the dim ages of Egypt and reaching by many paths and expressions to the later work of all the European countries, nor overlooking the

Orient, nor yet South America. We meant to return and enjoy it, but did not.

"Which only proves once again," I admonished Sister, as we realised this later, and beyond reach, "that 'Do it Now' should be our college motto."

"But if you'd seen them you'd have felt you ought to write about them, and who wants to read of china and pottery? See it, or don't see it; but never talk of it."

So perhaps our loss is another's gain.

Dodge and Murray and the Marquand Chapel were the next group, and the religious centre of the University. Henry G. Marquand of New York, whose grim pale face as Sargent portrays it we had so often looked upon in the Metropolitan Museum, donated the chapel, built of brownstone with a slender tower. In it are some fine windows, several designed by the late Francis Lathrop, a connection of ours by marriage. We looked on them with admiration, and an obscure feeling that they gave us at least a tiny claim on the place. There are many beautiful things on which to look in this chapel; other windows, those by La Farge being visions of rich colour, the rose windows, Louis C. Tiffany's work, and some particularly fine reliefs. Both Louis and Augustus St. Gaudens are represented, the latter with a magnificent bas-relief of President McCosh.

We stepped out from the rich medley of

colour to the whiteness of the day with almost a shock. Across the roadway are the two halls, Dodge and Murray, in the Gothic style that Princeton has gradually made her architectural expression. They are joined by an ambulatory, and are the home of the Philadelphian Society, an undergraduate organisation for promoting the religious activities and interests of the students. It is the oldest college religious organisation in America, having been founded in 1825, child of the Nassau Bible Society. The two buildings contain rooms for the different classes and a library and reading room and auditorium.

The entrance to Prospect, the President's gardens and house, is almost opposite and we looked across at their charming extent with interest. Prospect slopes upward, with fine terraces, and the house is old as houses go, dating from 1849. But where it now stands stood once the stone farmhouse of Colonel George Morgan, pioneer and explorer and Indian Agent in Revolutionary times. On his broad lawns the Delaware Indians pitched their tepees when they came to visit their friend, leaving behind them three of their young sons, in order that these might acquire the wisdom of the white men. One of them got into college, at least, but he gave it up finally and went back to his tribe. The old house

that was used by the President before Prospect was taken over for the purpose is now the Dean's house, and an exquisite example of Colonial architecture. It was built in the same year with Nassau Hall and stands near it. Here all the Presidents from Burr to McCosh lived and here three of them died.

McCosh Walk, with its tree-boughs meeting far overhead in true pointed Gothic style, runs from the gate to Prospect on out to the Washington Street exit. It is the sort of walk that would have been welcomed by the Annapolis cadet who mourned the absence in the Academy of any "quiet nooks." Shadowy and not too wide, withdrawn somewhat from the more rushing and active aspects of college life, it has possibilities that are perhaps recognised.

Just before you reach Washington Street you pass the Magnetic Observatory, that hasn't a nail or piece of iron in its construction. Beyond it is the attractive brick building called Seventy-Nine Hall, the gift of the class of that year. It holds to the collegiate Gothic note but strikes a new and individual colour scheme, with its rosy-hued brick and sandstone.

We walked up Washington Street to the Scientific and Chemical Buildings and swung back toward the heart of Princeton, the quadrangle, for we had not yet more than glanced

at the University Library, which takes up the eastern side of that beautiful square. Here are again the square towers and Gothic façades, the charming, whimsical carvings and the pointed arches that will always mean Princeton to an American, however English their derivation. McCosh Hall, which we spent some time studying later, is crowded with these fantastic bits. Here are owls in cap and gown, marvellous little policemen and college authorities fiercely struggling with frantic, woe-begone students. We even found a chauffeur in the attitude, if not the actuality, of dizzy speed, and a determined creature pointing a relentless camera.

"It must be fun to go to lectures and preceptorial conferences in a place like that," Sister thought, as we sauntered along the façade, hundreds of feet long, that is one time to enclose the whole square behind the Chapel, we were told. And the building, singularly beautiful, certainly has a chuckle to it too.

The library is really two libraries, the Chancellor Greene and the New, the latter a Sesquicentennial gift from Mrs. Percy Rivington Pyne.

The two are connected by a passage that holds the card indices and delivery desk. The old library is now the workroom for the undergraduate body, a huge octagonal. The new and

large building is a hollow square, splendidly equipped and furnished.

When we were little children we had often delighted in the visits of Laurence Hutton to our house, and we even had indistinct recollections of having seen some of his great collection of death masks. We knew them to be here, with other collections of interest.

There is a fascination about a death mask that is compelling. Here, no stiller than the model from which they were taken, were the faces of Newton, of Burns, of Robert Bruce, of our own Franklin, of Wordsworth. The mask of Dean Swift is the only one in existence, and was happily discovered by Hutton in an old London shop, among some discarded rubbish. Altogether there are over seventy of these relics.

There are many more buildings that tempt you to keep on exploring, to turn down this alluring pathway, go through a vaulted archway, climb a long slope. After our young guide had to leave us we found another magnificent group up beyond Blair, with the fine Holder Tower dominating the solemn appeal of the dormitories, Campbell and Hamilton. Cloisters, courts where grew great trees, vaulted passages, leaded window panes, and always that superb tower with its upthrusting pinnacles—what a world of beauty!

But before he left us he took us along Prospect Avenue to the Athletic Field. It is along this handsome avenue that the clubs that are so characteristic of Princeton are ranged.

"They are eating clubs first and last," we were told. "There are rooms in most of them where alumni members can sleep, but the undergrads aren't allowed to put up in them. You won't see much life in any of them except at meal hours and for awhile in the evening, when maybe some one sets a phonograph going, or some of the fellows want a game of bridge or billiards. No drinks to be had in them."

They are upper class clubs, and the elections are controlled by a committee of undergraduate club members and another of the Faculty. These elections take place in February from the Sophomore class, but they can not enjoy club privileges till the following September, when they come back to the University as Juniors.

There is a great deal of competition between the clubs when it comes to choosing the new members, and there have been times in the bad old days when complaints, sad or furious, were justified. But to-day the system is as fair as it is possible to make anything merely human. This is about the way things are done:

On February 23 the period of bickering starts in. Then the club members do all that human

eloquence may accomplish to snare the desirable Sophomore. These Sophs are chosen to be members of a "section" and any man who accepts election to a section signs a pledge that he will join that particular unit, and these acceptances are published. Each section numbers from fifteen to twenty men, but there may be many others chosen, as no limit is placed on the number of new members.

A short period only is allowed for bickering, and at its close only a week is given to the elections, during which formal invitations to join the club are sent to the Sophomores in the sections, and to any others the club wants. A Soph who has joined a section can decline the formal invitation, but then he is not permitted to join any other club for another year. This makes it impossible for juggling to take place. Before the bickering period it is an offense against the rules for an upperclassman to do anything that might be construed as an approach to an underclassman; a rule that applies to graduate members also. This system seems to be working well.

"Naturally there are men who will be sore at results, and there is jealousy between the clubs to some extent, but that can't be avoided. They aren't snobbish, however. Close to half the men who are working their way through are club

members, and as the clubs are always on the edge of debt, there are no non-paying members. These men have to work for their club dues as well as their college expenses. The meals served are simple, and there isn't much inside luxury to be found in any of the clubs, fine buildings as some of them are."

So said our guide. And the look of the charming houses in their pretty grounds amply justified the adjective. They are sufficiently various in architecture, but they all have an attractive look of home. The Ivy Club is the oldest, organised as it was in 1879, and a better looking home would be hard to find anywhere.

As we came back along the avenue, after an admiring glance over the immaculate greenness of the Athletic Field, with its white-tracked diamond, its grandstand, having a clock in the tower, the "cage" for indoor practice, the Field House, where the men dress and showers are installed, we met the club members hurrying along to luncheon. It was a jolly sight, and judging from the eagerness and speed shown appetites are good at Princeton.

"But you ought to see the Field when there's a big game on," our guide was saying. "You saw how big it is—half a dozen football or baseball games could be going on at the same time. Well, it will be packed, and the flags, the colour,

the rushing about to get settled, the yells and cheers—tell you what, it's great!"

There were other college happenings that we were earnestly told shouldn't be missed, if you wanted a real idea of Princeton. The Cane Spree, for instance, held under a large yellow autumn moon on the ground between Witherspoon and Alexander; and the Senior parade on St. Patrick's Day, which is a formal notice that spring is admitted to the campus, and is a joyous demonstration in which floats, transparencies, costumes, flights of sarcasm on college events, skits and comments of all sorts, not only on the undergraduate, but on the world at large, have full swing.

Then there are the straining days of the mid-year exams, with midnight oil burning into the small hours, and the sudden outbreak of "Poler's recess," when, at the ringing of curfew from the belfry of Nassau Hall, windows are suddenly flung open and a mad din of toots, howls, bangs and pandemonium generally breaks forth, to last a few minutes and then cease with startling abruptness.

Yes, the life of a student at Princeton is full of variety, and besides the interests here hinted at, there are scores more; clubs of all kinds for literary, musical and other pursuits, honours to be fought for, all the fun on beautiful Carnegie Lake, that used to be a dismal swamp and is now a

bright and useful sheet of water and a delight in the landscape.

At lunch we were told something of the honour system, now ruling the examinations, inspired by those in vogue in the Southern colleges, and in effect since 1893. Of the Preceptorial Method, by which a close contact is kept between the students and their instructors, the preceptors discussing with the students at informal meetings the reading they are to do. These conferences between instructor and student have proved a great success, and are now an important and integral part of the Princeton system.

Off toward the golf links we were shown the stately buildings of the Graduate College with the Cleveland Tower rearing its graceful height and lofty pinnacles against the sky, and we began to feel that there was no end to Princeton.

"You need a month to get a mere impression of the place," Sister declared.

A kindly automobile driven by an old resident whirled us about the town, if town it may be called. To be sure, it is growing fast—the tremendous interests of the University draw more and more to its ancient ways. But it is so green and so scattered, with so many fine old places holding their spacious grounds inviolate, that there is very little town crowding. Opposite the Fitz Randolph gate the old and now much-

changed Nassau Hotel, familiarly called old Nass by the students who haunt its restaurant, takes up a large portion of the street. Nearer the centre of the town is Princeton Inn, surrounded by a pretty park. And many new buildings are pointed out with pride to the visitor.

But we preferred the glimpses of the ancient houses that date back to the days when Princeton was the centre of the country's activities, at least in a political sense: the old house with its charming upper veranda where Washington had his headquarters, up on Stony Hill; the house of Thomas Clarke, where the bloodstains that drained from the dying Mercer are shown you—it is your own fault if you can't make them out. In front of the house is a bronze tablet on a granite block to the General's memory.

Beautiful Morven, dating back to 1701, once the headquarters of Lord Howe, and the Barracks, where Richard Stockton was born, of an equal age, a simple stone building of fine proportions and with end chimneys, and the Old Mill, whose wheels still turn to the murmuring flow of Stony Brook, close to the unusually beautiful Old Bridge, each drew from us the adjectives of praise. And of course we were whirled out to gaze over the battle field. Here it was that Washington, failing to rally the disorganised troops under Mercer, who was lying dying on

the field, rode out in front, under the terrific fire of the enemy, and sat immovable, facing the foe. Colonel Fitzgerald, who loved him, drew his hat down over his eyes that he might not see him die. But the appeal was sufficient, and the tide of war was changed.

In this year of renewed war against tyranny it was a soul-stirring thing to sit and look over the growing fields and hear that story.

We were struck by the fact that Princeton favours giving names to its estates, and that you go from Tusculum, built by President Witherspoon in 1773, looking like some noble English country house, to Avalon, with its pillared portico, the old home of Henry Van Dyke, opposite Westland, the Cleveland house, equally handsome and delightfully "homey."

Drumthwacket, standing in a grove of magnificent trees, with great sweep of lawns about it and about, is perhaps the most beautiful of all these splendid places. The wide spread of its wings, the noble pillars that step so finely across the entire central portion, the unusual breadth of its steps, all mark it as one of the best expressions of the architecture of its period, 1832.

Our last evening in Princeton was a moonshiny, warm and tender one, that led us out under the trees of the University grounds and round to the

front campus with an almost personal force. Lights shone and twinkled on the grounds and from the many windows of the dormitories as we wandered slowly under the walls and the arches. In the quadrangle a small group was lingering near the cannon, laughing, perhaps over some remembered incident of the Rush or the last Commencement. Important, at that season, are the Cannon Exercises, ending with the dramatic smashing against its old iron of the shower of long-stemmed church warden pipes. But we went on, round the corner of Nassau.

As we reached the campus a sound of young voices swelled and soared—the Seniors were singing.

Softly we joined the silent crowd idling in a great semicircle under the trees, some leaning against the trunks, others reclining on the grass, groups and single figures lost in the vague and shimmering shadows. Massed before the steps on long benches sat the singers, the broad bulk of the ancient building backing them, the ivy, planted by so many different classes, waving very slightly on the walls. Moonshine and shadow fell on everything like a magic veil, and the sweet odours of the spring night saturated the air. The effect was haunting and indescribable, almost unreal. The voices sounded strangely sweet and moving. Song merged into silence, and broke

to song again. Occasionally, in the pauses between the singing, we heard the twitter of an awakened bird in the trees about us.

Too soon it ended. Singers and hearers alike drifted away, and we with them.

CHAPTER V

Yale and New Haven

We had turned our backs on the South, and were off for New England, where colleges are thick as daisies in June. But we were bent on seeing only a few, since this pilgrimage of ours had definite limits.

New Haven was our present destination. And though the trains that run to the old city are the best you can ask for, the depression of getting out at that inconceivably atrocious and ancient station is sufficient to wipe away the pleasing impression of the smooth and comfortable approach. However, there are signs of a new birth, and before much longer New Haven will probably be boasting of one of the star stations on the whole line.

You must begin seeing New Haven, and Yale too for that matter, in a particular manner. You simply have to start at the Green and with the row of old churches that lend it such originality and distinction. It was here that New Haven itself began, and as it was perhaps the only old town we have in the country that was

definitely planned from the moment of settling, it deserves a certain respect—we couldn't be haphazard.

It was in 1638 that a company of English Christians—and they were most particular as to the Christian element, and very grim about it—walked up the slope from the sea, headed by two of their number, John Davenport and Theophilus Eaton; and stopping at the identical spot where now the exquisite proportions of Centre Church dignify the Green, they founded New Haven, under the Indian name of Quinnipiac. The following year they built there their first house of worship. Not only was it that, but for a number of years it was practically the centre of the settlement's activities in many directions, a meeting place, court house, voting booth and what not of the useful and important.

With the original group was a civil engineer, who had come along for love of a fair maiden. On him devolved the duty of planning the proposed town, and he laid out the Green and the streets adjacent. His conception was spacious and orderly, and it has been followed to this day.

Other buildings superseded the original structure, but in 1814 the present church was erected, and it combines every charm and grace of that fortunate period in American architecture, from the noble proportions of its body to the top of

its heaven-y-pointing spire. To the right of it is United, or as it was called earlier, North Church, also a beautiful building, of brick painted a Colonial yellow, with a white, blunt spire, and to the left is the Episcopal Church, of stone, overgrown with ivy. These two were also built in 1814.

Standing well-spaced in a row near the centre of the Green, with fine elms about them and Temple Street running directly before them, while the broad lawns slope down in front and rise slightly behind, to the unbroken line of the University buildings that front on the Green in Gothic splendour, the whole effect is impressive. New Haven has an opportunity for an unusual civic centre here. Many fine buildings already face the great square, the newer ones following the Greek idea. Among them are the Public Library and the Court House, built of white marble. The Taft Hotel has aped the modern sky-scraper, and though handsome in its way, it is entirely out of character with the finer portions of the square, and there are many mean and poor examples of what the lack of any coherent plan can do to spoil a noble situation. Perhaps in the future the city will exert some effort to have the buildings fronting on the Green conform to what is best there now. When it does, New Haven will possess something superb, something

worthy of the vision that must have animated her original designer.

Behind Centre Church used to lie the graveyard. Now a tablet in the rear wall relates that the body of the first Governor of the Settlement, that same Eaton who led the little company up the slope, lies nearby, and here, in a railed-in space a few feet back from the church, is buried the regicide, John Dixwell, with the old stone still marking the grave, though a new monument put there by his descendants carries carved upon it the main account of his life and death.

Dixwell came to New Haven later than two other regicides, who stirred up considerable excitement in New Haven in 1661, playing a regular game of hide and seek, with life as the prize and death as the penalty. John Davenport, who had himself been a friend of Cromwell's, gave them faithful assistance, keeping them hidden in his house for weeks, but as the search grew more pressing a securer hiding place must be found, and so the two unfortunate gentlemen sought a rough shelter in Judge's Cave, on West Rock, which is more of a pile of stones than a true cave. Here, and in other desperate places, they spent two years, finally making good their escape to Hadley, Mass., where they are lost sight of. The name of one was Edward Whalley; New Haven has named the avenue running out toward

the Rock, and incidentally Yale Bowl, in his honour.

It all makes a curious link between the city and the days of Charles II.

There were many other among the old settlers and among the later citizens who were buried behind Centre Church. Beneath it the crypt contains the remains of the early Puritan families. But in 1796 the old headstones and the bones of many of those whose names stand high in New Haven's history were moved out to the Grove Street Burial Ground, which is now the oldest in the city, a place of quiet charm and green alleys, crowded with illustrious dead, among whom are Noah Webster, Theodore Winthrop, Jedediah Morse, President Dwight, of Yale, and many more of the University's presidents and distinguished professors, with admirals, governors, generals, and folk of lesser quality.

Big and busy as New Haven is, and it is all of both, it is none the less dominated by the great University with which it is identified. Yale is in the very heart of the town. And since her dormitories are by no means sufficient to house her students, many of these are scattered through certain areas, within easy reach of the college buildings, so that the undergraduate life mingles with that of the old city to a greater degree than had been the case with those colleges and uni-

versities we had been visiting. Every street seems to lead to the Green on which the University turns one splendid frontage, or right into some one or other of the many groups into which the University divides. Even the water's edge holds the Yale Boathouse, and from the precipitous slopes and lofty heads of West or East Rock you get your finest outlooks on the whole extent of the University.

We were to have the rare distinction of eating at Mory's, that haunt dear to generations of underclassmen; not, to be sure, in one of the general rooms on the ground floor, but upstairs, in the Governor's Room, unseen if not unseeing. Before that hour we had time on our hands that should allow an opportunity to get some idea of the various campuses and the buildings that enclosed them or fronted on them.

"Let's go through that splendid arch under Phelps Tower," Sister demanded. "It is something like Princeton's Tiger Gate, through Blair, except of course that it is so very different."

The description seemed to me entirely logical at the time, though perhaps it may puzzle those who have never walked through either.

This whole portion of Yale is Gothic, the Old Library, facing Phelps across the campus, having been pronounced the finest specimen of that type in America. In the old days Yale was

strictly Colonial, built of brick with white stone window and door facings, plain but beautiful in line, as the sole survivor of that period amply witnesses. This is Connecticut Hall, and nobly it keeps its dignity and poise beside the newer buildings built on an older plan that surround it. Standing alone in one corner of the campus, partially hung with vines, the fine old structure strikes a vibrating note of peculiar charm. Once it was known as Middle, or as South Middle. At that time it made one of a long and similar row that looked down upon the Green, and which have long since vanished.

It was in this building that Nathan Hale had his room, as a bronze tablet sunk into the wall testifies, while before the building stands the statue of the youthful patriot, one of the last pieces made by the late Belah Pratt, a bronze that is singularly unstudied and appealing. The building is still used as a dormitory, and here the Dean has his office.

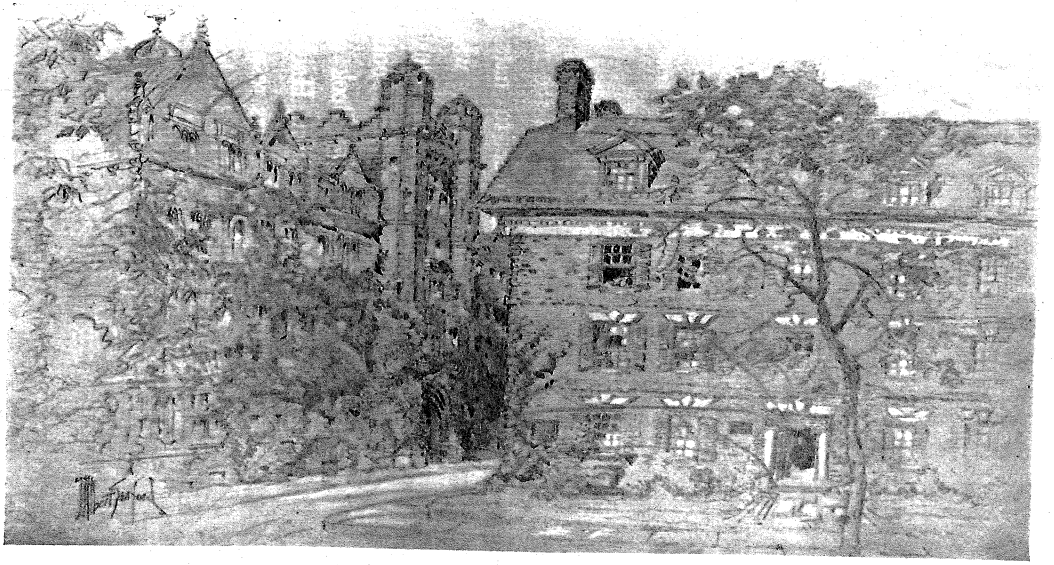
Upon this campus, besides the Library and Phelps, face the ivy-draped façades of the Art School, with Dwight and Wright Halls and Vanderbilt Hall, one of the most sumptuous of dormitory buildings. Osborn completes the stately quadrangle.

Although the elm beetle has done some evil work in New Haven, and on this campus, there

are many splendid trees that show little trace of his havoc. The light falls broken and soft on the lovely walls, that are so rich and yet so restrained in ornament. Although these buildings are not old, they have the temper and the tone of age, a mellow ripeness that has been greatly assisted by the mild climate of the neighbourhood, lending an English lushness to vine and greensward, and tinting the stones to ancient hues.

This is of course a very small part of the University, but here it began, and here it reaches its greatest distinction.

Behind this campus, on the further side of the Library, runs High Street. Here was the Peabody Museum, chiefly given over to natural history and specimens and collections, which is now in process of demolition and transfer to Sachem's Wood. High Street has another note of interest in the Brick Row Book and Print Shop, managed by Mr. E. Byrne Hackett according to a plan of his own that has resulted in making the place a real little club for the book-lovers among the undergraduates. No one is ever asked to buy a book in this unique establishment. You may come, week after week and month after month, you may come every day of your whole college career, should you be so minded, and read to your heart's content, finger one volume after another, gaze with appreciation



Fine Old Connecticut Hall Strikes a Note of Peculiar Charm

on the old and new prints and engravings, the first editions, the superb copies of famous works stacked in rows or pinned on the walls, as the case may be, and no one will suggest that his business is to sell what here is gathered. We spent a happy period proving this for ourselves before we were joined by Mr. Hackett, who, being one of the governors of Mory's, had offered to sponsor our visit there. The room below is a solid mass of books, row on endless row, with moving ladders that let you get where you will. Up a fascinating winding stair, with wonderful bits of old carving and a priceless print or two hung against its wall, we found a great wide chamber where there were more books. Also broad window seats in each of the big windows, several of which overlook the building containing the swimming tank, given by Carnegie. This tank, with the lake at Princeton that came from the same spring, reveal a new bent in the Carnegian character. Apparently, when it comes to colleges, he feels that there are other needs than a library.

Be that as it may, we camped very contentedly in one of those soft-cushioned seats, as we were told the students had a way of doing.

"Every window will be filled of an afternoon," said Mr. Hackett, "each of the boys with one or more books in his clutches. They feel at home here, and they get to feel at home

with books, which is what we want. Many and many a young fellow has got his first taste for collecting right in this room. They are at liberty to wander all over, to come back into my office for a chat with me, or to squeeze in anywhere there's room for them. Hardly one but gets to be a book buyer before long, gets to want a little library of his own, learns about fine editions and old copies, or grows interested in prints. The place has come to be an informal club."

It was easy to feel the fascination it exerts, bookish, leisurely, spacious and friendly, with its few pieces of rare old furniture, carved tables and secretaries contriving to make it still more homelike.

We did not, however, reach the Brick Row Shop so early in our wanderings. First, with tireless feet and mounting enthusiasm, we moved from one to another of Yale's many buildings, trying to get a coherent notion of their extent and number.

"Quite a job," as Sister said.

On Elm Street we found a whole row, built of light coloured stone, in which were the Gymnasium, as well as the Law and Divinity Schools. Then there is University Court, where the Bi-Centennial buildings carry on the great story, and along Hillhouse Avenue the Sheffield Scientific School has its splendid being. This avenue

is one of New Haven's show places. It is short but very wide and finely parked, with huge, overarching trees that make a lofty canopy where orioles whistle and nest in a paradise of leaves.

Further afield still are the Observatory and the School of Forestry. This school was founded by J. W., father of Gifford Pinchot, who has meant so much to American forestry, in 1900, and the Botanical Gardens near by were established by Professor C. C. Marsh, on his own estate. The school was established to meet a direct need by the Government for trained foresters. It is the oldest school of forestry we have, and it is admittedly the best and most influential. In 1916 there were 153 Yale men in the U. S. Forestry Service, and twelve out of the twenty schools organised in as many states are directed by Yale men.

There are two phases of Yale life that get their material form in the Yale Bowl and in the just-finished Armory for the Yale Battalion, consisting of four batteries of field artillery, organised in October, 1915, and tremendously "oversubscribed," from the first. In this year the battalion is only a part of the immense response Yale has given the war, but it represents the permanent interest taken by the undergraduates in military training and instruction, as well as the backing of the Faculty. It was under the advice of

General Wood that Yale decided to aid in strengthening one of the weakest arms of our military force. The beautiful armory, to be dedicated later in the year, probably at Commencement, has been erected by the graduates of the University, under the enthusiastic leadership of Anson Conger Goodyear, '99, and is placed close to the Bowl. We saw it from across the field, concrete result of a patriotic fervour that has always marked Yale. A thousand and more of her students drill every day in one branch or another, and hundreds have been taking the examinations for Plattsburg. It was the same story here as elsewhere: the colleges are running to meet the country's call with eager readiness, and the difficulty is not to get the men to enlist in its service, but to persuade them not to sacrifice their prospects and their youth too early.

We came to the Bowl with a young man who had graduated only two years ago, but who had already done his share to maintain another of Yale's traditions—that of marrying more promptly after graduating than the men of any other among our universities. He led us up into the vast cup with pride. Empty it stood, and empty it will stand all this year, and who knows for how long besides, but how splendid it was in that emptiness. We climbed to the topmost ridge of seats and gazed down to the circle of

brilliant green where such mighty combats have been staged, with every inch of space in those innumerable tiers occupied by frenzied partisans of the contesting teams. Here the Yale songs and Yale cheers have echoed again and again, both in defeat and victory. Here thousands of flags have fluttered to the shouts and songs, the whole vast circle has rocked and flamed with sound and colour under "that inverted bowl we call the sky," which seems hardly more gigantic. But now it stood breathless, shimmering slightly, hugely silent . . .

"What a sight it must be in moonlight," whispered Sister, as we sat there, our imagination striving to conjure back into that immense solitude the massed tempest of its crowded hours.

You had to whisper there.

As we went back toward the campus our Yale graduate, even as had happened in Princeton, kept remembering things that we ought to have seen somehow, if we were to do Yale any sort of justice. Woolsey Hall at Commencement, and the lanterns shining orange amid the elms of the campus. The Procession of the Alumni on its way from Hewitt Quadrangle. The Addresses in Battell Chapel. All this was Yale's stately side.

"At Mory's you'll hear about some of the undergrad clubs," he told us. "The Hogans, extinct for the moment, but unforgotten and

probably to be revived, the Whiffenpoofs, the Pundits. And then there's the literary side, the men who edit the Lit., the Courant and the Record, not to speak of the Yale Daily. They are a big influence in the college life."

We felt that, aside from information, it was distinctly time for Mory's. Sightseeing in cloistered campuses and wind-fresh Bowls had had its effect. We were, in short, ravenous. And there, awaiting us, stood our host, before the quaint little wooden building that shelters the famous restaurant.

A narrow, boxed-in stairway led us to the second floor and the Governors' Room, with its great round table and Windsor chairs, its Hogarth prints on the wainscoted walls, its cheerful little windows with the small panes of an older day. Here on the oaken board the covers were set, and here, smiling with entire good nature at this invasion of his castle by the forbidden sex, was Billy, the steward, making us feel at home and welcome on the spot.

The menu at Mory's resembles those in English chop houses. It is simple, excellently cooked and abundant in its portions. Sister and I found them too big for us, and we are quite capable of holding our own after a morning's exercise such as lay behind us. The specialty that morning was scrambled eggs with bacon, and it was

real bacon, savoury of the smoke house, no flaccid imitation treated with what is imaginatively described as "liquid smoke." Toast too, and tea, and wonderful pie with cheese. Students who have haunted Mory's will later on in life bitterly complain to distracted wives, wondering why they cannot have meals "like Mory's used to make." Perhaps this is the reason why women are not allowed in the delectable place. At any rate, no mother sending her son to Yale need worry for fear he won't get meals as good as those he gets at home. So long as Mory's endures, home cooking has a goal set for it.

Over our luncheon we heard talk of the famous undergraduate clubs that have met at Mory's these many long years, and have made the name dear to Yale men the round world over. How dear was made evident not so many years ago when Mory's, having had two bad years, and finding the neighbourhood where it had been since 1871 to be no longer satisfactory, almost decided to quit. An item to this effect was printed in a New York paper and ran broadcast over the country, reaching even into distant ports in China, India, Southern islands below the far horizon's edge—and back, post haste, came letters of desperate appeal from Yale men. What? Close Mory's? It was unthinkable.

Luckily Mory's didn't have to close. It found

new quarters within easy range of the University, and moved up, body and soul. For not only was the spirit of the old place completely transferred to the new home, but the very window frames, the furniture, the bar, the ancient black door with its bright brass trimming that admits you from the street, all these came too. Wainscoting replaced paper, the trophies of fifty years took their accustomed places over the identical chimney pieces, and Yale settled back, content.

It was Louis Linder who made Mory's what it is, taking it from Mrs. Moriarty as a popular place where town men came more often than college members, a place known for good food and good drink, but lacking the distinction he gave it. Louis Linder loved the undergraduates, and they loved him. He made the place their place. Gradually it became completely identified with them, and with the graduates who had known it in their own student days. Now it is only members, and there are fifteen thousand of them, 95 per cent identified with Yale, and their guests, who have the entrée. Before Linder died he had formed plans to make an association that should take the management of Mory's, but death came before the arrangements were completed. His idea has been carried out, however, and the place is run by a board of governors whose services are entirely voluntary.

But the business side of Mory's, though immensely important, is not the side that fascinated either Sister or me. It was the human side, and what a human place it is!

The most famous of the clubs that make their headquarters at Mory's are the Hogans, at present suppressed, but due some happy day to revive again. The Pundits, whose huge old brass flagon stands nobly on its shelf till it is filled with cider for their feasts. Cider is their drink, and scrambled eggs, sausage, hashed brown potatoes, apple pie and cheese their food. The Cup Men, limited to six, one being a Bones, three Keys and two St. Anthony men, who own the great pewter loving cup with its six handles, carved over with the names of the various members, among which are such as W. H. Vanderbilt, Harry Payne Whitney, Jim Gamble Rogers, all Cup Men in their day. A particular cup is served, made from a recipe brought from England by Truman Newberry, later Secretary of the Navy, which is called for under the name of "Velvet." The sessions of the Cup Men are lively, and prolonged, it is whispered, beyond the midnight hour at which Mory's is suppose to close—"But," as Billy told us, with his tolerant smile, "you can't get them out."

Then there are the Whiffenpoofs, also at present under temporary eclipse, for the college

authorities have a way of sudden suppression when wild spirits grow too wild. The Whiffenpoofs have somewhat evaded extinction by holding a series of burial parties in which they take a fond and formal farewell to life, only to repeat the performance next year. They come in costume and they sing—besides other things of a joyous nature, as well as a noisy one.

Perhaps they, more than any other of the clubs, led to Mory's being given the nickname of *The Quiet House.* It is not much used nowadays, but once it was more common than its real name.

Billy went on a scouting tour as we sadly refrained from eating more pie, and returned to report that the last student had gone, and we might go down and "see the rest."

So down the crooked stairs we went and into the first of the several small square or oblong rooms into which Mory's divides. In the Seniors' room was the round table known as the Seniors' Table, at which no man not a Senior, or guest of a Senior, may sit. Round about the room are the usual oblong tables for other classmen.

The round table is beautifully carved with the initials of those who sit at it, year following year, till it is so completely covered that there is room for no more. In the centre of each table is the circle of the Cup Men, with their initials, or their names, and dates of their classes, and among

the other signatures are those of distinguished guests—we made out, among the many, a W. B. Y., cut by Yeats when he was a guest there. When each of these round tables is quite full, it is taken off and hung against the wall in one of the rooms, and a splendid decoration these tables make, the dark wood gleaming richly under the carving that has been beautifully done. There is a lot of practicing at the other tables before the actual work on the sacred circle itself.

And as we went from one room to another, more items kept coming from Billy—how the Brown Game was the great day of the Whiffenpoofs, and that their parties had a distinctly Johnsonian flavour. Mention too of the wonderful Green Cup, whose ingredients are a secret, handed down from steward to steward, that costs six dollars a quart and is as delectable as it is potent. How the Hogans each had a name, such as the Kid, naturally the biggest and the huskiest of the lot, the Plain Hogan, the Pop, the Burglar, Birdie and so on. When a Kid Hogan has a son who is his first born, that kid is to be an honourary member; but so far the eldest have been girls. In the meanwhile presents are accumulating for the youngster. We saw them hanging on the wall, tiny boxing gloves, a small pair of Chinese clogs, sent by a Hogan from that distant place,

a wonderful striped shirt and attractively smart little knickers, with other tokens of yearning affection. But so far the cradle is empty.

The Hogans were specially favoured at Mory's, and they were dearly loved. Five or six only, they were the choicest spirits in the college. Food and drink was always free to them, and is to this day. Once a Hogan always a Hogan. They used to do clerical work for the restaurant in return for the "welcome home" they got there. The parties they gave are unforgotten, and they are spoken of in the places that knew them with reminiscent smiles.

We were shown a number of the champagne bottles emptied at the dinners of the different Hogan groups, each bottle signed with all the names, and the date. They stand on one of the chimneypiece shelves, a sturdy group, but Billy confessed that one of them, now and again, mysteriously vanished.

"They're considerable of a souvenir," he said.

On one wall, high against the ceiling, hung a scull. It was the stroke oar of those that won the great boat race of June 19, 1914, where only the fraction of a minute intervened between the winners and losers.

"The Cup," we were told, as we looked on its pewter splendour and noble proportions, "is never taken down unless one of the Cup Men is present.

And when it is passed round the table, it must never be set down till empty."

Among the prints and photographs on the wall we noted one of a stern-faced woman, in a circle of wild youths—youths who seemed to have looked on the cup longer than was good for them.

"That," said Billy, "is Carrie Nation. You know she visited Yale, and the boys had great times with her. She was too busy looking at the camera to see what they were doing—and maybe they doctored the negative a bit."

So there she stands, grim and stout, while behind her bottles and glasses are flourished, and at her feet the heads of the seated men droop in attitudes that suggest a vast lapse from sobriety.

We were even allowed to go into the bar, a small and cosy place, exquisitely fitted up with numerous shining instruments and glittering glasses, fountains for soft drinks, and bottles that held sterner stuff. "Everything's close at hand," as Billy expressed it.

All this is only a part of Mory's and its many relations with the undergraduate body. But there was more of Yale for us to see, and we departed —reluctantly, as is probably the habit of those who go there.

But before we left Billy gave us the words of the Whiffenpoofs' chorus, and here they are:

* * * * * *

THE WHIFFENPOOF ANTHEM

(To the tune of "Gentlemen Rankers")

To the tables down at Mory's, to the place where Louis dwells.
To the dear old Temple Bar we love so well,
Sing the Whiffenpoofs assembled with their glasses raised on high,
And the magic of the singing casts its spell.
Yes! the magic of the singing of the songs we love so well
"Shall I Wasting"—and "Mavourneen,"—and the rest
We will serenade our Louis while life and voice shall last,
Then, we'll pass, and be forgotten with the rest;
We're poor little lambs, who have lost our way, Baa, Baa, Baa,
Little black sheep who have gone astray, Baa, Baa, Baa,
Gentlemen songsters off on a spree,
Damned from here to eternity,
God have mercy on such as we, Baa, Baa, Baa.

Something very different indeed from Mory's is the Elizabethan Club: it is also as distinctly a Yale institution, and it is unique.

The two have one strong point of likeness, however. Both are entirely and radically democratic. The Elizabethan Club has a membership composed of Faculty, Graduate and Undergraduate members, twenty undergraduates from each one of the three upper classes of Yale College or the two upper classes of the Sheffield Scientific School. The Faculty members are never to

exceed thirty in number. The officers of the club are chosen from the Faculty and the graduate and undergraduate members, while the board of governors has four undergraduate members, as against six graduate and Faculty. The names of the members of the board are set down alphabetically, so that it may easily happen that the youngest undergraduate may top the list, except of course that the Chairman, as is always the case, is at the very head.

The members meet on a footing of perfect equality, and this desire to promote good fellowship and social ties between the Faculty and the students was one of the main motives of the foundation of the Elizabethan Club. The founders had no surety that their plan would not result in failure; indeed, provision for turning over to other uses the various assets of the club in this case was made. But it has proved a signal success. The club is a club in the very best sense of the word. In its large upper chamber men gather for chess or checkers, to read and to smoke, to talk literary shop, to plan the entertainments and lectures given each year, and all are simply members, each with an equal voice.

There are no dues.

This remarkable fact removes the slightest chance of favouritism on the basis of money. It puts the poorest member on precisely the same

level as the richest. He is a member for personal reasons, because he is the sort of man the other members, when they do their electing, want to have in the club. Although the club is predominately a literary organisation, the fact that you are editor of the Lit. will not make you an ex-officio member. You may be chosen, or you may not. It is the same with the instructors in the department of English.

"Our idea is to bring together a congenial body of men from all parts of the college," Mr. Keogh, librarian of the Elizabethan Club as well as of the University library, told us, as he took us in to see the charming place. "Naturally men interested in literature and in books generally, and in the drama, are the men to whom the club makes an appeal, and the men who are wanted here. But there is no notion of asking them to be specialists in literature or anything of that sort. They need only have a feeling for literature."

We entered an oblong room panelled in wood, with a long table and a few old Windsor chairs. Fine engravings hung on the walls, most of these being rare and particularly good impressions, for the club is rich in these. It owns a Henry VIII., by Cornelius Metsys, 1544, and Metsys made no attempt to soften an extreme ugliness when he made the portrait, judging by the wicked, heavy face he shows us, and an Erasmus by Jerome

Hopfer, one of the earliest engravings in existence, among other treasures.

But the heart of the Elizabethan Club was now thrown open to us. Mr. Keogh had been mysteriously engaged for a few moments at the farther end of the room, and suddenly he swung back the immense door of a great safe, a room in itself. On the shelves of this protected chamber stood or lay the almost priceless collection of rare books owned by the club.

A remarkable collection of Shakespere quartos and folios, first and second editions, and each one a splendid and beautiful copy; a "Hamlet," perfect and small, worth more than five thousand dollars. The first edition of the Sonnets, dated 1609. The "Taming of the Shrew," first quarto; these were but a few that were laid in our hands with reverence, as became their age and their beauty. Besides these there is a first edition of "Paradise Lost," an exquisite thing; wonderful editions of Spenser, and many more of the early seventeenth century authors in first or second editions, as well as of rare sixteenth century volumes. Other books depending more on the richness of their binding than on their age glow with colour and gold hand-tooling on the shelves. And there are some magnificent manuscripts too, among them an illuminated Grant of Lands in Ireland to Sir Francis Annesley, with a miniature

of James I, bearing the date of January 9, 1619.

The place is a shrine to the great gods of literature, and Sister and I felt that merely to sit there with one of its treasures in our hands was a priceless privilege.

But time, as usual, would not be denied. We wanted also to see the tea-room, or at least where tea is served to the members during the college season, a square, comfortable chamber with leather armchairs and broad tables, on which two jars filled with tobacco wait for any one who wants to fill his pipe. They are always kept full, like a new Baucis pitcher, by some generous magic. In the little entry between the two rooms hang, on a rack, a number of slender clay church-wardens, each with its owner's name on the bowl.

In this and another room are several paintings, one of the maiden queen whose name the club has honoured, a contemporary portrait by Frederick Zucchero, another of Garrick, a charming thing, painted from life in 1772 by Robert Edge Pine, and an Opie, a portrait of Charles Fox, also from life, dated 1802. Perhaps more interesting yet is the large painting of Elihu Yale with his son, who died shortly afterward; showing a fine florid gentleman in rich clothes.

"Between the Elizabethan and Mory's," Sister confided to me, as we bade the place good-bye, "I

don't see that a Yale man needs anything. Why bother with the University?"

There is something in the point of view, even if it tends to exaggeration.

We didn't allow Mr. Keogh to escape us just yet, however, for we wanted a look at the great library, and a notion as to just what a University Library was.

"Yale is proud of the fact that she really began as a library," he told us. "When it was decided to found a collegiate school, as the title had it then, the founders each contributed a certain number of books. Right there the University began. For after all, the nucleus of a college is the book."

There is hardly a building in Yale that doesn't house books, and in the Library itself there are close upon a million volumes.

"A college library differs from a University library, and the duties of the librarian also vary. The books used in a college are for the transmission of knowledge. Most of those in a University are for research. Perhaps fifty thousand of the books here are consulted by the undergraduates. The rest are for the use of graduates and special students."

It was a succinct expression of a fact we had neither of us realised.

The libraries of the Brothers in Unity and the

Linonian, old societies of Yale, are now used chiefly as a circulating library, and are kept up to date by the constant accession of new books and the retirement of the older ones, that go to the stacks. This is the fluent and modern part, the fiction and lay books. There are also fine law and scientific and religious libraries.

Books, books, it was a world of books.

In the librarian's office are the old doors of the house where the Founders met at Branford, Reverend Samuel Russell's house. Small and battered by age and more or less hard usage, it is difficult to realise that a great University issued from them, small enough in the beginning, but possessing so immense a vitality and capable of filling a great and increasing demand so nobly.

Evening was coming as we left the building and crossed the campus, that already seemed homelike and familiar to us. We were promised an automobile ride about New Haven with a trip to the two Rocks, and sunset from West Rock.

New Haven is a city of fine wide streets and magnificent elms, of houses set back in lovely grounds, a place of quiet spaces. From the top of East Rock, which we reached along a fine road of wide sweeps and curves, the place looks a great garden. On top of the Rock there is a shaft of stone that is dedicated to the soldier dead

of the city. We sat awhile at its base, our eyes on the two shining rivers and the broad bay that frame the pleasant valley that so long ago attracted John Davenport and Theophilus Eaton.

Between this Rock and the Green lies the most attractive part of the old city, a number of the oldest and finest estates belonging here, together with newer but beautiful homes. The park about the Rock, and the avenues leading from one of these heights to the other, are crowded with great trees. New Haven has a passion for parks. She puts them everywhere, up on the peaks and down by the water, and right in the heart of the town.

At West Rock we got our look at the Judge's Cave and a tumultuous looking sunset, quite up to par. Then back again to the Green, with its peaceful churches riding the centuries unmoved by the changes about them. The bright movement of college life was stirring everywhere.

Old John Davenport had striven hard to found a college here in this city that he loved, then a mere settlement on the edge of a wilderness. He had had to leave before the first efforts began to bear fruit. It was in 1701 that the Collegiate School that later became Yale was founded at Saybrook, and not till 1716 that it came to New Haven, after some curious occurrences, occasioned by the fact that Saybrook was decidedly anxious to hang on to it.

As we drove down through the busy, clattering streets of the lower city to the station, for we were to go on to Providence that night, the crowds on the sidewalks were all tending upward, to the Green and the University. Many of them probably never gave Yale a thought. Yet, let New Haven call itself what it will, and interest itself in a thousand energetic directions, the dream of old Pastor Davenport has come true. It is truly a college town.

CHAPTER VI

Providence and Brown University

THERE is a story told of a Chinaman who was employed as a cook at the station restaurant that was the only eating place at the Grand Cañon before the hotel was built on the rim.

Daily this Oriental observed quantities of people disembarking from the arriving trains, eating a hasty meal and clambering out of sight up the trail that led through the dust and under the scrubby piñon pines over the shoulder of the hill. After a while they came back, ate another hasty meal, climbed aboard the waiting train and vanished.

At last he approached the manager for whom he worked:

"What for allee people go top-side allee time when get here?" he wanted to know.

"Haven't you ever gone up there, Hop?"

The Chinaman shook his head.

"Me vellee busy man," he replied.

"Well, you go up, and see for yourself," he was told.

He went. When, a long time afterwards, he came back, there was a wild look in his eye, though

he had nothing to say. But he never missed a chance to climb top-side after that, and could be seen, sitting immovable on the terrific rim, whenever the work was slack enough to allow of his leaving.

Providence reminded me of that story.

You could lead a long, busy and entirely satisfactory life in Providence without ever guessing that there was a college within a hundred miles of the city. To be sure, you might wonder, while shopping in Market Square, just what lay atop of the breakneck hill up which people and struggling horses scrambled and vanished, but unless you decided to find out for yourself, Providence would never be anything to you but a rushing, busy, noisy, clattering, crowded place of narrow, criss-cross streets and lanes, jumbled buildings and the vision of the State Capitol off behind the railway station.

The station at Providence is a very different thing from the New Haven affair, being a new and several million dollar building crowning a green slope that merges with the parked area below, round which are the public buildings of the city, or some of them, combining to form the Civic Centre. Trolley cars come right to the entrance of the station, there is a fine drive-way, flower beds in the grassy slope, and behind the station a well-conducted river held stiffly within

walls, and the lofty, white and handsome State House, on its own hillslope.

We put up at the Narragansett, a hotel of the good, solid old-fashioned type that fills you with astonished wonder at the scorn of mere space possessed by the old-time architect. The amount that goes to waste in hotels of the Narragansett type all over this country, could if converted into acres and planted with potatoes, probably sustain a whole city-full of hungry war-folk for a year. Sister and I felt that though we might in time get to know Providence, we were most unlikely ever to unravel the vasty halls and writing rooms and parlours and observation suites of our hotel. We were constantly coming out on an unexpected balcony or finding a new flight of majestic stairs, or stopping to gaze at another romantic picture on a newly discovered extent of wall.

Waste was certainly the great American sin. But we are improving. Our modern hotels are really much larger than the Narragansett and its fellows, but they are too efficient to seem so. Everything has its place and stays in it, and you do not meet huge lost rooms unhappily wondering what they are for, or vacant halls and landings as big and as useless as an elephant in a city backyard. Yet there is fascination to these old hotels; they have a foolish human quality that appeals—you think of them in a personal

way. You feel toward one of them much as toward some big, fat, good-natured friend, a trifle grandiose in gesture, a bit unctuous in phrase, but a comfortable soul to be with, never pressed for time and always with a good story to tell.

"Maybe we'd get more of the real heart of Providence staying right here in the hotel," I put it to Sister, "than in rambling about the town itself?"

"I thought you wanted to see that Rock," she replied. "And I want to see whether we can remember anything of the map." For we had been studying a Providence map.

So out we went. There was a gallant breeze and a fresh sea-smell, with large round clouds sailing splendidly through the blue. The streets were crowded, people fairly jostling one another on the narrow sidewalks, the cars in the street treading on each other's rails, traffic policemen waving a welcoming or a forbidding hand to the jammed rows of automobiles and wagons. Nearby there were several skyscrapers, one with a turbaned head carved on it—The "Turk's Head," a modern incarnation of a vanished bit of history.

There are so many corners and crossings, and even the longer streets have so confusing a way of changing into an alias on the least provocation that it has probably seemed an impossible task

to Providence to mark the whole puzzle. You can walk for many a block without seeing the name of a single street, and even where they are put up it is in small, dull letters in unexpected places. We imagined ourselves to be on Weybossett Street, but suddenly discovered it to be Westminster. The map—surely the map had put Westminster Street in another part of town altogether. We must be going wrong.

Any one who has tried to spread out a large map printed on very thin paper, in the middle of a crowded and windy pavement, will know how anxiously we spent the next few minutes. It gave us a decidedly conspicuous feeling, and we couldn't find any street at all beginning with a W. So Sister asked the traffic policeman.

"He says we are to keep right on as we're going to get to Market Square, and then turn a little to the left and we'll see the old church, and up past that to the University. But he doesn't know anything about the Rock."

Connected to the map was a small guidebook giving various items of information, among the rest a list of Points of Interest. One of these Points was the Roger Williams Rock. No indication as to the whereabouts of any Point or the way to reach it was included in this reticent communication. To be sure, the parks and the

college and the hospitals and the station were marked on the map; but not the Rock.

Narragansett Bay lays a long seagreen finger right into the heart of Providence, the tip touching Marget Square. This finger has been called the Providence River, and to it the city largely owes its air of foreignness and quaintness. You could pass entire days idling round the bridge and along the quays, watching the shipping push in and out; the unloading, the heaped and coloured produce of the markets that elbow each other, blinking out under wooden shed-roofs, the sea folk and trading folk, Italians, Portugese, Swedes and Yankees. A delectable fragrance of fruit and vegetables and tarry cordage is blown about the place and through the very short and narrow lanes that run up along the northeasterly bank of the river from Water Street to Main Street, which parallels the tidewater and continues in a generally northly direction (later adding North to its title) for a respectable distance, and without any violent turns and twists. The lanes have odd names, expressing the business thought of the old inhabitants, who carried on a great trade with the Orient, especially India. There is an India Street running from Providence River to Sekonk River, a stream emptying at the very head of Narragansett Bay, reminiscent of that time, and the lanes are called Doubloon, Pound, Shilling, Penny, Gold, Silver,

Coin, Guilder, Dollar and what not, with a Patriot and a Power thrown in for good measure. On the other hand the old residence streets, and most of them remain such to this day,—thanks to the fortunate physical structure of the land on which Providence is built,—carry names such as Friendship, Benefit, Benevolent, Pleasant, Meeting, Mt. Hope and Peace. But, as there are more streets in Providence than exist in any other city even several times its size, it is impossible to more than hint at the variety of nomenclature. Apparently the only omission is that of numerals. So far as we could discover there was no First or Second, or anything higher, Street in all Providence.

Market Square does not end with the river, but continues on, and we continued with it. Presently we stopped before an ancient building of exquisite proportions, the more noticeable because of its entire simplicity, the only adornments being the arched windows and entrances of the ground floor, and the clock in the front gable. Once this was the Market House, now the Board of Trade houses there. We were able to perceive members of the Board sitting about in the big club room reserved for their more idle moments. It is a bare and spacious chamber, looking out on the crowded and busy square through the fine big windows, as the past might be expected to

observe, from its achieved peace, the rush of the present.

A trifle farther along, just where the square ends, is Steeple Street, that carries you straight to the First Baptist Church, among the most perfect in all America. It stands on a sharp rise, surrounded by a grassy plot, the street dividing before it, the hill continuing to climb behind it.

This interesting church was built in 1774-5 from alternate plans submitted by the English architect, James Gibbs, of London, for St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, of that city. Joseph Brown, one of the four Brown brothers who meant so much to Providence in her early days, as the family continued to mean much through most of her development, with William Sumner, were the builders of the First Baptist. The graceful Wren spire, the beautiful façade and a certain delicate strength and rhythm of line and proportion make the church a treasure to the eye. If Providence held nothing else reminiscent of the past this church alone would be reason for pride and joy. It is closely allied to the University, the exercises at every Commencement but two since 1776 having been held there. Besides this church there are many splendid examples of those Colonial and early nineteenth century buildings that have never been surpassed as examples of a beautiful architectural accomplishment.

The Old State House, erected in 1763, is another case in point. Built of brick, with a white stone clock tower rising from the square central projection of the second story and the entrance porch, with its brick pilasters, the building gives you a feeling of noble adequacy. Several great elms and a lawn with a flagged path leading toward the flight of steps that flow outward in a fine sweep, guarded by an iron railing that has its own note of elegance, add to the effect. Providence is generous in its parks and gardens and lawns, preferring elbow-room everywhere but in its business streets, which are often so narrow that it must be difficult for two carts to pass each other—many are one way streets through sheer necessity.

To be sure, in speaking of Providence, it is necessary to remember that it is really two distinct cities, the lower stratum of intense activity and crowded life, flat down by the river and stretching away to the south and east till it reaches the spacious environs and parks of its later life, and the upper stratum, above the sharp declivity left by ancient, gnawing glaciers on their way to the sea, where the old and new homes, the serene, tree-shaded streets, gracious walled gardens and the charming old University, create and maintain an atmosphere of calm seclusion, untouched by and unaware of the turmoil at its feet. Walking

along Prospect or Benefit Streets, at the edge of the escarpment, you can look down at working Providence, and away to the river and the bay, and from the streets and squares, as you dodge trolley and motor-car, you may gaze upward at the serene heights; but the two do not mingle. All but a few of the cars find their way through a long tunnel under the hills of homes and learning, to emerge on their way to Pawtucket, passing unseen and unheard. It is difficult to conceive of a better arrangement. Yet rarely are a city and a college more closely united than Brown and Providence. This we discovered later.

New Haven and Providence are remarkably dissimilar; dissimilar as the impulses behind their foundation. New Haven was long famous for the extreme blueness of its laws, the leading idea of the group of men who founded the colony being conformity—conformity to things as they saw them, to their conception of religion and of personal behaviour. The town was planned and laid out according to rule, and those who lived in it were supposed to take life straitly. The church and the state were closely united, the public officers being almost always ministers of the church. When Yale was founded the chief thought was the training of pastors—"to supply the churches in this colony with a learned, pious and orthodox ministry," although the first charter

also states that the aim was to establish a school where the scholars might be fitted "for public employment, both in church and civil state." But there was constant insistence on the students' orthodoxy, rules for every moment of their day, requirements that they shall "Constantly attend upon all the Duties of Religion both in Publick and Secret," and that, should any one be guilty of heresy and continue obstinate therein he should be expelled.

But the town of Roger Williams was founded as a refuge for any and all who preferred to think for themselves, and to worship God after their own fashion. It was the free spirit of man that was enshrined here.

I told this to Sister, as we sat on a species of balcony projecting from Prospect Street, with a view of the tangled streets below.

"He was left free to put his house where he chose and make his own road to it too, I imagine. No one makes a straight road unless under compulsion. Here they evidently crowded their buildings in every-which-way, as suited their whim, and would zig-zag about on all sorts of errands, stopping here for a chat and there to leave a message, and then as likely as not turn back for something they'd forgotten, and gradually these meanderings turned into streets, and there they are!"

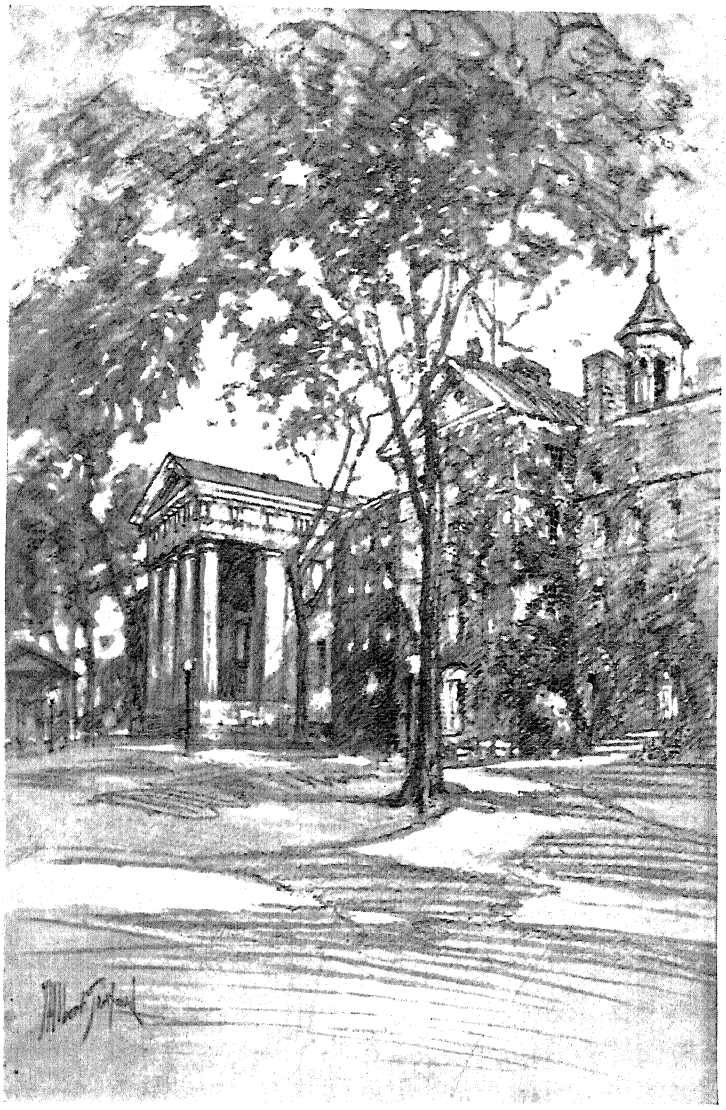
It seems the best explanation for the general ground-plan of Providence.

The new State House looms up nobly from such a vantage point as that where we sat. It looks much like other modern buildings intended for the same purposes, with pillars and wings and a great dome, but this dome happens to be one of the few in the world that is constructed of marble. When time has merged it more with the landscape, grown some trees about it and softened its present rather harsh newness, there will be few lovelier sights in the country.

But there was more interesting stuff at hand than a new marble dome. We had been promised a personally conducted tour about the University, the "College under the elms," as its sons like to call it, and even as we still sat looking down at the fascinating confusion of Providence the tolling of a bell from the belfry of University Hall, the first of the college buildings, warned us to be up and doing.

Colleges have a happy faculty for finding advantageous localities. Those we had been seeing had each proved the fact; but among them all, Brown seems to have done itself proudest.

How could there be a finer spot than this plateau, for such it is, with its views far and away across the lovely countryside and the blue waters, the town at its feet, the wonderful effect



In the Same Row With University Hall is Manning with its Doric Columns

of isolation with the actuality of closest contact with the city? Up here the streets are calm, shaded, lost in a delightful sense of leisure. No city in New England retains more of its beautiful Colonial homes, surrounded by gracious embracing gardens, and these again by brick walls that have been carefully considered in their relation to the beauty of the whole. Providence, on these sweet levels, combines warmth and dignity, a delicate reserve with a welcoming hospitality that reaches to you even as you walk along its quiet streets, so spotlessly in order, so devoted on either hand to blossoms and green leaves.

We walked up College Street to the corner where, facing on the University grounds, stands the John Hay Library, admitted to be, even away from Providence, one of the most perfectly planned and beautiful of college libraries. Outside the building strikes the Greek note that has always marked Brown, for one of her oldest buildings, standing in the Brick Row that faces the front campus, Manning Hall, named after the first President, is Doric. The John Hay, of white stone, with a stately façade, gives a great impression of spaciousness and airiness that is confirmed when you enter. On the second floor there is a wide window overlooking the University, and here we met our friend, primed with information and enthusiasm; we already shared the

enthusiasm, and fully intended to get the information also.

"Come along and take a look at the room the students use for reading and study. It's the most used room of any in the University."

There is no nonsense about that room, with its sensible tables and chairs, its splendid lighting, the convenient bookcases open to every one. A number of students, both young men and young women, were sitting at work or studying the shelves for some desired volume.

"The Woman's College is entirely separated from us," our Senior told us. "They have their own campus and buildings and gymnasium—Sayles Gym. They get all the college courses —same Faculty, same work for degrees, same exams and diplomas—but the student life of the two is absolutely apart."

The Woman's College was established in 1891, after some years of debate on the advisability of such a step, and was a success from the first, though accommodations were rough and simple for a few years. Now, inside its fenced-in campus, the college makes a handsome addition to the rest of the University. The buildings, Miller Hall, Pembroke and the Sayles Gymnasium, are of an agreeable simplicity, with vines clambering up the well-proportioned walls, great trees guarding them, and always that effect of

somewhat dreaming retirement from all noise and confusion that sets its impression on Brown.

We now crossed the street from the Library to the Van Wickle Gates, which nobly usher you into the famous old front campus. And here we stopped to take in the fine row of buildings that separates this from the middle campus.

University Hall, brick built and vine covered, was modelled on the beloved Nassau of Princeton, though it lacks the high belfry of that old Hall. It was built in 1771, and has been repaired and remodelled in 1880 with the greatest success. Brown has been peculiarly fortunate in retaining all her first buildings. In the same row with University —Old U. H., the Senior called it, affection in his voice—are Hope College, the second building erected, in the same general style as University, Manning, the third, with splendid pillars supporting the pediment, Rhode Island Hall and Slater Hall. The John Carter Brown Library repeats in a different style the Greek conception which inspires Manning. This mingling of Georgian, Colonial and Greek architecture turns out to be most happy. The row has a distinction impossible to convey in words, the composed façades of the dominating brick buildings gaining by the rich contrast of the age-toned columns and balanced harmony of their temple-like comrades.

Hope and Slater are dormitories, as is Uni-

versity, though the latter is also provided with recitation halls and houses the Department of English. Manning is used for lectures, holds the museum of art, and enshrines the tablet to those sons of Brown who fell for their country.

The John Carter Brown Library contains the best and completest collection of Americana in the country.

"It would take months just to look at the outside of all they've got," said the Senior. "Naturally it's used more by specialists than by the students as a general thing. But it is mighty important on Class Day, for the Senior Sing is given on its steps. I tell you what, when it comes to hearing 'Alma Mater,' which is the last thing they give, while the whole college is grouped about on the grass under the trees, you feel pretty stirred up. Brown has the best song book of any college in the country; we're strong on music. And Brown is famous for its processions, too. They've called us the 'paradingest' of colleges. Why, nothing much can happen without the classes, from the Freshies up, holding a parade, with red fire and costumes and all the trimmings. Always march right down the hill and through the business streets, just to let the town know something's doing here."

In one corner of the front campus stands the Carrie Tower, given to the University by Paul

Bajnotti, of Turin, Italy, in memory of his wife, Carrie Mathilde Brown, one of the great Brown family that has meant so much both to Providence and the University that carries its name. Built of brick with stone enrichment and a belfry and clock, which strikes the hours on a sonorous bell.

We noticed that several students who passed us wore small, very tight skull caps, brown with a white button on top. Naturally we wanted to know why, and were told that the Freshmen were obliged to wear this mark of their class until May 29. On the night of that day, the eve of Memorial Day, they destroy them effectually in a huge bonfire built for the purpose on Lincoln Field.

Behind Brick Row is the middle campus, and here is the Rockefeller Building, a fine, plain structure, the home of Brown Union.

Brown is devoted to the Greek Letter Societies that have so divided University opinion throughout the country.

At least twenty of the national societies are represented at Brown, and have the Faculty support. In the rooms of the frat. houses many of the students live—all that are not housed in the various dormitories, and eighty per cent of the students belong to one or other of them.

"Of course competition is keen among the different frats.," said our informant. "They tell

us that our system is the best there is, and that there is less of the objectional side to the secret societies here than elsewhere. They certainly are prime favourites with the men and help make undergraduate life at old Brown a highly interesting experience. Perhaps our Union keeps them from making snobs of the members."

"Well, just what is you Union?"

"Rockefeller Hall is a great club where every student who pays the nominal fee of four dollars a year is at home. The rooms are charming, great comfortable leather backed chairs, nooks and corners, books, magazines and papers, everything looked for in a comfortable and attractive club.

"Here is the centre of most of the University activities. The editors of the Brown Daily Herald, of the Brown Magazine, and of the Brunsonian meet to carry on their business in three of the rooms. Here the various athletic associations manage their affairs. And the Sock and Buskin, Brown's great dramatic club, is another centre of interest for the members of Union. This club gives frequent performances in public, at least eight or ten a year, and there is intense rivalry to 'get aboard.' But only true talent will make you an actor at Brown!"

Other clubs besides the fraternities have great importance in the University. There is the literary club, called the Wastebasket, to which

men interested in literature naturally gravitate. Members include undergraduates, graduates and certain of the Faculty, and they are recruited through invitation. Then there is the Cammarian Club, consisting of twelve Seniors, whose new members are announced after the last Chapel service by the Tapping Ceremony. This club manages most undergraduate business in relation to its intercourse with the Faculty, and men of the highest grade only are able to make it. It is probably the most coveted of any in the University.

"The minute college opens, and when the 'rushes' between the two lower classes are on, the upperclassmen begin to root for their special frats. and clubs. This is an interesting thing to see, and it makes it nice for the lower class men, who feel that they are really wanted as part of the college life. Rushing for the frats. brings out all a man's social qualities. The rushes between the Sophs and Freshmen gets their physical side developed."

Brown keeps thoroughly democratic, and the Union is the heart of this democracy. Without it the frats. might be harmful, but it is too big and vital a part of the University to fear any competition.

"You ought to see this campus on Class Day," said the Senior, after explaining these club affairs

briefly. "In the evening the lanterns are strung here in thousands, meeting right in the centre, and high over the heads of the crowds. Round about are the different stands of the fraternities, decorated with flowers, and in the houses the spreads and dances are going on. Everywhere there is music. It is a wonderful sight. The thing is all so centralised, so full of motion and light and colour. And then, suddenly, at a quarter to twelve, everything stops—biff! Everybody gets back from the centre and there, under the meeting strings of lanterns, swaying in the wind, the Seniors gather for their last student parade and banquet. As the clock tolls midnight they start off down the hill, red fire blazing and a band at their head—and the celebration is over."

He told us much more. The events of Commencement, the meeting before Manning Hall on the middle campus of the alumni and guests of honour in cap and gown, and of the march down the hill to the old Baptist Church, where the degrees are conferred. Of the luncheon later served out on Lincoln Field, that lies directly below middle campus, commanded by a superb mounted statue of Marcus Aurelius. It was at the base of this statue that we sat while he tried to reconstruct the picture for us. The field is the centre of the baseball activity of Brown, which is confined to interclass games, from motives of

economy. Here it is that the great bonfires are built by which the various classes celebrate certain occasions and events of the college year. While the alumni sit on the field, under gay tents and at decorated tables, the band plays on the middle campus, and in Manning Hall the alumnæ are having their luncheon. The class hymn is sung on this campus, which is the centre of the Class Day and Commencement exercises, the point of departure from and arrival of the various processions and the place where any special celebration is held.

"The Woman's College usually gives a pageant on its own campus, and last year's Shakespere Pageant was a great sight. Of course this year, on account of the war, the whole thing will be different. You know Brown has had military drill since 1892 under U. S. A. men. This year so many of the men will be scattered among the different camps that it will be more like a soldiers' reunion when they come here for their degrees, and most of the old practices will go by the board. Many have entered the Navy in one way or another, and probably can't get back at all. In a University where there aren't more than about a thousand students all told that makes a big difference."

It was the same story whose different chapters we had been following from one college to another.

Sayles Hall is the college Chapel, a Romanesque plan having been followed in building it that is effective in itself, though failing to harmonise with the general idea that commands Brown. It was given in memorial of young Sayles, who died before graduation, by his father. It is also made use of for lectures and recitations, and the orations incident to graduation. Attendance is not compulsory, since many faiths were admitted from the first to broadminded Brown. As far back as its removal from Warren to Providence, in 1770, chiefly through the influence and exertions of the four Brown brothers, the college voted to throw its doors open to Jews, then an unheard of liberality.

Down on Lincoln Field a couple of the class teams were practising baseball with splendid energy, and the three of us had stopped there, at the feet of Marcus Aurelius, to watch them. This is not the only Athletic Field, nor the most important; Andrews Field, on Camp Street, a mile away, has the cinder track, the football grounds, the Field House thoroughly fitted out with showers, lockers and the paraphernalia incident to physical well being after violent exercise. On this field the Commencement baseball game is played. Then there is the Lyman Gymnasium and the Colgate Hoyt swimming pool and house, one of the best to be found in America. Swim-

ming is in great favour at Brown, Brown men getting more into the habit every season of sweeping up the prizes at intercollegiate meets.

"The point is that practically every man at Brown goes in for one form or another of athletics," we were informed. "For the first two years here gymnasium work is obligatory and by that time you've got the habit."

Like other colleges Brown has its peculiar institutions and rules. Of course the Freshmen are those most affected by underclass customs. For instance no Freshman may walk on the south side of College Hill until his class has won a baseball game from the Sophomores. Also he has that pesky cap to wear on every day but Sunday. Until the Junior Week of his Class he is not allowed to put a silk hat on his head even of a Sunday. No Freshman may smoke on the campus or on Andrews Field.

"You've got to keep your eye on a Freshman," remarked the Senior gravely. "Some of the old boys, when they come back here, shake their heads over us, and say that we don't keep up the old customs with the right spirit; that the rushes are mild affairs compared to what they were in *their* day. But that's just their class loyalty, and we only grin—it shows the right spirit."

"I suppose a mashed Freshman is an unanswerable proof that the old college is still thor-

oughly alive?" It was Sister who wanted to know.

"Nobody gets hurt—that sort of thing never was popular at Brown. But there's plenty of pep in the brushes between the classes."

"Any more rules?"

"Well, no one but a Senior can sit on the seats by the Van Wickle Gates, nor on the east steps of Manning or the east steps of Middle University. But on the whole we're pretty easy-going."

We laughed.

"Spring Day, soon after the Easter holidays, is quite a celebration here," went on our invaluable informant. "That's the day the Seniors put on the cap and gown for the first time, and adopt a Class mascot. Pretty queer the things they get for mascots, too. Then there's Junior Week Carnival, lasting three days, and a good time had by all every minute, a regular circus with all sorts of stunts, and at the end a farce given by the Sock and Buskin and produced by Phi Kappa.

"On May 29 all the classes go out for a big time. The Seniors hold a clambake somewhere round in the environs of Providence. The Sophs have a banquet. The big thing of the day, however, is the Junior Cruise. The Class charters a sailing or power boat and sails off to a place already chosen to eat a Rhode Island shore dinner

—I guess that cruise and that dinner is one of the things no Brown man ever forgets! But the Freshmen are having their own little celebration too. They call it the Freshman Cap. One of the biggest parades of the year, with all the trimmings, trumpets blowing, torches, red fire. Then they come back to the campus and march down on Lincoln Field where they've built a great bonfire, set it off, and burn their caps."

One of Brown's original celebrations is what is called Sub-Freshman Day, and is an invitation affair. The guests are collected from preparatory and high schools and entertained by Brown men, with the idea of showing them how much better it is to come to Brown than to go anywhere else. There is a ball game on Andrews Field and a banquet to wind up the day. Many a recruit is won to the University on that occasion.

But it is when the Brown bear has made a kill, and the Brown and White are brought back from the football field in triumph that the college turns out in force, and lets the city know all about it. The Freshmen in relays keep the bell in University tolling steadily. Then there is a wild parade when anything as to costume goes, but costume there must be. Maybe it looks singularly like lingerie, perhaps it is a brand new suit of pyjamas or some ancient and very holey garment that an old clothes man would discard in despair. Never

mind, on with it, and off to the parade. Down into the business streets, with frequent pauses for cheers, or the better development of the marvellous snake dance, an impromptu of wondrous steps and contortions. Finally back again and to a great bonfire on Lincoln Field. . . .

"You ought to see 'em dancing round that, with their shadows streaming out—wildest sight you ever saw. Dance till they are done for. Then every one sits round on the grass except the orators, who follow each other, and pour out the greatest lot of stuff—bonfire orations. Last of all we sing Alma Mater."

We had to say good-bye now, for even a Senior had certain calls upon his time, and U. H. was tolling for a lecture that ours needed to attend. He swung away, glancing at the clock, and we sauntered after him, loath to quit the fine old campus, smiling at the visions of youthful energy and high spirits the boy's talk had given us. We walked past the Woman's College for another look at it, wishing we could remain to see the lovely Ivy Exercises of Commencement held at Sayles Gymnasium, and see the procession of the women in cap and gown winding under the trees.

It would not do to omit a mention of the Rhode Island School of Design, affiliated with the University, and occupying a beautiful building close to the Baptist Church, for it is doing a

magnificent work. But to exhaust the possibilities of Brown would have taken Sister and me a longer time than we had to give. We had our impression—of a serene group of fine buildings under their elms, of a body of undergraduates full of enthusiasm and up to many pranks, of a fine equipment both on the academical and the scientific side, for from its founding Brown was pledged that its "public teaching shall respect the sciences," and there are excellent provisions for this purpose in several modern buildings belonging to the University.

We could not linger among the streets on the hill, seeing the ancient and noble houses, as we wanted to. Hardly one but has its bit of history, its title to distinction.

And the Rock?

We did get to the Rock, the What Cheer Rock that gives to Providence its motto. On the Sekonk River, not a far stroll from the University grounds, is the fragment of blue slate, protected by an iron railing, on which, so tradition says, Roger Williams first landed, being greeted by a group of friendly Indians, who called out to him, as he came up the stream in his boat, "What Cheer, Netop?" Later they deeded to him a large part of the land on which Providence now stands, and were always his good friends. Nor did they have to regret this friendship, as was

unfortunately so often the case with the red man in his contact with the white one.

"But you must come back. There is Roger Williams Park to see, for one thing—and the Stuart portrait of Washington in the new State House——"

And a great deal more. But our emphasis this time was on the colleges, and we were due to get to Harvard that evening.

CHAPTER VII

Harvard and Cambridge

GETTING to Cambridge was like getting home. The years run along, and doubtless the old town changes tremendously. But it keeps its quality and its effect upon you. You don't note its strangeness so much as recognise its familiarity. Those brick-paved sidewalks under the blooming limes, murmurous with a myriad bees;—the sound of their humming always brings Cambridge to my mind, a Cambridge sweet with that fine, clear perfume of linden flowers, a Cambridge of old houses and gardens and girls in white, leisurely and homelike.

Longfellow and Lowell belong to this old place. They did not merely live in it. They are part of its spiritual and physical makeup, and to go to Cambridge without renewing your acquaintance with the houses where they lived would be to lose an essential part of what Cambridge is.

It is a joy to see how tactfully the city has treated these relics of its ever-present past. The street, Brattle, where the Longfellow house stands, is beautiful and green with the shadow of trees. Many new houses have come to share

the poet's neighbourhood, but these do not look new; they have been built with a predominating sense of fitness, and they harmonise with their elder brothers. Then there has been a touch of genius in the placing of the little park opposite the house, with its bust of the fine old man, and the decorative figures that accompany it.

The kindly, gracious house, on its slight rise, well back from the street, fulfils your desire for the house of a poet like Longfellow; it is like one of his own poems, friendly, sincere, nobly built and enduring.

From Longfellow's Sister and I walked to Lowell's house, Elmwood, more stately within its encircling lawn and behind its great trees. How many times we had heard stories of our father's evenings there, in long talks with that keen and gracious mind, before the cheery snappings of a hickory fire. How kind both men had been to the undergraduate, so recently fatherless—yes, right there, up that straight white path, in the room to the left, Lowell had read German to young Hawthorne, and commented upon the life of men and the life of books.

"All that was just after the Civil War," mused Sister. "Now we stand here, with the country on the verge of another war—over the verge. Will there be others standing here and other wars, and so on endlessly, and the old houses,

grave and beautiful, and as unchanging as the ways of men?"

We next turned our steps to the Common, for a glimpse at the ancient and shattered elm under whose boughs Washington had once stood. It looked smaller within its circle of iron rails, as though it were shrinking gradually from view, vanishing to some tree Valhalla where it would renew its noble spread of branch and find again its youthful girth. Here it was that the General took command of the Continental Army. While we lingered there we noted how many among the young men who passed us were in khaki. A very large per cent of Harvard's students had joined the colours, we were told, and the town itself had given many to the cause.

"You should go to the Stadium and see them drilling," said our informant, and it was like an echo of the counsel given us at Charlottesville.

And now we were in Harvard Square, before the lofty iron fence with its various superb gates that has long since replaced the wooden wreck that somewhat untidily separated college and town in the days we had been thinking about.

Our previous personal contacts with the University had been on Class Day celebration, when the yard and the quadrangle are transformed to scenes from fairyland, the jewel-bright lanterns shining, the sound of music pulsing and fading,

the gay crowds going from spread to spread, or pressing in to see the rooms of Senior brothers, or to the dancing, or crowding about the pavilion where the band discourses the dance music. Seniors then hurried along in cap and gown, there was flash and colour everywhere, an endless turmoil of voices. The Sanders Theatre exercises lent their importance to those black-gowned young men. You would sit, bursting with admiration if your particular Senior was to read the Class Ode, or the Class Poem—but that was always sung to the tune of Fair Harvard—or the Class Oration.

"Great old days," I sighed, reminiscing with Sister.

"I always liked the moment in the afternoon, three o'clock, wasn't it, when the Seniors formed in parade and went round cheering the buildings. It was right there, in front of Holworthy that they assembled, and then around the yard. What a sight! First all the graduates, then the various other classes, then the Seniors in a solid body, so solemn and so energetic in their cheering—do they do it yet?"

Yes, we were told; Harvard hangs on to its traditions, and each class goes through pretty much the same program as the one preceding it the year, or years, before.

After marching round the yard, the procession swings across the river to the Stadium, that great

horseshoe of row on row of seats, with the splendid, columned balcony atop and its outlook on the Charles. All the visitors have gathered there first, and then the lower classes have marched in, to sit on the grass at the foot of the steps, waiting for the Seniors.

"There isn't a more wonderful sight on earth," Sister declared, as we stood in the yard, recalling that moment, so moving and so dramatic.

Then we both laughed.

"You can't have attended Harvard Class Days in your budding youth and remain entirely unprejudiced," I declared.

Harvard, as everybody is well aware, is the first college founded in America. In 1636 the first steps were taken when the General Court of the Colony voted four hundred pounds toward the establishment of a school or a college. Next year it was decided to choose what was then "New Towne" as the seat of the institution, and the year following New Towne was called Cambridge, in deference to the number of the founders who had been associated with the English Cambridge. The actual naming of the college came in 1639, in honour of young John Harvard, a master of Emmanuel College, Cambridge, who had come to America the year before and had instantly become deeply interested in the young seminary of the new world. In his will, and he

lived only a year after arriving in America, he left the half of his fortune to the college, a sum amounting to nearly double that voted already by the Court. He also left to what was to be Harvard some three hundred books, nucleus of the Library. It was in this year, 1639, that the college was organised. Since 1640 the history has been unbroken, the first Commencement falling in 1642. But it was not till 1650 that the charter was granted, the charter under which Harvard is still conducted. This charter, in all its beauty of initial lettering and decoration, is still to be seen. It has worked well and lasted well, though at one time, 1692, when a new charter was granted the Colony by William and Mary, making citizenship dependent on property rather than church membership, there came near being a revolution in the college, led by Increase Mather, who kept things in a turmoil for ten years or more. But in the end he failed to have the college charter changed, its liberal and tolerant ideas winning decisively over the narrow blueness of the Mathers, father and son, and those who supported them, a blueness that reached its ideal in Yale when that institution was founded in 1701.

The true greatness of Harvard dates from the time when President Eliot took the Presidency, in 1869. Up to that time Harvard was, according to the words of Mr. James Bryce, "no real Uni-

versity, but only a struggling college, with uncertain relations of learning and research, loosely tied to a congeries of professional schools." At the end of Eliot's forty-year incumbency Harvard stood among the great universities of the world and was instinct with a vigourous growth, that continues to sweep it on and upward.

But enough of history. Sister and I were here to register impressions, to catch, if we might, the passing stream of undergraduate life and convey some of its colour and variety. To say a word for the old buildings, almost unchanged, around the yard and the quadrangle, and for the new ones, spreading further and further with the swift growth of the University.

The yard has lost a little of its effect of seclusion and of age in losing the elms that once made it parklike. Many of these are still standing, but looking rather like those rustic hat stands that occupy bungalow hallways, so short are the lopped boughs. Besides these young oaks are beginning a sturdy growth and throwing an effective shade. A hundred years hence they will be magnificent.

Old Grays and Boylston are unchanged, outside at least. Stoughton, Holworthy and Hollis stand in all their former dignity, and here the undergraduates still house; Holworthy having become particularly the home of the Seniors since the slogan "back to the yard," has brought the

old dormitories again into favour—even with students who have lived on the Gold Coast through the earlier years of their college life.

Plain, severe, their four stories and many windows look down serenely on the green stretches of lawn, cut into regular segments by the dividing paths. This austerity is a refreshing contrast to the splendours of the Gold Coast, where the money that it cost to build the long row of luxurious living places fairly shrieks along the blocks. In these concessions to the modern desire of youth to do itself very well indeed are suites that would have struck awe, not to say horror, into the hearts of Harvard's founders. Here are squash courts, swimming tanks, marble entrances and much more——

"It makes one think of those huge and splendid liners, the Titanic and the Lusitania, now vanished from the seas," Sister thought, as we were shown something of all that splendour. But the boys, most of them in army or navy uniforms, who were going in and out, looked unspoiled by the munificent preparations made for their daily living.

"They will learn how little you can get along with, instead of what is taught here, how much," I said, "and of the two lessons I do not care for that of the Gold Coast."

Harvard has done a good deal to combat the

scattering of her students by making it the thing to come back to the yard as a Senior, and by building dormitories specially for her Freshman class. Hollis and Holworthy and Stoughton have been brought up to date in sanitary ways, with showers and electricity. The old buildings are once more exerting the charm that lies in restraint and austerity upon the undergraduates. It is a joy to see them, in their ivy mantles, once more returned to honour. Hollis is the oldest, dating from 1763; then comes Stoughton, 1805, and Holworthy seven years later. The other old buildings, Grays, Thayer and Weld, and Boylston, with Matthews, were erected at a less fortunate period in American architecture and have no particular value as landmarks of beauty, though they give to Harvard an added bit of that feeling of age which remains undisturbed in the yard.

University Hall, built of white granite, where are the Faculty room and the various administrative offices, is a fine example of the best work done in 1815, one of the great moments in American architecture. And then there is Massachusetts, oldest of all, built in 1720, and used only for lectures and class recitations, facing Harvard, with its pleasing façade and cupola. In the north end of Massachusetts, on Peabody Street, is a bust of Lowell, by Daniel C. French, with an

inscription. These make the total of the buildings on the yard proper, though the quadrangle extending behind University, Thayer and Weld is also called the yard.

The old Harvard, that part of the University which is its centre and to which you go when you want to find Harvard itself, is fortunately thus compact and harmonious. It lies mostly within the precincts of the yard and the quadrangle, and Soldiers' Field. The newer portions go on indefinitely in the Law and Scientific Schools and the graduate departments. Down by the Weld Boathouse on the Charles are the new Freshman dormitories. Radcliffe College, though its social life is entirely apart from Harvard, is none the less closely related to it, making use of some of its buildings in addition to those it owns.

Indeed, it is remarkable how entirely distinct Radcliffe remains from the University of which it is a part.

"Radcliffe girls go their way and we go ours," said a student, and appeared to think that that ended the matter.

Harvard life is complex. For a time it looked as though there would be no such thing, in fact. So great were the divisions among the men in the classes, according to any of a thousand outside considerations, that the college spirit and even

the solidarity of the classes was practically on the point of extinction. Athletics had got to be a matter of purple panes to your windows rather than ability and strength and courage. The rich went one way, the poor another, and the in between had nowhere to go. Men passed through the whole four years knowing practically no one. Harvard was becoming a laughing stock in the major sports and a place of privilege and favouritism in its club and fraternity activities.

But now all this has been changed. Partly this is owing to the new efforts to bring Freshmen together for their first year of college life, and to reunite the Seniors during their last year. Largely it can give thanks to Percy Haughton, who broke up the bad old athletic system, made excellence the one requisite to winning the H, and to competing in all the sports, and lifted Harvard back into the very front of intercollegiate athletics.

Athletics is the one greatest meeting point among college students. Harvard has its Union, costing ten dollars a year and open to every undergraduate, but the very size of this club prevents it from being a club. It is a useful and necessary institution, and is constantly crowded. Its dining room is extremely popular, its assembly room, beautifully panelled in oak, with a high ceiling, gives opportunity for frequent social affairs, and the big library upstairs is most attrac-

tive. In the assembly room there is a very good Sargent.

One wing of Union is used as the 'Varsity Club, was in fact added for that purpose in 1912. Here are the training tables, and the centre of athletic interests in the University. Here there is something like a true democracy. Athletics looks for the best man, not for the richest or the bluest blooded. The unheralded youth from the Far West is going to get his seat at one of those training tables, if he has the stuff and the ambition. To be a member of it, it is necessary to have won the H—and the dues are kept low. Harvard has learnt her lesson, and it was Percy Haughton who read the riot act.

The old days when two members of the Hasty Pudding would carry a great iron kettle filled with that eatable from the Commons to the weekly meeting and feast of their club are gone—Harvard is largely given over to little, rich, exclusive clubs in precious buildings, many of them on Mount Auburn Street, the Gold Coast section. But on Soldiers' Field a man's a man, and that's all he is.

In spite of the clubs, and they are by no means so important a factor in Harvard life as one would think, because the University is too big to be in any danger of being swamped by the club luxury and club snobbishness, a real success is

being achieved in increasing the class spirit of the students. The class presidents are hard-working and enthusiastic, tireless in getting up "smokers" and other attractions, and though few intimacies are made between men who belong to clubs and men who don't, yet the trend is toward a closer union among the undergraduates, as some years ago it was in the opposite direction.

"Roughly speaking," said one of the several undergraduates who were good enough to steer us round the college grounds and to pour more information than we could digest into our eager ears, "roughly speaking there are three main interests in Harvard, literary, social, athletic. Naturally the men who care more for the social aspect of University life drift into clubs, particularly the Porcellian or the A. D. or one of the smaller clubs. The literary man will get in with the bunch that runs the Crimson or the Lampoon, or he will write for the Advocate, or maybe, if his tastes are dramatic, he will make a bid for the Hasty Pudding. The Hasty Pudding nowadays doesn't do very much except give its farce, an elaborate and thoroughly well done piece. It has its old club house, of course, and there are dinners that are worth eating. But its big theatre is its main point of interest. Then there are dozens of other clubs with all sorts of interests, appealing to all sorts of tastes and types. In one

or two among the number a man is likely to run across the special group that is most congenial, and naturally he tries to join it, or them. As for the athletic interest, men from all the clubs may be members of any of the teams and sports associations, and so may those who don't belong to a single one of the clubs."

The Greek letter fraternities have in most if not all cases, broken away from the national organisations, and maintain separate clubs.

Rowing is of course one of the chief athletic sports of Harvard, and the boathouse on the Charles is a goodly place. There are two clubs, the Weld and the Newell. We went down to watch some of the crews pulling about in shells; but this year, since there will be no race with Yale, the interest is not so keen.

"Men go out for a little exercise, not to train. The training is all for war."

After we had seen all of the old buildings we pursued our investigations into the rest of the yard, where once stood old Gore Hall, where now the new and efficient Library fills the eye. Here also is the Chapel, Sever Hall, Emerson Hall, the School of Philosophy, built by Guy Lowell, and having a fine effect with its grouped pillars. But there have been many changes here, and the old graduate is said to grumble when

he looks for Shafer in vain, and the ugly house that used to be the home of the President, and mourns the passing of Gore.

We left the yard close to the Fogg Art Museum and walked on Cambridge Street for a glance at the old Gym, later the Rogers Building, and since then the Germanic Museum, and to see Memorial Hall, with its big tower and generally somewhat overburdened style. But though it lacks in beauty, it is an interesting and significant building, raised to the honour of those sons of Harvard who fell for the Union, and it is the centre of the Commencement exercises. Its western wing contains a huge dining room, solving the harassing problem of Commons, its eastern portion is Sanders Theatre, and there is the transept, where are recorded on marble tablets 136 names, though later researches give nearer 170 as being the correct number. This lofty, vaulted chamber with its stained glass windows is an exquisite shrine to the youthful dead it honours.

Near by is old Divinity Hall, on Divinity Avenue, built about the same time as University Hall, very dignified with its plain walls, the projecting central portion and pediment giving it character. Within it are the Chapel, rooms for the various classes, and accommodations for less than fifty students. In Francis Parkman's

letters, written from here in the interval between 1840-44, when he graduated, there is an amusing picture of the charms of the place, not exactly in keeping with its aims. Here is a passage:

"Do you not envy me my literary ease?—a sea-coal fire—a dressing-gown—slippers—a favourite author; all set off by an occasional bottle of champagne or a bowl of stewed oysters at Wasburne's? This is the cream of existence. To lie abed in the morning, till the sun has half-melted away the trees and castles on the window-panes, and Nigger Lewis's fire is almost burned out, listening meanwhile to the steps of the starved Divinities as they rush shivering and panting to their prayers and recitations—then go to lecture—find it a little too late, and adjourn to Joe Peabody's room for a novel, conversation and a morning glass of madeira."

Why Parkman was living at Divinity Hall when he was not one of the "starving Divinities" neither Sister nor I could tell.

The Divinity Library is close at hand, in a comfortable building, and across the street is the impressively splendid Andover Theological Seminary. Built in the Norman Gothic style, with a lofty and beautiful tower, of grey stone, Andover is witness to the ultimate prosperity of that group of indignant Calvinists who left Harvard in a rage on account of her growing sym-

pathy with Unitarianism, departing to Andover, there to set up a school of their own. But the animosities died down, and a century later back came Andover, built itself this fine home, and is now affiliated with the University.

There is another Chapel in Harvard, Holden Chapel, close to the Gates behind Stoughton, a small, plain oblong building buried in vines. It has long since ceased to be used for religious purposes, however. The musical societies meet there to practise, and several other clubs and societies make occasional use of its rooms.

From Divinity we went to look at the Museum, a huge building with large wings, and full of various collections, among them botanical and zoological specimens of great value. We wished especially to see the glass flowers made by the Blaschka Brothers.

Nothing more delicately lovely than these flowers and grasses exists, each perfect copies of the original, as they grow, with tiny rootlets, delicate frondy leaves, the coloured blossoms swaying on slender stalks, or standing bold and sturdy, blazing in scarlet or yellow, or holding seed vessels, round, oval, heart-shaped, spiked perhaps with threads of down, according to nature's infinite variety. Each is a botanical specimen, faithful to the least detail, and each a rare work of art and an example of limitless patience. There are

also details of many of the plants and flowers, stamens, corollas, special forms of growth.

"To think that we never came to see these wonders before!" exclaimed Sister, as we bent over the cases, and could not drag ourselves away. "Somehow 'glass flowers' sounded distressingly ugly, stiff and vulgar. But these are like the imaginations of fairy tale or Arabian story rather than things actually made by human fingers."

The Blaschkas were German. From the same race come the destroyers of Rheims and the violators of every human ideal of beauty and honour. It is, indeed, to wonder!

We took a roundabout course through Holmes Field on our way back to the yard, past the house where once Dean Ames, of the Law School, would have given us a welcome, inimitable gracious, as was his own fine spirit, lighted by a mind whose clear shining was a constant delight. In this same part of the college grounds are the Law School, one or more laboratory buildings, Pierce Hall and the Gym. At Pierce the Engineers do their work, carrying it forward during the summer at Squam Lake in New Hampshire, where they live the simple life under tents.

It was in the afternoon, after a luncheon with old friends, that we met, in front of the John Harvard statue, which is now no longer painted red as a sign of youthful humour and exuberance

by the undergraduates, the Senior who had promised to escort us to Soldiers' Field, where we might see the drilling.

Across the bridge above the lazy, shining river, and to the Gates we sauntered, while he gave us some of the reasons why Harvard was "the best there is." They were all excellent reasons, and related with the same joyous enthusiasm which we recalled in those students of the other colleges we had been seeing who had expressed like opinions in regard to their several Alma Maters.

"You see, Harvard leaves a man free—treats him like a gentleman, and expects him to behave like one because he wants to, not because of a lot of rules and regulations. Maybe it goes to the head of the Freshmen, or some of them, at first, but they soon sober up—you have to work here, for all they seem to let you so alone. And a man's personal character is what counts in the end, though in the beginning some of the fellows think they can make the best clubs or frats by playing favourites. But they don't last. Some of the critics say that we don't have any class feeling or enthusiasm. Well, you get here some time when the Freshman-Sophomore football game is played, that's all. When I was a Freshman my particular chum was captain of the team, and we won—why, the class went crazy. There

couldn't have been more doing if Harvard 'Varsity had just licked Yale to a standstill! That's a great day for the Freshmen, and all the favourite restaurants in Boston know they've done it again. The wind up is for the whole class to go to some theatre where they're giving a good musical show, with supper afterwards; nothing much, ale, rabbits, you know. It isn't the thing to get drunk."

It certainly couldn't be the thing to get drunk when it came to that splendid body of men we saw that afternoon. At the gate we stopped to read the inscription on the marble shaft, voicing the dedication of the Field. At any time those words are solemn and moving. Now they wrung the heart

To the Happy
Memory of
James Savage
Charles Russell Lowell
Edward Barry Dalton
Stephen George Perkins
James Jackson Lowell
Robert Gould Shaw
Friends, Comrades, Kinsmen,
Who Died for their Country
This Field is Dedicated by
Henry Lee Higginson

Below is the following stanza: Emerson's:

"Though love repine and reason chafe,
There comes a voice without reply,
'Tis man's perdition to be safe
When for the truth he ought to die.'"

Here our student left us, to join his company, and we climbed the steps to the very top, the promenade behind the columns. In the field below the khaki ranks marched, halted, manœuvred to the brisk commands. Scattered on the seats were single figures and groups, some mere strangers to the boys below, others nearer by ties of blood and friendship, who sat there, feeling on their hearts the terrible clutch of war.

Beyond the eye carried far; first to the river, reflecting the green and the blue of sky and tree and swelling shore, cut by boats that sped upon it, some rowed by girls, some paddled along by a lonely student, his brown back bared to the sun. Beyond to Holmes Field, where we saw the tennis courts, and figures in white dashing about on them. Still farther away the trees of the town, the buildings of the University, the charming streets and homes that surround it, farthest of all the hazy view of Boston, from which the familiar gleam of the golden dome was missing —another sign of war.

"Company—Halt!" we heard from below.

A brilliant, happy, sun-steeped sight, where peace and the normal life of human beings took full expression.

And in the centre, those hundreds of boys in khaki, on the threshold of man's life, dedicate to that great battle for freedom that has never lacked recruits from America. Here indeed all of Harvard's students met on an equal footing, whether they came from the Gold Coast or from the barest of the dormitory rooms, or from some little boarding house in an obscure street in Cambridge. Whether they belonged to the most expensive of the little clubs, or clubless fought their way through Harvard, working at any job found for them by the Employment Office. Athlete or sybarite or grind, here they were, answering with the same impulse the call of their country.

CHAPTER VIII

Wellesley College in Wellesley

AND now we were to visit our first woman's college; for though there had been the Woman's College of Brown, and Radcliffe at Harvard, these were merely additions to an established fact. Wellesley was the independent result of a single inspiration, it had grown on its own stalk, the flower of an enthusiastic belief in woman's right to the higher education and the conviction that she would show herself capable of supporting the means to it. Vassar is its elder sister, but the woman's college was still sufficiently experimental to make the founding of Wellesley something of a glorious adventure.

Wellesley has been most fortunate in her situation. Around her are the old villages of Needham, Wellesley and Wellesley Hills, with their old farmhouses, many of these over a century old. The Charles winds by her, spanned by many a lovely bridge of wood or stone. Forests are near, and hills and lakes the companions of every walk. On one of the fairest of these lakes she stands, amid great trees and wide-spread lawns. Country roads lead away into the charming New

England environs, roads that call to the tramping foot with irresistible appeal; and never was there a lake more winning for the boat or the canoe or the swimmer than Lake Waban.

It is an old section, this township of Wellesley, a place of quiet history and gradual growth, of old families living on their estates for generations. Nowadays Boston has come closer and closer, and Wellesley has plenty of manufacturing on her hands. But the signs of her peaceful farming past are still evident, her river banks are still green and tree-beshaded. If the girls who study at the college can get to Boston on Saturday afternoon for the matinée in less than a half hour, yet within the college grounds it is difficult to believe that a city exists anywhere, still less that it is barely fourteen miles away.

The actual building that was the original Wellesley College, and which was almost the handwork of Henry Fowle Durant, the founder, has vanished in the great fire of 1914. Long before that it had come to be known as College Hall, and many of the activities of its early years had been passed on to newer buildings, sturdy and beautiful growth about that noble parent stock. But it was the heart of Wellesley, and to it all the traditions of the college clung. It had been built with a real passion, with a sense of consecration.

The story of how Wellesley came into being is well worth the telling.

Back in 1855, when the Durants had been married but a year, Mr. Durant cast about for some lovely site for a future home. The region around Natick attracted him, and he bought land in Needham, as it was then. The place had its traditions, dating back to John Eliot and his converted Indian chiefs, Pegan and Waban, after whom the lake and the hill are named, that hill from which we looked across at such lengths of opal distances on a shimmering morning in May; a favourite outlook of Wellesley girls.

This Natick is the scene of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe's "Old Town Folks," and was a beloved retreat of hers.

For several years the Durants spent their summers at Wellesley, adding to the estate from time to time. There was one son, and for this child Mr. Durant planned a beautiful home, with a great house on the hill above the lake, where now the gables and peaked tower-roof of Stone Hall make a notable effect.

And then, after a short illness, the little son died, in 1863, leaving the home desolate.

Mr. Durant was a lawyer in Boston, and a famous one, who was said never to have lost a case. He was vital, energetic and magnetic. Whatever he did he did with all his soul. His

interest in religion, up to the time when he lost his son, had been what may be called academic. But now he underwent a real conversion. He threw up his law practice, saying he could not reconcile the law and the Gospel. He began to conduct revival meetings; and he everlastingly shocked and offended Boston, going coolly and with perfect good breeding on the way of salvation, according to its type. It was all very well to be a Christian. But this noise and publicity, dear, dear! And Boston looked the other way.

He seems to have been a sort of Billy Sunday of that time. He was a layman, to be sure, but like Sunday his sermons and appeals were delivered in the vernacular. He threw all the training and temperament that had made him irresistible at the Bar into his new work. He gathered great crowds and made passionate appeals that had startling results in bringing to his fold men of fame and position. He refused to accept invitations to preach unless the ministers agreed to co-operate with him, and the invitation to come was by acclaim.

From all contemporary accounts, Durant was a human, lovable, fiery man, handsome and distinguished in appearance, a force wherever he went.

In 1867 he had been made a trustee of Mt. Holyoke. His wife gave the school ten thousand

dollars for building a library. Mt. Holyoke was unable to take care of the numbers who applied for admission, hundreds of girls being turned away every year. And the idea of founding a new place of instruction came to Durant.

To think was to act, and in 1870 the charter of Wellesley Female Seminary was signed by Governor Claflin. In 1873 the name was changed to the present title. Already the building of the great house was going on, the cornerstone having been laid in 1871.

"While the walls were rising he kept workman's hours. Long before the family breakfast he was with the builders."

Husband and wife toiled together, early and late, leaving no detail unwatched. And on September 8, 1875, the college opened its doors to three hundred and fourteen scholars. They came by what Wellesley calls "the long way" now, through the gate where the charming Gothic Lodge strikes its collegiate note, up the splendid avenue shaded by elms and purple beeches. It is a magnificent approach, and any one who goes to Wellesley for the first impression should go that way.

This then was the romantic beginning of Wellesley. It was founded by a man who wanted above everything to bring souls to Christ, and there was plenty of criticism from the early stu-

dents and the professors as to the methods he adopted. He made himself more or less ridiculous to many of the girls, and probably defeated his aim to some extent, by his constant harping on the subject of salvation. Every day had its Prayers, its Silent Hour, its Bible Class, its Church, its second Prayer Meeting, its second Silent Hour, and goodness knows what else in that way. There was also Domestic Work, the girls doing much of the work about the hall as part of the curriculum.

Nowadays Wellesley is of course entirely modern in her teaching and her attitude toward her students. But she is proud of her religious beginning, and the faith of Christ is very living with her. In the new building on the hill where College Hall stood, not only the old cornerstone, with its Bible, has been used, but also the keystone to the arch, with its deeply carved I. H. S.

For all that religion was the dominating factor with Durant, he had a fine appreciation of the value of the sciences, and from the first Wellesley has been strong in that direction. He also believed in good health and exercise as a means to it, and the fine Gymnasium, built in 1909, shows that Wellesley has splendidly developed her means for physical well-being.

Wellesley, to the outside world, means more than anything else the lovely pageantry of Tree

Day and the Float. But Wellesley is a hard-working college, with high standards of scholarship; it is the student publications that are the first to visit displeasure upon the lazy and the careless.

There is surely one thing that every Wellesley girl must learn, as unconsciously as she draws her breath, and that is the love of nature.

Those hilly, sloping grounds in their spring dress of green and gold, with the faint rose hues of new oak leaves tinting the woodlands, and with the daffodils nodding in the grass—even a few hours of that exquisiteness are unforgettable, and four years of Wellesley, from the flaming of her autumns to the splendour of her summers, through the white snows and frozen stillness of the lake in winter, what a march of beauty they are, and what enchanting memories they must give!

We two, walking through the flowering shrubbery, and down over lawns to the tree-edged beauty of Longfellow Fountain, that is like a pool where Diana might come to bathe, with the spray of its slender fountain blowing idly in the breeze, we stopped and sighed for very joy of seeing. Above the slope that bends to the pool we could see the water of the lake taking the sky's blue, and a perfume was on the wind that touched on ecstasy.

"I don't wonder that Wellesley has the name

of playing more delightfully than any other college," Sister declared, as we lingered by the murmurous waters. "Was there ever such a playground as her campus?"

I suppose the chief impression is that of spaciousness. These hundreds of acres are so free, so unspoiled. The wide campus spreading below the new Administration Building that is rising on the hill where College Hall once stood is a real sea of green, rippling to the bordering trees and the edge of the lake. Wide avenues and broad walks lead away, curving into beckoning distances. Dotted about are the little, charming houses of the student societies, and the stately academic buildings, crowning the slopes, ending the vistas. There are golf links and tennis courts and a baseball diamond. And always the lake, with the snug, attractive boat house, the pretty canoes and rowing shells.

Wellesley is democratic. Plenty of rich girls go to her, and many of her students are by no means desperately bent on acquiring much knowledge. They come to the college because it allures them, because they want to have four years of college life and college sports, quite as much as for a degree. But they are not snobs.

"People find some fault with us because they say we are too 'rough and ready,'" laughed a student. "We like to live in our sport clothes

A Charming Path and Steps Lead Down from Stone Hall

and tennis shoes; we like to swim and row and play ball. Athletics are the great meeting ground for the undergrads. There is not a girl who doesn't take some interest in the sports, and a girl is popular here not because she can spend a lot of money, but because she's a 'good sport,' and able to represent her class in the dances and games and contests, to be simple and straightforward and without a hint of affectation."

A healthy, sane, happy and thoroughly busy life is the Wellesley life, as we got glimpses of it, and as we heard it described.

Before telling about the special joys and interests of the students, some picture of the college as it is in its buildings seems important. We did not follow any plan in seeing them, perhaps there is no definite "tour," of the grounds. We simply walked to the spot that attracted us, and from it to some other, until we had enjoyed a complete if haphazard view—but the oaks and the lawns and the shining water remained the strongest impression of the college incarnation.

First we approached the New Library, built in 1909. It has a beautiful Doric façade with fine pillars and bronze doors. The broad steps are perfectly adjusted to give the right effect of welcome, and the entrance is happily adorned by two bronze statues. The best methods rule in the interior arrangements, the reading room sug-

gesting a delightful combination of comfort and the stimulus toward work.

Stone Hall, one of the dormitories, is now the oldest building on the campus, though Music Hall runs it close, the cornerstones of both being laid in 1880. Next year came Simpson Cottage, the college hospital, and Waban Cottage belongs to this same period. In the autumn of this year Mr. Durant died, and the second President of Wellesley, Miss Alice E. Freeman, took charge shortly afterwards. She is perhaps the best known of the six women who have been at the helm there. Three new dormitories, Norembuga, Freeman and Eliot, testified to the growing needs of the college for room to house its students. Wood Cottage came in the next administration. These "cottages" are charmingly homelike and attractive inside and out. Some of them have been remodelled from other uses, one at least has been moved up from the village, but they have a certain harmony of simplicity and hominess.

The Farsworth Art Building, dominating a fine slope, with an interesting treatment of its entrance, is one of the most successful of Wellesley's many beautiful structures. Another lovely thing is the Houghton Memorial Chapel, a real triumph in college chapels, with particularly exquisite doorway and windows. And the Whitin Observatory makes another beauty spot on the

grounds. Looking up the long slope of the hill, to the dome and wings and arched entrance of this gem of a building, with dark pines beyond it, you get a fascinating effect.

Music Hall, with its many pinnacles, has been helped out by Billings, with a concert hall and classrooms, so that music gets a great deal of space. In the Chapel the service is rendered with much care to detail.

"It is a rare treat to hear the vested choir, and see the girls march in and out, and hear how fresh and sweet are their young voices, and how much training they show. You ought to stay for that," one of the girls told us. But there is testimony to the effect that the manifold sounds of practising that issue from the many windows of Music Hall are not quite so harmonious. The famous Hencoop that was quickly put up after the fire to fill in some degree the huge hole left by the burning of College Hall, and which was close to Music Hall, suffered much from Wellesley devotion to music.

You are always getting back to the water at Wellesley. A charming path and steps lead down in front of Stone Hall, checkered with sun and shadow, and we went along it just for the pure joy of treading the pretty way. A laughing group was coming up as we went down, most of them in white, and the picture was complete.

Girls everywhere, of course. On the tennis grounds, on the links, on the lake. Arm in arm, talking eagerly, they run up the steps or saunter between the buildings. They shout at each other from the windows of the dormitories, and when we looked into the Gym they were there too, in natty suits, swaying and jumping.

War has claimed their attention, though in a different way from that at the men's colleges. Many of the students are taking nursing and first aid, others are tackling the problems of agriculture. Their problem is to restore and to create, not to destroy. Wellesley has always done a great deal of social endeavour work. Inside the gate in one part of the grounds is a kindergarten school, where the entertaining and lively youngsters are taught by those girls preparing for work as teachers. There are student clubs and societies that exist solely for the purpose of learning and of practising enlightened service to the poor. But the war has swept much of all this work into its own circle of need, and in one way or another all of Wellesley is preparing to serve or already serving the country.

The students at Wellesley have touched high-water mark in their Tree Day exercises, and they spare no time and no trouble in making this pageant a thing of unforgettable beauty and perfect adjustment to the scene. The costumes are

dreams of delight—the colours, turning and twisting with the long march across the lawns and under the trees, meet and mingle and dissolve in a shimmering rainbow splendour. Floating hair frames the young faces, floating garments adorn the young limbs. After the procession comes the dancing—and for months Wellesley girls have been twirling and stepping and bending and pausing in lovely preparation for that dancing. In groups and singly, blown by the wind across the grassy spaces or charging toward the spectators like youthful Amazons, to the sound of music that seems to be breathed from the whispering trees and to change into motion as it strikes on their ears, the pretty creatures live before you with an effect of fairy wonder. It seems impossible that the scene has not been conjured by some Merlin charm, and that the tree that has been planted with all these stately ceremonies will not immediately be transformed into some jewel-hung princess or turn out to be hamadryads straight from the Elysian Fields.

The tree planting is something of a ceremony, while the spade that is used year after year by the planters owes itself to the class of '81, and especially to the individual efforts of Florence Morse Kingsley, the novelist, who was a member of that class.

For several years there had been a tree for

each Freshman class, planted and selected by Mr. Durant. The class of '81 wanted something better. They had heard that the customary golden-leafed evergreen had been assigned them, with a place under the Library window, but they didn't want it. They wanted an elm, planted right out in front where it would have room to grow and be sure to last for a hundred years at least. And it was Miss Kingsley who was chosen to break this wish to the founder.

The idea caught his fancy. He favoured the buying of a special and "the best possible" spade for the planting, and agreed with the proposal that there should be an address to this instrument, as well as a class procession and song. It all went off with spirit, and the elm of '81 is a flourishing witness to the real beginning of Tree Day.

The idea of a pageant did not develop until '89, when the Seniors gave a masque and the Freshmen a dance. Since then each year sees something more elaborate than the last, though each year the very acme of perfection seems to be achieved.

Wellesley has its Shakespearean Society, with a beautiful building in the Elizabethan style. Every other year it gives a Shakespeare play at Commencement, and on the alternate seasons either the Art Society, or Tau Zeta Epsilon gives a series

of living pictures after the Old Masters, at its Studio Reception.

Then there is the masque of the Phi Sigma, before the Christmas vacation, and the Zeta Alpha and the Classical Society alternate in giving a poetical play or legend at Commencement, always an exquisite production. The Classical Society's offering is always a Greek play, and is one of the best managed things at the college.

One of the most spontaneous and perhaps the jolliest of Wellesley merrymakings is the celebration of May Day. The Seniors spend the morning rolling their hoops, with shrieks of excitement and much frantic racing and breathless exertion, and in the afternoon there is a great deal of ice cream eaten, cones being the preferred method of serving the dainty.

"There used to be scrubbing of all the statues in College Hall," a graduate told us. "The girls would be up by six in the morning, mops and pails in every hand, and set to work with a will, especially on Aunt Harriet, that heroic figure in her large chair, the Miss Martineau by Anne Whitney. But now that has had to be given up, since the fire destroyed the whole group."

Naturally only a part of the college can be members of the different societies and the Greek Letter clubs, and have the benefit of the pretty club houses. This is natural, but it left many girls

with no club centre until the Barn Swallows became an institution. It began as an Everybody's Club, and asked to be given the barn "to play in." So the name was a natural result. This generous club, to which any student in the college may belong, gives entertainments of its own in the big barn, plays, operas, anything that strikes the fancy of the members.

There are many other interests that result in the forming of the undergraduates into smaller or larger groups. The Little Socialist Club is one, so is the Scribblers'. Then there are the editorial-minded girls, who publish the class periodicals and papers, the Prelude, the News, the Magazine.

Then there is the "Float." No story of Wellesley would be complete that did not speak of that event, when the lake is a scene of wonder, when Chinese junks sail jerkily beside slender Indian canoes manned by dusky maidens in Indian costume, when gondolas ride beside shallops seemingly constructed of flowers, and when the lithe young rowers in their shells sweep up and down the shining water in delightful rivalry. Then the crews gather in the famous "star pattern" and sing the songs written for the occasion, and the crowds on the banks applaud—it is one of the few times when outside spectators are admitted to Wellesley's amusements. The

singing always ends with the Lake Song and Alma Mater. Then the Hunnewell Cup, for the competition of the crews, is presented, and in the falling darkness fireworks wake to brilliant life across the lake.

There is a Field Day at Wellesley in the late autumn, when the season for the outdoor sports draws to an end, with contests between the various teams and classes. Golf, tennis, rowing, field hockey, basket ball, running, archery, and baseball are the organised sports, and competition is keen. There are no intercollegiate games.

Riding is much liked by the students, and so is walking, and the country invites to both. In winter there is skating and snowshoeing, and skiing is coming in.

An eager, happy life it is, with a fine balance between work and play, between the mind and the body. Sister and I looked with a little touch of envy at the students, spending their four years in this little paradise of Massachusetts country. The college has long since given over its cramping rules and supervision. The student body is largely self-governing, and has adopted the honour system with shining success. It is trusted, and it proves worthy of the trust.

Wellesley is growing and developing with every year. She drew new inspiration from her fire, instead of despair. She is stronger and more

beautiful because of it, and she knows her strength as she did not know it till the tragedy befell. The old bricks that have gone into the building of the new walls have brought the power of tradition and of history with them, have passed on that spirit of consecration that saw her birth. But she is filled with vital young life, she has no fear of making experiments, and no one can go to her without feeling that she is thoroughly American and modern in the best use of those words.

As we drove off, down the "Long Way" we heard behind us a medley of joyous sounds. The girls were playing a baseball game, and the laughter, the cheers, the calls and shouts made us laugh too.

"It's a happy place," I said, as Sister and I smiled at each other.

CHAPTER IX

Bowdoin and Old Brunswick

It is always a surprise to find Portland, Maine, so close to Boston, for the city itself, the country round about and the whole feel of things is so utterly different, that you expect, in looking forward to this difference, and in spite of previous experience, to spend at least twelve hours on the train.

So, all prematurely, we found ourselves at the familiar station. But we wasted no time. We hastened to get up into the town and to order one of those lobsters that give to Portland a rosy hue of its own, before proceeding onward to old Brunswick, on the Androscoggin, where a small college with a very high reputation for scholarship was to be our next point of observation. A college that had a special interest to us, since here it was that Hawthorne had lived as a youthful student, and laid the foundation of his wonderful style in the study and practice of Latin, in which he delighted.

Going anywhere in Maine is a joyful experience, for all that roads are often bad and the trains usually uncomfortable when it comes to

short runs. The state is a fascinating one, whether you see it hung with fog or dripping with rain or sparkling in "real Maine weather," as the proud inhabitant says of it at such moments, with a Californian touch of proprietorship in weather conditions.

The few miles that lie between Portland and Brunswick are delightfully crowded with pine trees, picturesquely scattered with villages and chock-full of exhilarating odours of the sea and the sun-steeped needles of the evergreens. Much of the country is flat, but Maine is never entirely without a hill or a bluff in the offing. Near Brunswick there are plenty of both, and from these bluffs there are views in endless variety of the island-strewn sea, the cloudy White Mountains, the river running swiftly towards its falls —a land of stretches of woodland and of sand, of a deeply indented coastline, a land where the spirit of the wilderness yet lingers, not to be driven out in centuries of human occupation.

Brunswick gives you a splendid welcome in that great wide street of hers that runs up to the college, whose tree-hedged campus makes a terminus to the vista that made us regret giving the necessary time to dumping our luggage at the Bowdoin Hotel, and removing some of the smoke of travel that had blown freely into the car during our forty-five minute transit.

Bowdoin is small, but if ever a college looked vigourous and competent and complete it is that Maine institution, that had so much trouble getting started more than a century ago. The campus is beautifully ordered, and every building on it has beauty. Its trees are large and plentiful, not to be wondered at when you think that it has had the example of Brunswick before its eyes, Brunswick with its rows of magnificent elms and maples.

We entered the college grounds through the severely architectural Gateway of the Class of 1878, a gate that struck us as singularly appropriate to this college, that has no fuss and feathers to it, but is devoted to hard work and clean fun, an outdoor life and simple habits. The pillars are brick on granite foundations, with stone globes as finials; a graceful iron arch uniting the two centre and higher columns.

To the right was Memorial Building, raised to the men of Bowdoin who fought or died for the Union. Built of granite, with pointed Gothic arched windows and doorways, it is exactly right for its purpose. Inside there are offices and lecture rooms on the ground floor. On the second there is a finely proportioned hall where exhibitions are held. Here we saw busts and portraits of various professors and presidents of the college, as well as some of the graduates who

have become world famous. Here also are the bronze tablets inscribed with the names of the soldiers and sailors who went from Bowdoin—two hundred and ninety of them.

Opposite Memorial is the oldest of the college buildings, the first one that was built, and the only survivor of that first period. Massachusetts Hall is of the square Georgian Colonial type that lends distinction to so many a street in Portland or Salem. It has the white window and door frames, the small portico with its pillars and balcony atop. A roomy, handsome house. Inside it the old fireplace is still in working order, though probably not in use. It has the ovens and the hanging crane and utensils used by the first President, who lived here—as did all the rest of the college, for in this single building were housed the students, the lecture and recitation rooms, the Chapel, the dining hall, the library.

When Bowdoin was incorporated, in 1794, Maine was still a part of Massachusetts, and so remained for another quarter of a century. Before the incorporation the people in the northern part of the Colony decided that it was time to have a college a little closer at hand than Yale or Harvard, and the various towns and cities started to bid for the seat of learning. They put up good arguments, and the talk and the disputes went merrily on for months and months,

even for years. It was not till 1798, however, four years after Brunswick had won the allotment, that work was actually begun on Massachusetts Hall, and not till 1802 that the building was finished and equipped for business. James Bowdoin, Governor of Massachusetts, distinguished among other things as the main influence in the founding of the American Institute of Arts and Sciences, whose presidency he held till death, was the man honoured by the new college. He was already dead, but the matter was put up to his son, with the very definite hope that the college would come in for some recognition from the family, a hope that was not disappointed. This son was himself distinguished in his service to the government, serving both in Spain and France as Minister of the United States. While in these countries he made a valuable collection of books and pictures, as well as of minerals, and these all went to the college, besides tracts of land, and money.

So at last Bowdoin was well started, nor has she ever faltered since that somewhat slow beginning.

President and students have long since moved out of Massachusetts, which now contains the office of the Dean, that of the Treasurer, and the Faculty room.

" There is also the Cleveland Cabinet of miner-

ology and natural history," we were told, but we had been seeing a good many museum specimens in our various college visits, so we left this one unseen; particularly as we wanted very much to view the unusually good art collection owned by Bowdoin.

"You can see things all day long in the open air, and not be tired, but begin to look at collections indoors, and it's all over with you," Sister murmured, and I agreed.

Bowdoin has three dormitories, Winthrop, Maine (here Hawthorne roomed for his Sophomore year) and Appleton Halls, running along the left side of the campus in what is known as Chapel Row, as the three are divided by Chapel. They are four-story buildings of brick and stone, extremely attractive as seen from the outside. Alongside the path runs a fine hedge and the trees march steadily with it. They were filled with orioles and robins as we went under them that spring day, the song and the fragrances were drifting into those open windows, where each student has his bedroom and study as well as, be it added, a large closet.

"Harvard and Yale are wonderful, of course, but there is an appeal here that they do not have," I said, as we walked on to the Chapel. "No straining here to see who can find the most luxury and spend the most money doing it. No

padded soft spots for our young men in this delightful college, but fine, clean, homelike rooms, the waving of tree branches, the constant call to the out-of-doors instead of to the city. Clubs and fun, certainly, athletics as a matter of course —but above all that greatest lesson that we Americans need to learn, that you can get the best things in life without being rich, and that luxury is the last thing to wish for your sons."

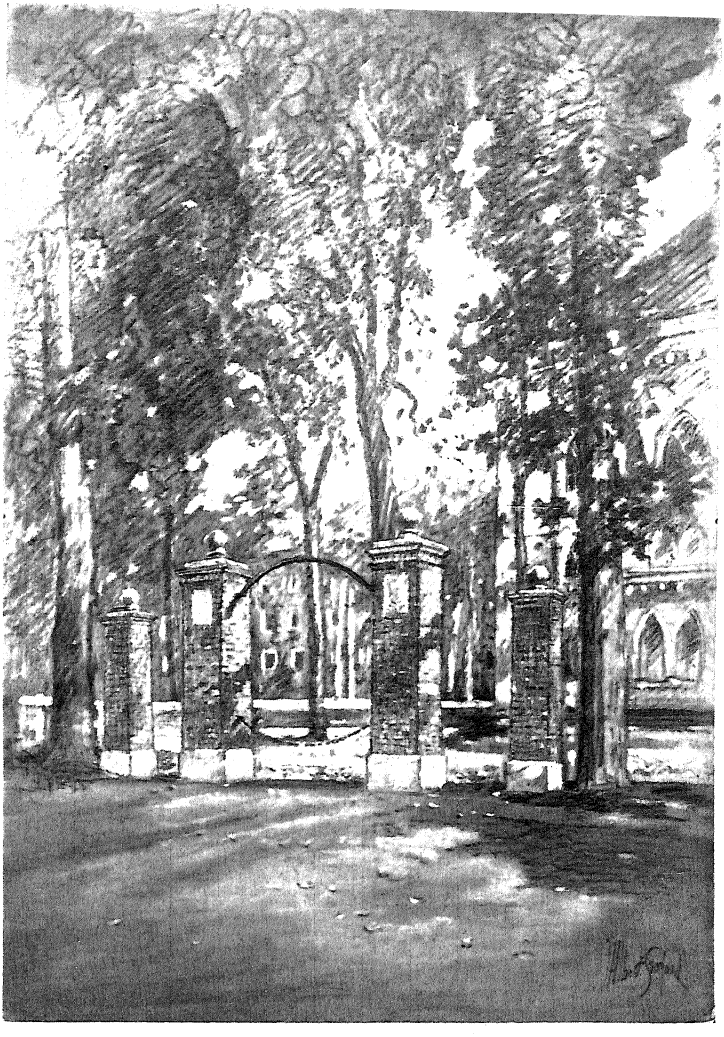
After this wise speech, and Sister's nod of acquiescence, we entered the Chapel, that Chapel in the Romanesque style, with twin towers that rise slenderly into the air, graceful and white, for the building is of undressed granite, which gives the campus a quite charming touch of the unexpected. Inside the effect is equally surprising, for here is a chamber like those so often found in English college Chapels, fashioned like a cathedral choir. The broad aisle leads straight to the pulpit, with a panelled screen behind it, beyond which is the organ in a fine arch. On either side of the aisle, facing each other across its space, the seats rise tier on tier. Behind these the walls are decorated with mural paintings that are chiefly copies of the Old Masters, while above the rows of arched windows admit light and air. The ceiling is decorated with transverse beams.

"Shouldn't think any boy would want to cut Chapel here," was our thought. And we wished that we might attend a service and hear the organ peal in the narrow, lofty place.

Besides the Chapel itself, there are other rooms in the building, where the Christian Association of the college meets, and in one wing is the Psychological Laboratory, with Banister Hall in the rear. But just what Banister Hall is we did not discover.

Facing Memorial and Massachusetts Halls, across the long stretch of the campus, is Hubbard Hall, the college Library. Here was an echo of Princeton—the fine Gothic tower that projected from the body of the building, with its pointed finials, rising to a hundred feet. The Library was given to the college by General and Mrs. Hubbard, and is thoroughly up to date as well as being a particularly beautiful building. The reading rooms are delightful, the books most get-at-able, and the lighting is perfect. The building holds some notable collections, the Longfellow among them.

Two more buildings stand on the campus, which is some twenty acres in extent, with lovely lawns, flat as a table, crossed by paths that make a star pattern. Another Memorial Gate, of the Class of 1875, admits you to its pleasantness, a delightful gate of white pillars, standing tall and



The Severely Architectural Gateway of the Class of 1878

pale against a background made by two solid rows of trees.

The remaining buildings are the efficient Mary Frances Searles Scientific Building, of brick and stone, a large and well balanced structure that amply fulfils its purpose, and the exquisite Walker Art Building, in the style of the Italian Renaissance, one of McKim, Mead & White's successes, and that is saying much.

"Here is a little building before which I should be willing to sit in admiration for a considerable space of time," Sister remarked, as we paused before it, enjoying the effect of the loggia-like entrance with the double Doric columns supporting the central arch, and the grouped columns within. Fine statues of bronze stand in niches in either wing, copies of antiques; and the steps are flanked by stone lions like those of the Loggia dei Lanzi.

It is amazing to find so fine a collection as is here contained. In the first place the walls have been decorated in the sculpture hall by men who are world famed—John La Farge, Elihu Vedder, Abbott Thayer, Kenyon Cox. Then there is a remarkably good group of the Barbizon painters, with a ravishing Corot among them, and a fine selection of our own painters, represented by Winslow Homer, J. Appleton Brown and others of that time, so great a time. There are also

beautiful Flemish tapestries, wonderful old pieces of Saracen armour, medieval and modern weapons, and lovely specimens of glass and pottery.

It is not too big, it is not too crowded, it is beautifully arranged, that collection, and we went about looking at it with extreme enjoyment. In the Bowdoin Hall we discovered a fine cast of the Marble Faun, leaning in his immortal attitude of youthful carelessness upon the supporting pillar, and looking out upon the world with that mysterious suggestion of freedom from human cares and burdens that attracted Hawthorne and inspired the romance written around him.

Besides this notable group of buildings on the quadrangle are others, the magnificent great Gymnasium and Athletic Building, with its indoor tennis courts and great hall for gymnastics, its showers and paraphernalia of all descriptions, Adams Hall, for the medical section of the college, and the Observatory. The old Gymnasium has been transformed into a plant to heat and light the college.

Down a green-arched path where the pine trees met overhead we walked to the Whittier Athletic Field. Here is the Hubbard Grand Stand, dedicated in 1904, when Bowdoin celebrated the centenary of Hawthorne. It is solidly built of stone and concrete, with accommodations below the tiers

of spectators' seats for the athletes who do the work. Up to now we had not seen many of the students, for it was afternoon, and the campus was deserted by all but a few who were putting in some work at the Library or crossing to the dormitories from work in one of the academic buildings. But here we found the drilling in full swing, as at the other colleges. Townsfolk sat in the seats, looking on and making comments. The boys were a splendid looking lot, tall and springy of step. When they stood at ease a ripple of laughter came from them; their spirits were clearly of the best.

Bowdoin has eight fraternity houses, and the Greek Letter Societies are in high favour, both as to the student body and the Faculty. We saw them all, charming homes, comfortable and cosy, standing among the pines or under the elms, along Brunswick's pleasant streets. Here the young men can entertain their friends, here they have their meals and here they do much of their playing. There is also the Bowdoin Club, run for the same general purposes, and there are other organisations, of which, of course, the athletic is dominant in interest and numbers. The Dramatic Club, the Masque and Gown, gives entertainments that are thoroughly enjoyed by the audiences, and superlatively delighted in by the actors. There is the Ibis Club, small and

select, with special aims, and the Glee and Mandolin. There is a Student Council, which manages the affairs of the college in those matters that lie between the undergraduates and the Faculty, and of course there is a Debating Council, as it is called.

Bowdoin's interests, aside from the business of being at college, are tremendously out of doors. The river makes a wonderful playground both in spring and summer, when canoes and boats are in constant motion, and in winter, when the skating is on. The ocean, or that part of it called Casco Bay, is three miles away, and there are endless calls to the men who like to tramp through the woods afoot, to fish, to swim. The skiing and snowshoeing clubs are lively organisations, sure of getting all the practice they want, for you can count on a Maine winter.

Tennis and golf are both of them college sports. We passed the courts near the Observatory, and all of them were occupied by active figures in white, flashing back and forth, swinging their arms for violent whacks at the ball. The students are particularly athletic looking—they are tanned even in the spring, for the sun on snow will do some pretty good burning.

We wanted to see something of the old town, and now walked back along Maine Street, whose splendid width—it used to be known as the

Twelve Rod Road—remains a fresh and delightful surprise no matter how often you see it, and took the bridge road, to hang over the railing and watch the Falls, that were particularly high after the long wet season. The water rushed and roared, a medley of foam and swirling eddies. The banks spread low on either side, and factories loomed on the Brunswick bank. Over the bridge is the village of Topham.

But our way had nothing to do with Topham, and we turned our back on it forthwith, and went back up into the town, to find Federal Street, where Longfellow and Harriet Beecher Stowe lived—it was in this town that her famous story was written. But the river proved as yet too alluring, and we walked on up and up, past the houses and the factories, past the pretty boat house, and to where at last the fields merged into woods.

We found what Hawthorne had found, the "shadowy little stream . . . still wandering riverward through the forest," which now bears his name.

"I wish we had time to follow it up," I said, as we listened to its singing, "and that we had a rod and could try for a trout. It would be pleasant to catch a trout here, where he used to fish, and where Horatio Bridge and he used to talk of their futures, and Bridge was sure

that Hawthorne would write fiction. Did Longfellow, too, wander here, and recite his poems in the making? Boys, all of them, then."

There is always something unreal to others in the youth of any one past middle age. In the youth of a man or a woman who has become known to the world at large, long after youth, there is something of the miraculous. You know it to be true, and yet it is a fairy story to you.

The main street of Brunswick, to which we returned, and to which everything in Brunswick must necessarily return, used to be an Indian trail, from the falls on the river to what is now Maquoit Landing, the nearest point of the sea. The pines must have been noble then, but long since they have fallen under the axe. Maine has shown a selfish disregard of her fine forests that has never been exceeded, even in the most "enterprising" of our Western States. Now the pines are coming back again, but the giants of those old days are no more.

Federal Street was where the Stowe house stood, a real Maine village house, two-story, with gable roof, the front entrance marked by a porch, an extension behind where the winter wood could be stored. The hall runs right through the middle of these houses, with fine square rooms on either side. Large windows and plenty of them make light and air in abundance. It is a fine home

type. Stowe was a professor in the college when his wife and he settled here, and they had lived in the place for two years before she began to write "Uncle Tom."

Before that the house had been lived in by Longfellow and his older brother, when both were students at Bowdoin; Longfellow and Hawthorne and Bridge in the same class. The house where Hawthorne boarded part of the time he lived in Brunswick was said to have an outside stairway; we could not find it. But at any rate, the brook was a better place to visualise him.

The town hall, the public library and the mall are attractive parts and additions to the Maine town. It is a busy manufacturing place, and in the early spring the logs still come down the river in immense numbers. But it retains an air of leisure and reflection. Its streets, because of the college, are full of youthful beings, and in the evening, under the elms and in the mall, couples stroll idly, and the soda fountains are well patronised. There was evening service going on in the Congregational Church, at the head of the street, close to the campus, also called the College Church, for in it the Commencement exercises are held, the Baccalaureate services, the Anniversary gatherings, and such other ceremonies as befall from time to time in the college calendar. This is the First Parish Church, and

a beautiful Gothic building. The organ sounded solemnly as we strolled past it, followed by a burst of voices singing some old hymn—it was a delightful, sentimental touch that admirably suited the soft spring evening in the old town.

There are other literary associations here, but nowadays they are fading somewhat. Who now reads the Rollo books? It sounds like one of their own questions; you can almost hear the inquiring Rollo demanding to be told. Abbott, the writer of these informing tales, was a student at Bowdoin, as were his brothers, one of whom wrote a vast number of popular histories which have endured more stoutly than the adventures of Rollo.

Longfellow seems to have been the only one of the class who came back to the college. He was a professor here, coming in 1829 and staying for five years. Here he made his home with that first wife of whom he sang as

> "*. . . The Being Beauteous*
> *Who unto my youth was given,*
> *More than all things else to love me.*"

Sorry that our stay must needs be so short, we leaned from the window of the hotel, looking out on the town, already quiet and sleeping. It must be a pleasant thing to be a professor here,

we mused, a pleasanter still to be a student. The air came to us with a savour of the sea and a touch of damp coolness. Somewhere a bell tolled and immediately a dog barked. Silence followed.

CHAPTER X

Dartmouth and Hanover

"YES, but you ought to come here in winter!"

That's what they tell you at Dartmouth, if you say anything as to the beauty of the hills, the opportunities for wonderful outdoor life, the fine air, the loveliness of the college campus, the spirit of the students—oh, anything at all.

"Yes. But you ought to come here in winter!"

And back a few years, before the winter of 1909-10, the students used to groan at the thought of the long snowbound months, when it was blue smoke rather than blue air, and easy chairs rather than skiis and snowshoes to which they devoted themselves.

There is another thing they tell you this year. Dartmouth, with its long military tradition, has been particularly affected by the war. And so they add:

"You won't see Dartmouth as she usually is—athletics practically gone, hundreds away, khaki at vespers on Sunday instead of the Seniors' caps and gowns, no singing, the music associations broken up more or less—no, this isn't like Dart-

mouth. But the old college is doing herself proud!"

Ninety per cent of Dartmouth's undergraduate body has volunteered in one form or another for service. Some are in the Plattsburg Training Camp. Others are already in France, serving in the ambulance corps or with the Red Cross; the Aviation, Telegraphy, Wireless and Signal Services have taken more; not a branch that is working for the country in this emergency but has Dartmouth men with it.

And yet the lovely campus, the beautiful buildings, the yard, the encircling hills, the wide and serene river, remain untouched and calm,—shrouded in the dying light of a purple evening when first we looked about us; they make war seem a monstrous impossibility, a thing too far and foreign from all this exquisite peace and fragrant beauty to be believable.

And the war will pass, and Dartmouth will be here, on her plateau, and the students will once more crowd her dormitories and hasten to Chapel in the morning, and play games again on her Athletic Field. It is a comforting thought. And perhaps this is truly the last time in the history of the world that the young men from America's schools and colleges, from her fields and hills and cities, her workshops and factories, will ever have to go out to war. These boys, whom we had

watched from Virginia to Maine and saw again at Dartmouth marching and countermarching to the call of the bugle, these boys, some of whom were never to come back to alumni meetings and to talk of the old days, might perhaps be the last sacrifice on the fierce and bloody altar.

As we watched them, swinging back from their drill on the field, rank on rank, we wished them luck. Somehow up there in those quiet hills, in that "magnificent isolation" on which Dartmouth prides herself, it was more moving to see these young men, consecrated to their country's service, marching so joyously, and breaking up with an outburst of talk and laughter and sudden calls and hurrying steps than it had been, nearer to the centres of city life, where we had watched men like them at the same act. Here the contrast was too immense. With towns nearby, with extras sold outside the college gates, with factories and all the varied interests that approach more or less closely to most colleges and universities bringing the tangled concerns of the word almost within touch, it had not appeared so fantastically impossible as it did here to think that men were once again at the business of killing, and that the best and the most generous were the first sacrifice. But Dartmouth is the college of the wild places, and the strength of the hills encom-

passes her. Nature is her sister, her close ally. The terrible fact that men have not yet learned to settle their human affairs without war stands out in naked horror against that background. Until all have learned it, the lesson must go on. But it was infinitely touching, on that spring evening, to see again the splendid young manhood of the country making itself ready to teach that lesson, whatsoever the cost.

But all this is not telling the story or giving the picture of Dartmouth. Yet in some sort it sums up the various impressions both Sister and I got in seeing so many of our colleges in this war year, and the splendid response of their students to the President's call.

We put up at the only place in Hanover to put up, the Hanover Inn, run by the college, and one of the most delectable hostelries a traveller may find.

We were given a room overlooking the campus, a charming room with chintz curtains and quaint wall-paper that positively smiled at us as we entered, so welcoming it was.

It was difficult to agree with the expressed desire that we should see Dartmouth in winter, when we looked out at the spring Dartmouth. The broad campus was so golden with dandelions, the elms were so delicately trimmed with their new leaves, the college buildings looked so beau-

tiful in their green frame, that we were quite content.

There is, of course, a Hanover. But practically Dartmouth and Hanover are one. The college has swallowed the town, and then it happens for once the college was first on the ground; I do not know whether that can be said for any other American college. Here, in 1770, came Eleanor Wheelock, with an ox-cart, a group of labourers and two companions, Sylvanus Ripley and John Cram, and here they set to work to hack down a few of the gigantic pines and to build a log cabin. It was wilderness, and for that reason it was chosen. For Dartmouth is an outcome of the old Indian Charity School, Moore's School, founded by this same Wheelock about 1750 in Lebanon, Connecticut, and the idea was to get hold of more Indians, in this fresh spot, close to the great water highway, and make the business of turning Indians into college graduates a permanent and growing one. One Indian graduate of the Moore School, Samson Occum, a full-blood Mohegan, went to England to preach and to beg for subscriptions. He collected in all some eleven thousand pounds, and aroused the interest of Lord Dartmouth, who became the patron of the proposed new college. There was no idea of making it more than an academy at the time, but when Wheelock realised that he

had so much money he asked to be incorporated as a college. The charter was granted by George III. in 1769.

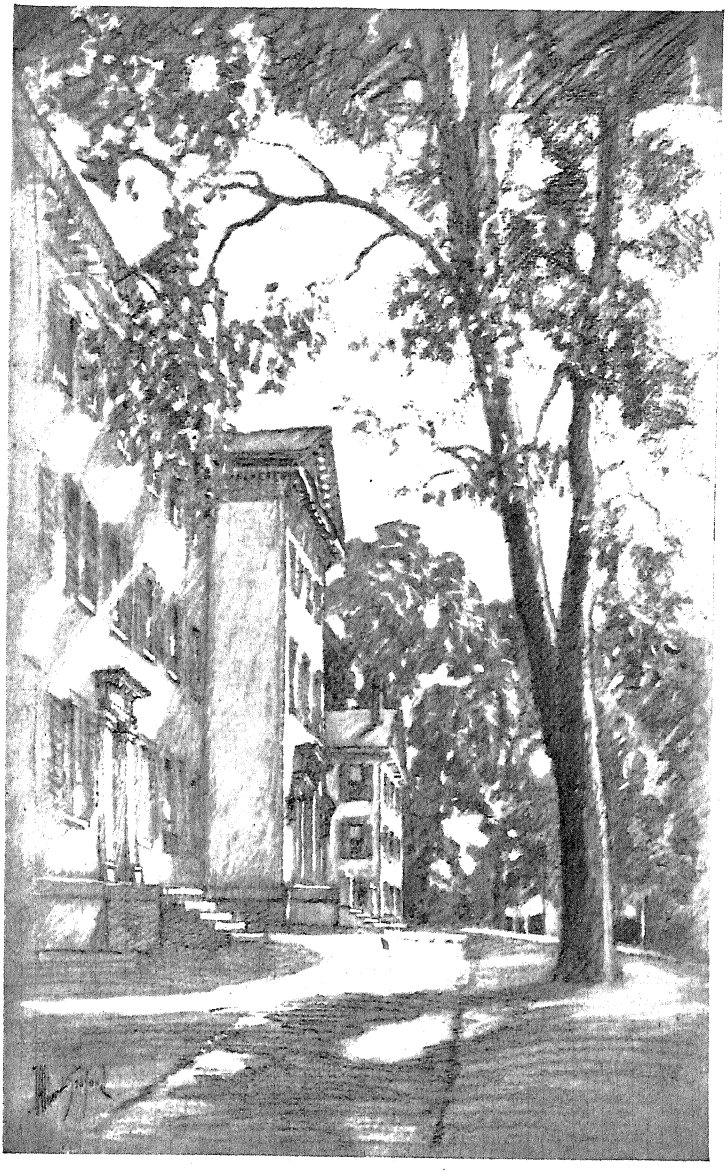
That, briefly, is the beginning of Dartmouth. There have been a few Indians in the college since its foundation, to be sure, for the Indian school idea seems to have lost vitality very early. Perhaps the college's most famous Indian graduate is Dr. Charles Eastman, the Sioux, whose remarkable career has done more to make white men realise the splendid material the country possesses in its Indian population than any other single fact in the last fifty years.

We began next morning our survey of Dartmouth, and learned also why it was that the winter season is now considered the halcyon time at the college. That is owing to the Dartmouth Out o' Doors Club—but first as to the physical appearance of the college.

There is the campus, an oblong, open green. Trees stand around it, and beyond the trees buildings. Our Inn was on the south, and to the east and north stretched the college park. Then there is the yard, just east of the campus, where some of the most beautiful of Dartmouth's buildings, known as the Old Row, stand. Dartmouth Hall, one of this row, was the oldest part of the college, modelled on Nassau, and deeply beloved by every Dartmouth man. I say was,

for though it stands there now, in all its old beauty, it is a new Dartmouth Hall, the original building having gone in the fire of 1904. But by October of the same year the new one was rising, testimonial to the spirit of Dartmouth, of which one hears so often. On either side of Dartmouth are Wentworth and Thornton, fine and simple structures of brick and stone, part of the new system of dormitories that have sprung up in the college since 1900. Behind these are Reed Hall and Bartlett Hall. On the opposite side of the yard are the three Fayerweather dormitories. As these dormitories are at one, and Rollins Chapel at the other end of the campus, a splendid spectacle of hastening and dishevelled young manhood flying to morning Chapel can be got from the advantageous position of a window in the Inn.

Off on the heights of College Park you see the slender Tower, which has a superb outlook over the whole surrounding country. This Tower stands close to the Old Pine Stump. Once the stump was a tree, till struck by lightning in 1895. Round the tree the Seniors met for momentous exercises at the end of their life as students, following the custom, it is said, of old Indian sachems, who here had held peace parleys and smoked their pipes. The Seniors did the same. And to-day, round the carefully preserved stump,



The Beautiful Old Row

they still gather, smoke their last pipe together, and then smash the clays against the stout old fragment.

Nearer is the Observatory, beautifully crowning a hill. This outlook on rising hills that you get from the high plain on which the college is built is most attractive. Pines and maples and oaks and elms mingle, and everything swims away into the sky—Dartmouth is truly lapped in the embrace of old Mother Nature. And she is taking every precaution that the taint of town will never touch her, never come close. She is buying up all the land for a long way around, to hold for elbow room and breathing space. Nothing will be allowed to crowd up on Dartmouth.

Webster Hall, with its fine columns, faces down upon the campus from the north, and makes a splendid impression. Near it are College Church and the famous Butterfield Museum, beyond these the Graduates' Club and another dormitory, Elm House. All of the students are required to live in dormitories. And since Dartmouth guards her democratic attitude with the greatest jealousy, the simplest single rooms, well within the purse stretch of the poorest student, are scattered among the richer suites, where the man who has money to spend can find all the required luxury. There are no selected and favoured buildings for men with gold spoons in

their mouths. These dormitories have been rebuilt from older ones, or are entirely new within the past fifteen years, and they conform in their general appearance, which is simple, adequate and handsome, with the lines of the Colonial days while containing the plumbing of the present age.

To the west are the Parkhurst Building, College Hall and Tuck School. Parkhurst holds the administrative offices and rooms—a particularly beautiful Faculty room. It is one of the more recent additions to the college, and Dartmouth deserves the heartiest congratulations on this newer portion of her equipment. Each building is the best of its kind, and the architectural effect, the harmony with the surroundings and the beauty of the individual structures have been carefully and successfully studied. Dartmouth Hall has given the keynote, and though the many buildings that have come since are sufficiently various there is no false note in the entire group.

Tuck School is one of Dartmouth's supreme successes. It is the famous, and the first, school for business administration and finance, intended for post-graduate work, which was established under President Tucker with the Amos Tuck donation. Harvard has since achieved a similar institution, but to Dartmouth belongs the honour of the pioneer, nor has the fame of the Tuck School ever been dimmed by contrast.

College Hall, with its huge semi-circular porch supported on great columns that rise from a brick terrace or veranda, popular for outdoor lounging, is the home of the Commons, its fine dining hall seating five hundred. There is a beautiful great fireplace in the assembly room, having the college seal, with its legend, "Vox Clamantis in Deserto," a true description of the college in its beginnings. There are also rooms for various social purposes, and dormitories.

Dartmouth has many fraternities, flourishing and well managed, all allied to the parent organisations, and comfortably housed. They do not serve regular meals, nor can the members sleep in them while undergraduates, and they are each confined to a small membership. But they make excellent gathering places and social rendezvous in a college that must subsist entirely on itself for everything of the sort. Another source of fraternising is the Robinson Building, given by Wallace F. Robinson of Boston for the use of all organisations other than athletic that might find it convenient. On its top floor, in a soundproof room, the band meets for practice. In other rooms, exquisitely appointed and commodious, the various publishing and editing boards meet to transact their business. There are two general assembly rooms, and a lovely little theatre. Dartmouth, by the way, was the first college to

issue a college paper. It has three publications running successfully, the Dartmouth, a tri-weekly, the Bema, and the Jack o' Lantern. The latter is the humourous and the Bema the literary magazine for undergraduate efforts.

Dartmouth's Dramatic Club is celebrated for the high type of work it does. It has given plays like "The Intruder," and came to New York City to give two matinées of "The Misleading Lady," at the same theatre where the original production was running. What is more, the critics praised the performance as the best ever seen in New York by college players.

Naturally there is a Gymnasium. And Dartmouth isn't content with calling it the best that any college has; she claims that it is the largest and finest in the world. It looks exactly that. A building big enough to have an indoor diamond and tennis courts, a place for field athletics, pole vaulting, shot putting, hand ball and running track, all on the ground floor, with rooms for visiting teams above, with the offices and trophy room, and up on the top floor all the appurtenances of the usual gymnasium, is certainly worth boasting about. It stands on the edge of the Athletic Field, where there are more tennis courts, as well as baseball and football grounds, and a Grand Stand with showers and lockers.

They didn't let us stop here. We were shown

Wilder Hall and Culver Hall, Physics and Chemistry, and taken into beautiful Webster, named after Dartmouth's most famous graduate, "Black Dan," as he was called at college. This is partly a lecture hall, and is used for Commencement exercises as well as for academic purposes. There is a collection of portraits of the Presidents, distinguished graduates and other persons interested in Dartmouth. In Dartmouth Hall is the Art Collection proper, with other collections of more technical sorts.

Rollins Chapel, with its pretty tower dominating one corner of the campus, is a very real thing in the students' lives, for morning attendance is compulsory. There has been some grumbling on this score, but on the whole Dartmouth approves of it. It gives the entire college a chance to see itself once a day; to get its measure, as it were. Dartmouth men are accused of being clannish. They are certainly stout champions of and great rooters for the hill college, and they think that morning Chapel gives the right impetus to the youngsters growing up together into alumni. By the time the undergraduate is a Senior he thinks so too. Therefore the most important society in Dartmouth, the Paleopilies, which is the student governing body, supports Chapel faithfully—and the hurried procession of students continues to fly across the

campus each morning, coming from the Row, from the Fayerweather dormitories, one of the most beautiful groups on the yard, and the other houses and halls that are so liberally scattered over the grounds. From the first day this attendance has been unbroken—and traditions at Dartmouth are passionately cherished.

A Chapel custom that is also very old is that of Singing out the Seniors. This occurs at the last Chapel of the college year. For the ceremony the whole college attends. There is a reading from the Scriptures, a prayer, then an anthem by the choir, and last the Seniors rise and sing the old hymn beginning

"Come, let us anew our journey pursue . . ."

As far back as 1843 the custom was already an established one. Just when it began is not known.

There is a mild form of fagging at Dartmouth, the Freshmen being expected to carry out certain orders from the upperclassmen, to beat rugs and drag furniture to new spots. The Freshman also wears a cap till the hour when, close to his Sophomore incarnation, he is permitted to burn the offensive badge of immaturity.

But there is still more to tell of undergraduate life in Dartmouth, and now we get back to winter.

And here comes in the Dartmouth Outing Club. Only a youngster, for it was born in the winter of 1909-10, it has come to be the most popular feature of the entire undergraduate year, as well as a drawing card for outsiders—for dwellers at the Inn who are coming to learn the joys of a Northern winter, and for other colleges, which are beginning to plan to join Dartmouth in some of the trips organised by the club. It had its being in the brain and energy of one man, a student, F. H. Harris, who for two years worked unceasingly to arouse and maintain undergraduate interest in a club that would make an asset of Dartmouth's long winter and her snow-clad hills, a club that, on skiis or snowshoes, would break a pathway from hall and club to the wild places and the distant peaks within a wide circle of miles.

Now the Hanover winter is Dartmouth's greatest joy and opportunity, her winter Carnival is coming to be the chiefest of her celebrations, and her students are developing championship form on ski or snowshoe.

To turn a whole college from fire-hugging through the frozen winter days to ski-running is to have performed an act of no small merit. There is wild country in the region,—the White Mountains are a dangerous field for amateurs. But as the seasons follow each other the Dart-

mouth men climb higher and fare farther. They have topped the Presidential Range in all its covering of snow and have built a chain of cabins for shelter on their long tramps, a chain that they intend to lengthen year by year . . . to extend possibly as far as the Dartmouth Grant, a great tract of 26,000 acres in the northernmost corner of New Hampshire along the Maine border, a quite wild home of many peaks and lovely lakes and rushing rivers, where the bear and moose still roam.

Not only in winter but through the splendid days of a Northern fall does the Outing Club lure its members out on long tramps and camping trips. By careful management of the permitted "cuts" a student can save up several days, to spend them in the open, and more and more is that becoming the ambition and the delight of the men. But winter is the great time. As one of the Dartmouth writers put it, "Dartmouth men without snowshoes ought to be as rare as fish without fins." The club is open to the whole college—and more of the college enlists in its membership with every passing year.

Cutting classes is a fault common to every student in every college the round world over. But few are the students who cut in order to get away into the huge silent places of forest, mountain and enwrapping snow. That is the

Dartmouth temptation, and a finer and a healthier one it would be hard to find.

The Carnival is a round of splendid sports. There are ski and snowshoe races, both cross-country and dashes, and obstacle races. There is the thrilling ski jumping. The evenings are given over to the Outing Club Dance and to plays acted by the Dramatic Club. There is hockey, and out in the sweet and bracing air, it matters not whether the sun rides the blue, or whether old Mother Carey is plucking her geese—there is no such thing as bad weather at a winter Carnival.

But now winter had gone, and even were it here, the Outing Club would have little chance for tramps and Carnivals. Dartmouth has gone into the work of preparation for war with the greatest seriousness, and we were shown the immense system of defensive works constructed by the students under the tuition of officers from the French front. Here were the wire entaglements, the pits and trenches and bomb proofs of which we had read. The work had been done as perfectly as though it were really prepared for a German attack. Regularly every afternoon the men had worked there, and practically every student in Dartmouth is included in the two battalions. From three to five in the afternoon they drill on Alumni Oval, as the Athletic Field is

called. There is retreat every evening on the campus, and the flag comes fluttering down to the music of the Star Spangled Banner. . . .

Class Day and Commencement as usual, is the phrase one hears, and the college seems to listen acquiescently. But can they be the same?

Capped and gowned, the Seniors will meet at the Senior fence and march across the campus to the college yard before the Old Row, where the Marshal will deliver his address of welcome to friends and alumni gathered as usual on the lawn. Then will come the Address to the Old Chapel, once in Dartmouth Hall, and then the band leading, the Seniors and the rest of the college and guests following, the march will pass the Bema, where the Sachem, in his Indian dress, will give the traditional Sachem Oration, before the company winds away up the hill to the old Pine Stump, round which the Seniors will smoke their last pipe and then break their pipes. Yes, tradition will be fulfilled. But half the class has already slipped away, by twos and threes, and cannot come back. Under those graduating gowns the khaki will show, and the words of the song:

"Stand as brother stands to brother,
Dare a deed for the old mother,
Greet the world, from the hills, with a hail!"

those words will have a special and thrilling significance—it can hardly be a Class Day as usual.

But Dartmouth will start work again in the fall with all her old vigour and energy. There is to be no curtailment of her teaching force, no change in her plans.

Before leaving Sister and I walked through the village streets, finding the house where Daniel Webster put up when he came to Hanover, now called the Leeds house, or The Maples. It was built in 1778. A classmate of Webster's, and also a famous graduate of the college, Rufus Choate, was married here. Another interesting old house, five years older than The Maples, is now the Howe Memorial Library. This house has travelled from one part of the town to another several times, which, we were told, is quite a Hanover custom.

"You never know where a house will be from one year to another," said an inhabitant, cheerfully. "When a man finds he likes somes corner better than the one he's living on, he just goes over, and takes his house with him."

The Library, besides its travelled ways, has the distinction of concealing buried treasures. When a partition was taken down ancient and valuable books, coins, and trinkets were discovered. Concealed cupboards have been found, containing other such treasures, and it appears likely that

whenever an alteration is made in the old place, there will be more findings.

The Webster house is a small story-and-a-half cottage, a sleepy-looking little place, white and neat. So far as we could hear, it had always been in the same spot where it stood, but this may be an error.

However, as I said before, Dartmouth and Hanover are practically identical. When you walk through the village, you are almost on the campus, and all the interests of the village are bound up with the college. The rest of the world lies beyond the hills, and neither college nor town want it any nearer.

"Don't miss going to the river," said one of our Dartmouth friends. "Take the fine road under the pines and through the ravines of the Hitchcock estates that has been built by the college to the bluffs above the Connecticut—it is a real bit of scenery."

But we had lingered too long looking at the campus, with the regiment marching across it, preparing for retreat, and time had come to leave. The road through the pines must wait for our hoped-for return—perhaps in the winter, for then, as they keep insisting, is the real time to see Dartmouth.

CHAPTER XI

Amherst

FROM the juncture of the branch road that takes you to and away from Dartmouth we were to be snatched into a car belonging to friends, and to run down the valley of the Connecticut in all the magnificence of careless tourists, lapped in luxury and dust coats. So it was up in the morning early, and then the usual wait while something unexpected had to be done to the car—has any one ever started on time in an automobile?

People spend a lot of time hunting for happiness in this world. Yet the thing is absurdly simple. A perfectly happy life could be attained in choosing the car you prefer, climbing into it with one or two congenial friends, and then running up and down the Connecticut Valley for keeps. I present these plans and specifications free.

"But hold on," said Sister. "It won't always be the end of May in this valley, any more than it will always be honeymoon time in a marriage."

Anyhow, during honeymoon time there is a supreme conviction that the thing is immortal—and once in awhile that conviction proves correct.

So, when we get to managing things better in this old world,—and Lord knows there's room for improvement,—we can perhaps arrange for everlasting spring in that fair valley, with its towns and villages, its huge elms, that stand like immense green fountains along the roads and in the meadows; its mounting hills and rainbow distances, and the sweeping curves of its great river.

We idled on our way; we were lucky enough to have that sort of a driver. We lunched at a roadside inn, and we had dinner in Greenfield, most gracious and winning of towns. And at Northampton we settled for the night, after a run through the sweet-smelling night, that seemed crowded with hay fields and whippoorwills, the one breathing fragrance and the other shrieking passionate complaint to the unheeding, dreaming night, deeply occupied with its tremendous work of creation.

Amherst is a bare seven miles from Northampton, a charming academic village full of houses that seem to be remarking, as you pass them under the sheltering elms, "I am an American home." The flags flung out by the call of war emphasised the American, certainly. But it is only in America that just such homes are found. At once sequestered and neighbourly, with gardens that reach up to the broad, shadowy verandas,

they stand, each an individual, yet with a family likeness not to be overlooked.

Amherst is old. It was more or less vaguely settled as far back as 1731, and once was part of Hadley, but in time was separately incorporated and named in honour of General Jeffrey Amherst, Lord Jeffrey Amherst as he became later. For ten years Noah Webster lived here, writing his dictionary, and Emily Dickinson, that rare poet and exquisite spirit, essence of all that is fine in the New England character, was born here. So too was H. H., Helen Hunt Jackson, whose grave, in far away Colorado, I had so often seen, and on whose cairn among the mountains she loved I too had thrown my reverential stone, to lie with the great pile heaped by her admirers through the years.

In each broad street and quiet square Amherst proclaims itself a college town, existing for the sake of the fine old institution, whose record for scholarship stands so high among the smaller colleges. The people in its streets have a professorial look, or else fail to conceal that they are students. The shops are the College this and the College that, and the drinks at the soda fountains have their college tag added to the descriptive name that tempts you. Who can refuse a College Raspberry Sundae, who escape from the allure of an Egg Flip, College Style?

The college is grouped on the loveliest part of the plateau on which the village stands. Two rivers, small and adorable, called I believe the Fort and the Mill, amuse themselves winding about the town, and revealing themselves from almost any point of vantage. To the west the Berkshire Mountains loom pleasantly purple on the view, beyond sloping meadows, and you are pointed to Sugar Loaf and Toby. East is Mount Lincoln, among the Pelham hills, and south the Holyoke Mountains. It is a perfectly planned arrangement if what you ask is beauty, peace and picturesqueness.

Amherst began as a co-educational academy about 1814, and among other acts in that pre-college period it graduated Mary Lyon, founder of Holyoke, and founder of real higher education for women in America.

Later it went hard to work to become a real college, and after much difficulty and a number of disappointments the charter was granted in 1825, some four years after the college had opened its doors to men only. Its basis was a fund for the education of ministers, and the intention was to make the expenses as small as possible—Amherst began on a charity idea, in fact, and to this day it is more anxious to get good students then to make money out of them.

The way to see Amherst is to go to the highest

part of the entire village. On that highest point stands the old college chapel, built in 1828, with the two dormitories, South and North College, that flank it in fine simplicity on either hand. Over these the ivy grows, mantling their plain walls and framing the windows. They are much the same in style as the old dormitories at Harvard, and make a brave showing with the beautiful chapel between them. Its Doric front, with four great columns, its entirely-out-of-keeping but utterly delightful square tower, one square superimposed upon the other, the upper being slightly smaller, with a well-marked ledge separating the two, and there is a clock in the upper half. Up on the top of the tower, where a flag waves, you climb, by very many steps, and then look out on the whole campus, the village, the farther landscape, the distant, framing hills and mountains, a charming view, that looks park-like. The many winding driveways, the smaller and equally winding paths, the oval in front of the Walker Building, the more distant Pratt Athletic Field, the village common, the groves and fields and the crowding elms and pines and oaks, the white farmhouses, with the constantly recurring glimpses of water; all this makes a varied, lovable expanse, one of those with which you could live forever, it is so beautiful; and yet it spells repose and gentleness, not forcing you to admire and wonder as

do some of the more tremendous efforts of nature, but letting you alone, like some good friend with whom you are utterly at ease.

The Connecticut vanishes in a cleft between Mount Holyoke and Nonotunk Mountain, with a last flash of its silver shield. The hotel on Holyoke shows up quite impressively. It must be a lordly place to spend the summer. On clear mornings, so they told us, Greylock, Williams' mountain guardian, stands out finely on the horizon, but the spring haze hid him from us.

It is difficult to tell where village begins and college ends. Facing on the common are the President's house, the Library with its square tower, and the attractive Hitchcock Hall, where the college commons is spread. This fine building, of true Colonial type, the pillared, Greek expression of the Colonial idea, was made over from a private house, and fills many a college use, much like Harvard's Memorial Hall.

The old campus is behind the college, and is pretty well surrounded by buildings, though a fortunate gap has been left for an outlook on the hills. On the north side the Gothic tower and gables of Walker Hall face the campus. Here are lecture rooms and the college offices. Through it you are taken to the head of the flight of granite steps leading from its north entrance down to the second campus, wide and beautifully

parked. The chemical and physical laboratories are at one end of this green—Hitchcock at the other, the village side.

Leading away from near the Chapel is a magnificent avenue of maples, going straight east down the slope to the Gothic church, with its slender tower. This is truly a walk of enchantment. So leafy is the arch, so charmingly the church ends the long vista, and the College Grove, scene of Class Day fun, spreads out so prettily as the pathway skirts it, with so many trees and shrubs. Perhaps because the way to the church is so delightful, Amherst has been the center of many religious revivals in the past. Henry Ward Beecher was one of her graduates, as was Noah Webster. Eugene Field is said by some to have been a student here, but it seems likely that this refers to his work in a private school for boys in the village. He spent a year at Williams, and that is about all of college life that he had in the East. We were sorry, because, as an old friend of our childhood days, we should like to have visualized him in these academic groves.

Almost opposite the Chapel, whose official title is Johnson Chapel, by the way, is the Observatory with its Octagonal adjunct, and directly down the slope is the College Fence. This Fence, at which various joyous and strenuous events in undergraduate life are said to take place, is not

a fence in the sense in which the outside world regards fences. More does it resemble three of those gates used at the horse show when the jumpers are shown. Longer a trifle, and not so high, the three wooden segments stand in strict alignment, and close together, side by side.

On the southeast corner of the campus is the Pratt Gymnasium and Natatorium, a brick building that looks comfortable and competent, and is said to be well fitted. Amherst has had triumphs in intercollegiate swimming contests, and to listen to her students you would think that the winning way was common to her—her chief enemy is Williams, and the year she doesn't beat Williams at football and baseball is a dark and dreary waste—"But it's rare!" So say they all. We hadn't reached Williams yet, nor had we looked up the record, so we took Amherst on faith, at least as far as her athletics went. She has a beautiful field in Pratt. It is named for the family that gave the Gymnasium and the field, as also the Pratt Health Cottage, or hospital.

You are always going up or down at Amherst. Slopes rule. Back of the church the ground gives with decided sharpness to the east, looking out over the Grove.

There wasn't a step without its exclamation from Sister or me, usually suppressed enough not to harass our guide, who had the usual youth's

lack of response to mere views. But he told us with great delight of the Flag Rush. The pole broke under the strain when he was in the attacking party, as a Freshman. The Sophomores do the defence work, waiting in a greased and active group, and the Freshmen, equally greased and equally stripped as to shirt, fall upon them with relentless fury. The contest is short, but by the time it's over few are the whole garments left on those struggling frames.

Green is the colour of the Freshman cap here, and there is a fire set flaming at Washington's Birthday in which the thing is burned to ashes.

"But as far back as October we don't have to tip them to the janitors of the frat houses," said our Mentor.

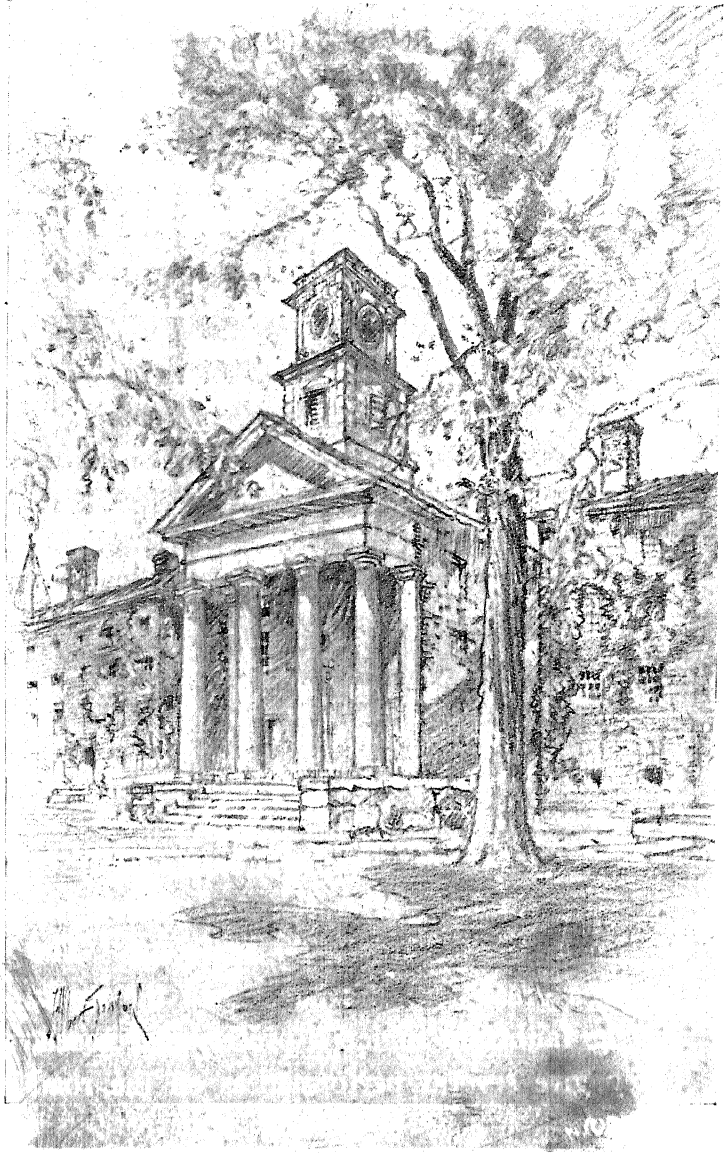
The fraternities at Amherst, which are set along the village common and on its prettiest streets, charming homes in many styles, some very beautiful, newly built and in exquisitely kept grounds, are favoured by the Faculty. They attract at least eighty per cent of the students, and differ from fraternity houses in other colleges in that Freshmen are eligible. No sooner does the Freshman reach college than the various societies get busy, and the rushing for members starts. Within a few days the Freshmen are distributed among the different fraternities. They mark this honour by raking the lawns and making themselves use-

ful where told, but the clubs are thenceforth their homes. Many will room in the Dormitories, and it is permissible to make your intimate a man from another fraternity, practically an unheard of thing in other colleges. So that the cliqueishness and snobbishness charged against the fraternities is largely eliminated at Amherst. The students all live either at the Dormitories or the Fraternity Houses. Each of these houses is owned by its society, and each stands in pretty grounds.

For a long while Amherst, in its dramatics, devoted itself to the classical drama. But interest waned. The students did not seem to press forward to do the acting, nor were audiences mad with enthusiasm.

So it was that in the season of 1914-15 a change was made. The College Dramatics Association decided to give a farce, Ready Money, and though there was some opposition, they put it through, and with huge success. Amherst seems likely to be a modern producer after this, and thoroughly up-to-date in what she puts on her stage. The boys take a great deal of trouble with the work, rehearsing faithfully under a professional coach, and they give several performances on the road each season.

Amherst has its Glee and Mandolin Clubs, which give concerts in many towns and cities



Johnson Chapel, with its Doric Pillars and Delightful Square Tower

during the spring tour. In Amherst their concerts are held in College Hall, which stands facing the common on the other side of the College Library from that occupied by the President's house, and is a beautiful building with a cupola and columns before its façade. Here are held the commencement exercises and other entertainments and memorial meetings.

"Come and see the collection of Audubon's birds," said a mere outsider, who was showing us part of the village. "The college is famous for its fine collections."

In Audubon's day the new method of stuffing birds so that they are shown in their very habit as they lived, was not practised. But the name of the great naturalist was in itself a lure. To think that it was he who had done the careful and beautiful work we saw was delightful to Sister and me.

There are also some wonderful things from Egypt, given the college long ago, as our conception of time runs, though in contrast with the age of the sculptured tablets it is but a moment.

But the college boy is not so greatly interested in Audubon and ancient stones as in Junior Proms and athletic records.

"Is there a good deal going on at Amherst during the year?" asked Sister, since a college is a place for acquiring information.

This is a sort of compendium of the four college years. It has a class history, notes on all the clubs and fraternities, personal histories of each member of the special class doing the publishing that year, in which the wit and wisdom of the men get free play and thorough expression. Every one in the college helps somewhat in getting out that book, however. Those who can draw contribute pictures, those who can write do their bit. Beautiful photographs of the college are used, and when the book is finished, with the close of the Junior year, it makes a record worth the keeping.

Amherst, like Bowdoin and Dartmouth, is surrounded by a country that calls for winter sports, but so far there has been nothing much done. We heard nothing of that wild joy in the snow and its possibilities that Dartmouth shows. And neither had the martial spirit produced anything like the same sort of enthusiasm for the war. There was some, certainly. But it had not taken hold of ninety per cent of the men, as at Dartmouth or Princeton, or of the great percentage shown in U. of V. or Harvard or Yale. Amherst is a small college, and a studious college. Its students take a deep interest in the courses on Political Economy, Social History and Institutions, and in Economics. There is a great deal of hard work done by the men there, and the aim

of the faculty has been to keep them steadily at their work. Amherst men are at Plattsburg, and they are in other services for the war. But Amherst is not a military college in the sense in which Dartmouth, where there is a summer military school this year, has become one. It has its Rifle Club, and this year the membership was tremendously increased, but its classes have not been shattered by the departure of hundreds of men to the war work.

This section of the country is full of old Indian history. They take you to a clear brook tumbling along under arches of green, and tell you its name is Bloody Brook, for here in the beginning of our time was an Indian massacre. And over in Old Deerfield, not much of distance away, they have the marks on the old houses made by Indian arrows.

"Many of the undergraduates turn into lonely trampers and fishermen when spring arrives. There is the Pelham Trout Brook, running through tree-clad glens—that's a favourite haunt. And there are splendid tramps to the hills and mountains round the village. Though there are no scheduled hikes or such-like things, you will find that most Amherst men grow extremely familiar with the surrounding country while they are here. Get any graduate talking, and he will fill you up with the glories of Amhert's land-

scape, and the joys of her wild country walks and climbs."

It was our village friend who spoke, walking with us to the end of the common, where the motor car, that was to take us back to Northampton, rested at the curb. The hour was sunset, and the college had begun to throw out sparks of light here and there, that glimmered through the veil of branches or shone clear from some vantage point. Along Pleasant Street, with its terraced rise, we walked, past the homelike charm of the President's house, the square bulk of the library, the Grecian loveliness of College Hall, so soon to ring with the speeches and the music of Commencement. Beyond the common, on the rise, the older part of the institution was grouped, dimly seen through the trees. Across this common hurried young men, some probably on their way to the commons at Hitchcock, others to the many fraternity houses. Somewhere what sounded suspiciously like a ukelele was twanging, and up the village street, motor cars were running slowly, with headlights dimmed and loaded with men and girls, all of whom looked to be exactly twenty.

"After all," declared Sister, "living in a college town must be a tragic business. Necessarily you get older, but there is the eternal crowd of youth, unchanging in its essence, doing practically

the same things year after year, always beginning, and most so at the moment when it ends, to go forth into the grown-up world. What on earth do you feel like, after twenty years of it? Better to spend a spring day taking in the full joy of it, and then climb into a car and depart. . . ."

Which we at that moment proceeded to do, and the sentence remained in the air.

CHAPTER XII

Smith and Northampton

NORTHAMPTON has devoted itself to the business of being a college town, or at least a town full of students and professors these many years. It was because of its academic flavour that Sophia Smith—for Smith was founded by a woman—chose it as the seat of the college she planned. In that lovely town, whose broad and tree-shaded streets were used to the musing eye and the student's tread, there was the place for a woman's college. A college that should have no preparatory department devoted to getting its students somewhere close to the status for admission demanded by the men's colleges, but which should set precisely the same entrance demands, and prove to the world once for all that a woman was capable of an intellectual culture equalling that of her brother.

Miss Smith was a descendant of the same Lieutenant Samuel Smith, of England, who crossed to America and settled in Hadley in 1660, from whom was descended Mary Lyon, the pioneer of women's higher education, and founder of Mount Holyoke College. Sophia had grown up in Hat-

field, long a town of culture and wealth, for that time in our history, and her own education had been broad, not through definite teaching, but because of association with men and women of ideas.

Her brother Austin, dying in 1861, left to her a considerable sum of money. But Sophia did not want this money. She had no use for it, and she did not care to be burdened with its responsibilities. What was to be done?

In her distress, and it was a real distress, she went to her pastor, demanding that he suggest some use for her money; something that would be of benefit to the entire neighbourhood, something that would endure.

He gave some weeks to his decision, and then brought her an alternative plan: either to found a college for women, or to establish an institute for deaf mutes.

The lady preferred the idea of a college. She thought it a good idea, and said that, were she a girl, nothing would give her greater happiness than to attend such a college.

But immediately there was a great hullaballoo. So much so that Miss Smith gave up her college plan, and decided upon the deaf mute institution. Then occurred one of those acts of fate that make one believe in the Divinity that shapes our ends. A rich man, dying, left provision in his will for

the deaf mutes. Miss Smith was once more encouraged to take up her original idea.

She had four principles that she wished her college to stand for. That the tuition should equal that in the men's colleges. That the Bible should be studied. That the girls should house, not in one huge building, but in cottages. She also thought that it was proper for men to have a share in the management and the instruction, as well as women, because she did not believe in isolating the sexes.

Smith is the largest woman's college in the world, so it is evident that these ideas had value and permanency.

Sophia Smith died in 1870, and the following year the college charter was signed.

Northampton was offered the college on condition of subscribing $25,000. The condition was met. Twenty-six thousand dollars was paid to secure the house and lands of Judge Dewey. Much land has since been purchased, the old line running through the center of the present campus, but at the time there was very little money to spare and much to spend it for.

It was not until September, 1875, that the college opened its doors to its first class—the same year that saw the beginning of Wellesley. A central building, College Hall, had been erected, and the Dewey House became the first dwelling place

for the students. Smith began with but one class, adding a new class each year, and this first class was very small, on account of the stiff requirements for entering. Dr. L. Clarke Seelye, a professor at Amherst, became first President.

A beautiful wall surrounds the campus, and the college is very compact. The Library now makes the centre of the group of buildings, a beautiful and dignified structure surmounting a rise. We got a fine impression of the college by walking round it inside the wall, and down through College Lane, that skirts the pond, Paradise Pond, where the girls learn to become water nymphs, and where a pretty boat house has been built. There is a charming self-contained effect to Smith. The pretty homes in which the girls live, fitted in between the handsome academic buildings, give to the college a homelike and yet splendid appearance. Huge elms edge the walks and drives, and the greenest of lawns spread everywhere, while the ivy riots. Each class plants an ivy, with ceremony and lovely exercises, and the ivy has responded wholeheartedly to the treatment.

Each of the cottages has a lady presiding over it who takes care both of the domestic and the social affairs. Smith has found that the plan works well, and that it is easy to make it fit in with the constantly growing resources required as the college expands. Smith had a stiff row to

hoe through the early years. The refusal to lower the entrance requirements kept many away. The town, seeing that the classes remained small, grew downhearted over the thousands it had spent, and criticised the management freely. But Smith hung on.

Presently two preparatory schools were established in Northampton as feeders. The students began to increase. During the period of discouragement the land adjoining had gone down in price, and the college bought up a lot of it, extending to the north. It was the old story. With success came success. Gifts were made, buildings erected, a library was donated. Up to this period Smith had used the town library, which was not far away, with a complete and useful collection of books.

Smith girls were extremely jealous for the standing of their college. They would have been in despair if the entrance exams or the courses had been made a jot easier. They not only wanted to equal the men; they wanted to surpass them. One of the professors who lectured in both colleges remarked that he noticed "that at Smith the classes desired to have the lessons longer, while at Amherst they wanted them shorter."

Those early classes were very serious young women. Smith girls are not that way now. They

keep to the old level of requirements, but they manage to get in a great many good times. The spirit between the classes is particularly friendly, since, coming in at first, as they did, one by one, there was no reason for establishing a precedent of control or rivalry. The different classes are fonder of giving each other parties and serenades than of any suspicion of hazing.

Smith has been lucky in losing very few of her buildings. Two or three have been removed to make room for better, and one at least was burnt, on a night of excitement two years ago, but for the rest you can follow her story of growth easily enough by starting from old College Hall, and seeing what she has done since.

A student who enthusiastically took us about told us many of the joys of the college year. We were standing in front of the Library, from which, down the hill, slopes a wide path to the beautiful Students' Building.

"Down that hill, beginning the Commencement exercises, the Seniors roll their hoops, and the one to arrive first will be the first married in the class. It's lots of fun to see them flying along, now getting all snarled up, and then shooting ahead without a break. But perhaps the most impressive thing in the year, for the students, is the ceremony that comes right after the hoop rolling. The Seniors take their places on the

steps of Student for their last sing. Music means a great deal in Smith, and we do a great deal of singing. But the custom of the Seniors singing on the steps whenever the evening is fine enough, that is the most effective.

"The other classes are all grouped round them, this last time, while they go through the program of favourite Smith songs. Then they all stand up, and march slowly down the steps, singing their farewell song, written for the occasion, words and music, by members of the class. When the last of them has left the steps, the Juniors, dressed in white, come out from the building and, singing a serenade to the Seniors, followed by their own step song, they take possession of the steps, which will be theirs for the year."

The "Libe," as the girls affectionately call the library, appears not only to be the centre of the campus, but of the students' lives. Each has her own favourite chair, and they do a large part of their work in the great, pleasant rooms.

"Smith needs more cottages dreadfully," we were told. "Now only about forty-two per cent of the girls can live on the campus. Northampton is full of lovely places to board, but we want to get hold of more ground—that over there, where the State Hospital now stands. It is the legitimate direction for us to grow next. They hold

it too high for the present. But we are all sure it will come to Smith some day."

"Have you any fraternities?"

Smith hasn't needed them, with her way of living, and she has no apparent desire for them. She has plenty of clubs; just running over them hastily gave quite an effect. There is the Telscopium, which appropriately holds its reunions in the Observatory, topping the hill beyond the Library. There is the Granddaughter Society, meeting in the Haven House when the graduate members come back to talk over old times. Of course there is a Glee Club, and there is a Studio Club, a Voice Club, a Greek Club, and the Clef and Colloquium. These are only some among the number, but they give an idea of Smith's varied undergraduate life, of the many things that keenly engage the students' interest.

The Gym is another important part of the girls' existence. They are obliged to learn to swim during the Freshman year, and to take certain prescribed exercises. Then there are the crews, rowing on Paradise Pond, and lately a Float Day has been established, with all its picturesque features of decorated boats and singing.

Campus Evening of Commencement is fairyland at Smith. It begins with singing, the whole college joining in, and later the Alumnæ, the old song leaders of the graduate classes who have

returned leading once more. Gradually, as the singing goes on, the lanterns, hundreds and hundreds of them, hung from every tree and swinging in long chains, are lighted.

"In this magic light you see the girls frantically running about, trying to get hold of other members of their own class, and then serenade the other classes. If they come across any of the old classes, seated in one of the great arched doorways or on the steps of one of the cottages, why, they serenade them too. All gathered together at last, the four classes serenade the President. The night goes on and on, no one is tired, every one is happy."

Next we were led to the Botanical Garden and House, a lovely sight in this season of flowers. In little ponds were grouped a medley of water plants. Across Paradise Pond Paradise Woods climbed, and way off to the right was Allen Field and the Club House.

There were a lot of smocks to be seen on the girls who were hurrying from one part of the campus to another, caught in the busy college life. These smocks have been found to be a splendid garment to wear to morning chapel.

"Just a yank or two, and you're dressed!"

It was expressive.

"Isn't it," Sister wanted me to agree, "a delight to see the simple dressing of all these col-

lege girls. After the overdressed women that crowd New York, tottering along on those high heels, these girls, in smocks and middies, with tennis shoes on their feet, dashing about these lovely paths and crossing the greens, are refreshing. You get to feel, in New York, that there isn't a natural human being left on earth."

Just at the time we saw Smith she was getting ready for all her Class Day and Commencement fun, and also for the Shakespere play the Seniors were to give. Twelfth Night had been chosen, and there were plenty of new ideas to be used in the scenic side of the play. Heavy falling, rich curtains of various hues were to provide the back drops, and the rest of the properties aimed at essential simplicity. As practically the whole play was being rehearsed, no time could be given to elaborate sets. And then, in our colleges today, we find the interest greatest in the newer forms of art, of decoration, of acting. Simplicity truly is having its innings at last.

"How about the war?" I wanted to know.

"Smith takes the war with a full sense of her responsibilities. The Senior class has been training in several directions to be ready to give help where it is most needed. We have our Red Cross and Nurses Training societies, and we have raised thousands of dollars for the relief of one or another of the countries suffering under this war.

I think the Seniors feel it to be a privilege that they are to graduate at such a time in the country's history, when trained men and women are so desperately needed."

Smith has evolved a clever method of having her Ivy Day parade orderly by instituting what they call the Sophomore Push Committee. There is little room on the campus for the big crowds that assemble to see the Ivy March, and so this line of Sophomores marches ahead and quietly but effectively clears the way. The Seniors are usually dressed in white, the Juniors in colours, and the Seniors march between Junior Ushers to the place where the ivy is to be planted. It makes a delicate colour scheme, full of the spirit of youth.

Smith's Presidents have always been men. President Seelye had the college in his hands from two years before it opened to 1910. He still comes to the Commencements, and is greeted with delirious joy and any amount of serenading. President Burton followed him, but this is his last year there. Smith has been lucky in having so long a term granted to her first President. Wellesley in the same time had changed Presidents frequently, through death or ill health or other reasons. Judging from his accomplishment during his long term of office, President Seelye was a peculiarly fortunate choice. No amount of discouragement quelled his energy or

swerved him from those principles to which his college was devoted. Department after department grew until it must have larger quarters, and somehow these were found. For instance, the scientific work had presently to find more room, and Lilly Hall was given to the college by Alfred T. Lilly. Again the science classes swelled in size, and a new chemical building became imperative. One man came forward with ten thousand, fifteen thousand more was raised, the college put in another fifteen thousand, and a beautiful new building was added to Smith's possessions. This stands in the ground belonging to the college across Elm Street, where there are several of the houses for the students.

So it went with everything during that thirty-five years under President Seelye, and so it has continued under President Burton. College Hall, with its fine square tower and gabled façade, built in the form of an ell, is still a handsome part of Smith. But it must yield both in beauty and in size to many a newer building. The Gymnasium, beautiful Seelye Hall, with the fine round tower that joins the two wings, the Art Gallery, the John M. Greene Hall, with the Library, make a magnificent and harmonious group. Among these the old homestead of Judge Dewey, with its Colonial columns and Doric simplicity, falls in charmingly with the general scheme.

We were told a good deal about Smith's religious work. Her College Association of Christian Workers, her Missionary Association, the College Settlement Association. The missionary society has established a Chair in China, and the College Settlement is most practical, bringing the students into close relation with many of the problems that must be met if our social order is to improve —is, for that matter, to continue.

"But perhaps the most interesting thing about Smith is that she was in so much a pioneer," said our college friend. "She was not a pioneer college, of course. But she was first to open without a preparatory department. In this every college for women worthy the name has followed her. Vassar closed her preparatory department in 1888, Wellesley hers eight years earlier. Mount Holyoke followed the example in 1898, and Byrn Mawr opened in 1885 without a preparatory department. Bryn Mawr, after carefully studying the colleges that had preceded her, decided that Smith's plan of resident houses to hold from twenty-five to fifty students, each with its own table and separate management, was by far the best. When Smith first opened the papers of the day used to run articles saying that the students were mostly ill with brain fever and nervous breakdowns, owing to the terrific strain of the curriculum. Now the other colleges have the same system of

studies, with such variations as is natural with different Faculties and Boards, but with the same high standards. As for the students, if any of them have brain fever—incidentally of course there's no such thing as brain fever—they conceal it under an aspect of robust health that the milkmaid of an earlier time might envy."

We happened at the moment to be in sight of the tennis grounds. They were filled with flying figures who swatted the balls with no gentle tap; who ran and sprang with lithe ease. Basket ball too had its active devotees. On the lake we had seen the slender boats slipping through the water, pulled along by slim but brown and strong young arms. Gymnasium and swimming tank, each had athletic young women delighting in their healthy bodies. Out on Allen Field there would be contests and games. Yet these girls, for all their vigourous bodily exercise, found time to get their A.B.'s, to secure honours and fellowships, to carry on with success Smith's fine intellectual life. There were certainly no signs of brain fever.

We wandered over the campus, loath to go from the place. By us went students, and every one seemed to have something different to talk about. We heard cryptic words as to "bacon bats on the river bank." We knew the river meant the Connecticut, but what was a bacon bat? Laughter and talk next about the hurdy-

gurdy and the dancing under the apple trees, and the girls who were to carry the Ivy Chain. We heard too the immortal topic of Man under discussion:

"Maybe my Prom man wasn't so much. But I had a good time Garden Party night. And wasn't it lovely down by the fountain, with the lanterns? I think that's one of the prettiest things we have."

"Say, girls, jump into your bloomers and come out to Allen this P. M."

"It's settled that the Seniors are to wear cap and gown when they receive their degrees!"

These and other scraps reached us, letting in little gleams of the undergraduate life upon our understanding. Slowly we made our way back to College Hall, and stepped out on the street. We had left the College Campus. But we found that we had not left the college.

For Northampton is more completely a college town than any other we had yet seen. Since more than half the Smith girls live in it, scattered among its charming houses in one or two rooms, according to their demands and their means, and since its streets and squares have almost the look of collegiate beauty that adheres to a campus, you cannot shake off the feeling that you are still within the college precincts. Northampton streets are charmingly irregular,

and were it not that they are well paved, you might almost call them roads, so well do they hold their rural character. New England is the home of fine elms and noble maples, but here in Northampton she outdoes herself.

After we had seen a little of the old village we began to feel that life there was just one school after another. Any street you took was almost certain to lead you to a girls' preparatory, or a public library (there are two of them), or to an agricultural institute, or a school for the deaf and dumb, or to the people's institute or somewhere else of an instructive or a charitable nature. And each of these places was attractive, charming under huge trees and green with climbing ivy, usually having spacious grounds that aid in giving Northampton its look of a park turned by some happy chance into a town.

"I should think the girls who have spent four years in such an environment must find it hard to settle down in any that is less pleasing," I remarked, as we waited for our automobile friends, who had promised to take us to Williamstown. "When I contrast Northampton with some of the Middle West towns, or the commonplace manufacturing cities we have reared in such plenty all over our fair land, I ache to think of having to live in one of them after having lived here. The whole place, from the Connecticut

River to Mount Holyoke there, with its superb view, which you haven't seen, but which I climbed to a few years ago,—and it's worth a far longer climb,—is the perfect ideal of a college town. It's old and gracious and beautiful, set down between river and meadow and mountain . . . and instead of the time-worn theory that there must be a constant feud between town and gown, Northampton and Smith are clamped together by every sort of tie."

"Have you seen everything?" our friends wanted to know, as they returned from their own forth-faring, and we got into the car.

"We've seen a lot," said Sister. "But you'd have to live four years in the place to get hold of it—and that, by the way, is the trouble in seeing any college. They can't really be seen—they have to be lived."

CHAPTER XIII

Williams of the Mountains

GOING over Hoosac Mountain is one of the accomplishments that makes you realise the automobile has come to stay.

Whenever I had gone to Williams before it had been through the tunnel, and that experience, as a professor phrased it, is "quite other." Going over Hoosac has elements of the glorious, but going through it you simply choke and wish there were no mountains. On this particular morning we loved mountains, and we saw them all around us as we mounted our own. In the turns and twists we took we were presented with every side of innumerable views, and practically each of these views had a mountain in it somewhere.

On the way to Williamstown, after finishing with Hoosac, you reach North Adams, the nearest thing to a real town within reach of the college. Here the boys come to stir things up when the routine of college life palls upon their spirits and when there is no time to make the fifty miles to Albany. North Adams is a busy, crowded, hustling sort of place that may have its beauty spots, but which does not show them to the casual

tourist on his way from Hoosac Mountain to Williamstown. We sped through it without stopping, ate up the few miles that remained, along which huge trolley cars boomed and screeched at intervals, and rolled up to the Greylock Hotel, on beautiful Main Street, with appetites that fairly shouted.

Williams is in a valley with a ring of mountains circling it, the highest in the state, Greylock, a noble bulk, being only a few miles away, and offering a glorious tramp for Mountain Day, a college holiday occurring some fine day in October, when the forests are at the height of their autumnal beauty. Since this is a movable feast, notice is given on the previous afternoon, at about four o'clock, by ringing the chimes of the Chapel. Next morning, bright and early, groups and couples set off for a whole day in the open, and though there is many another delightful climb, Greylock comes first.

I had been at Williams on Mountain Day, and seen the Freshman start away to begin to make their acquaintance with the Berkshires and with each other, and watched them drifting back at the end of the day, tired, happy, friendly, full of talk over the day's incidents. And it had always seemed as though this were one of the best holidays any college had instituted. In Yale it used to be the thing for the Freshmen to climb the

two Rocks, and not to consider themselves true Yale men till that was done. But the thing was never given the dignity of a college rite, and it has almost disappeared to-day, as one of the younger graduates told us, deprecating the fact. It will not disappear at Williams—year after year bands of young men will follow the trails on East Mountain, Greylock and the other slopes and peaks of that delectable valley, finding each other more swiftly than they could do in a week of routine college life, and discovering that there is no keener joy for the healthy body than that found in arduous exercise in the open air, with the brooks running beside the climbing paths, and the blood dancing in the veins.

"Those, at least, are my sentiments," I remarked to Sister, after expatiating to her on the above theme. We had been sitting on the veranda, watching the idle stream of life along Main Street. Main Street at Williams is a matter of double rows of fine trees and parking, so that there is more grass than there is road or sidewalk. It is so wide that right in the middle of its western stretch the Field Memorial Park is comfortably accommodated, and at one point West College steps right out into it in the friendliest way imaginable. West College, built when the college was founded, in 1790, is the oldest of the buildings, and is used for a dormi-

tory. One envies the boys who live there, for though there isn't a spot in Williamstown that doesn't give you a twinge of regret when you realise that it isn't yours for good, to live in and stay in, yet that old college, with its view across the lovely street to the Thompson Chapel, whose white stone Gothic tower points its exquisite finials above the arching elms, while below, the crossing paths draw geometric patterns through the lawns, that college building seems to have the best of it.

Williams, for all it is such a child of the mountains, was founded by a sailor. To be sure he had given up seafaring for a soldier's life—and death—before his fortune came to do its work here. He died in the French and Indian War of 1755, a Colonel under Sir William Johnson, shot on a reconnoitering tour near Lake George, at the age of forty. In his will, made just before going into battle, he had left provision for the founding of a free school in what was then West Hoosac. The settlement was to be called Williamstown, after him, Ephraim Williams. The rest was silence.

It took the trustees thirty-five years to make a start, and to build West College. Next year the Free School was opened. This school was in two parts, one entirely free for the elementary branches, and a grammar school that charged a fee of thirty-five shillings a year, perhaps as a

reminder of the wasted years gone by. Be that as it may, the grammar school proved extremely popular. The trustees decided to do something bigger, and in 1793 they secured a charter from the Legislature, and Williams College was a fact.

Williams has the distinction of issuing the first college catalogue ever printed in this country. This event befell in 1795, and three years later the continued success of Williams induced the building of East College. This was burned in 1841, but rebuilt the next year, and with Berkshire, Fayerweather and Currier Halls it now forms the beautiful Berkshire Quadrangle. All these are dormitories, and Currier contains also the college commons, with a charming dining room, and a club room for the members of the Commons. The campus on which these buildings face, together with the heating plant that closes one end, is terraced up from the street, steps leading to the buildings, and the effect is very good.

Williamstown is called the Missionary College, and in Mission Park, a lovely ten-acre plot of trees, shrubs, carefully tended lawn and clambering vines, there is a stone shaft called the Haystack Monument. At the spot where it stands there was once, so tradition says, a haystack. There, in 1806, Samuel John Mills, a Divinity student, held a prayer meeting, in which he begged

for missionaries who would be willing to carry the Gospel to the heathen. This was the beginning of the entire American Missionary movement. Williams has continued to graduate men who have gone into missionary work, and now and then, around the old monument, there will be a gathering while some one or more returned missionaries tell of their experiences and ask for recruits. Strange looking men, some of the older ones, with long beards and spare frames that witness to hardships endured and dangers suffered for their cause, and strange the tales they relate of coral reefed islands and tropic forests, of Chinese villages and Indian huts.

The best way to get an idea of Williams is to walk along Main Street from the Greylock to the Methodist Church. First you pass the houses of the professors and the fraternity houses, facing each other amicably across that wide expanse, with spreading lawns encompassing them and many flowers blooming close to the houses. West College comes next, with two dormitories near it, while opposite are the President's attractive house, the Congregational Church and Hopkins Hall. This was built in 1890 and remodelled in 1909, and is one of those florid looking stone structures that leave you entirely uninterested. They are like some people; prosperous and efficient in appearance, but dull and commonplace as to

personality. A few steps beyond on the same side of the street as Hopkins, which is the seat of the offices and Faculty room and the general business centre of the college, is the charming Thompson Chapel. As the doors were open, Sister and I walked in and sat down for a moment in the cool, spacious interior, with its upsweep of pillar and arch, the dark pews making a strong note in the softness of the general effect. It is a beautiful place, and the chimes that sound so sweetly give it the perfect collegiate finish one asks of a Chapel in such a place.

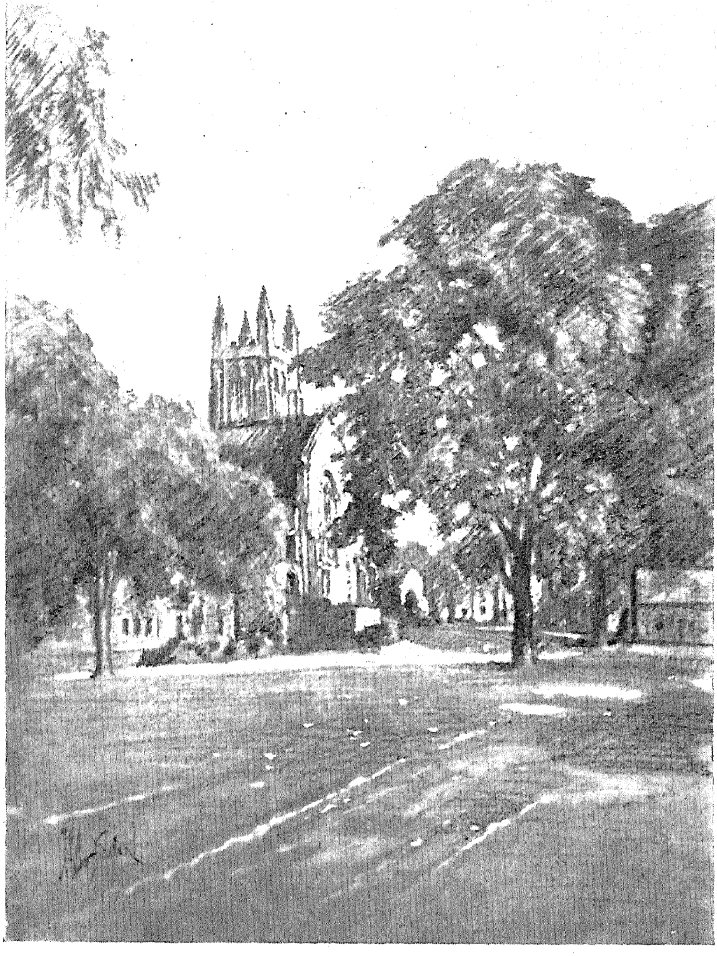
On up the stately street, stopping to give a glance at the Lasell Gymnasium, with a dome supported on arches, opposite the Chapel, to Griffin Hall, one of the lecture halls, which, built in 1828, was moved here and remodelled in 1904. It is a charming old thing, on simple lines, with a graceful cupola. Another building in much the same style is Jesup Hall on the way to Grace Court and the Laboratories, south of Main Street. Before the Laboratories, modern buildings in every sense, there runs a fence. It does not look comfortable, but it is in a way a seat of honour, or at least of achievement. For you must have passed your Freshman year before you are allowed to sit upon it.

North of Main Street, you can follow delightful ways to other houses given over to the

professors, and here is the Williams Inn, an old home rather than a mere inn. Come away, back toward Main Street and you pass one of the newest additions to the college, Grace Hall, with columns and pediment dignifying the fine Georgian body. This is the auditorium, and close to it is another new building, Williams Hall, a long and solidly built dormitory that has room for close upon a hundred men.

Williams has no regular campus or yard, so called. You find that the whole valley floor on which the college stands, reaching from the village proper, where the shops and such business as is run there find a home, out to the open slopes and links, the pastures and woods, are campus. Each street and path goes through a park, each building has its pleasant lawns or terraces. In summer the place becomes a summer home of the rich, who hire the professors' houses or have built others for themselves, and who fill the hotel and the inn. Pittsfield is but twenty miles away, and fine roads lead to all the loveliest of Massachusetts' hill and mountain scenery. As for the trails that start almost in the centre of the village, they take you to glens and outlooks, to rounded peaks and silent valleys, clothed thick with forest or rough with broken rocks, picturesque as anything to be found in the East.

Williams, in its undergraduate life, lives in the



Thompson Chapel, whose Stone Tower Points its Exquisite White Finials Above the Arching Elms

dormitories and the fraternity houses. It is thoroughly occupied, and no man can slip through because he is a first-class athlete or if he believes that college is a place in which life is simply active enjoyment of leisure for amusement.

As soon as the Freshman arrives things begin to happen to him. After getting settled in his room, he begins to go to Jesup Hall, where a large part of the undergraduate activities find a home. Here the classes hold their meetings, and here the Freshman can confer with the chairman of the Williams College Association, and begin to get hep to the future before him. Presently he is called out to engage in the great tug of war, that marks the test of strength between the Freshman and Sophomore classes. Fortunately, to give this tug a dramatic effect, Williams is conveniently adjacent to the Green River. On one bank the Sophs are arrayed, on the opposite one the Freshies. Naturally the idea is to get the opposing side into the nice chilly stream. And at the crack of a pistol fired by a Senior, the scrambling begins. It is worth watching, if only for the extreme reluctance to get wet displayed by every tugger on the rope.

Another test of strength between these two enemy classes is the pushball contest—first the pull and then the push.

Presently the rushing by the fraternity houses

begins, safeguarded by a carefully thought-out set of rules and regulations. In the meanwhile Mountain Day has come and gone. Freshmen by this time have learned that they can't wear the nice swishy corduroy trousers that decorate the upperclass legs, nor so much as a streak of purple, Williams' colour. They can, and must, wear their little caps, however. But then they are strictly forbidden to put on a sheepskin or a mackinaw coat. Corduroy and moleskin are also forbidden.

Yet it is clearly provided that they are never to be seen on the street without a coat. But they must be mighty choosy in the material. Possibly these sartorial difficulties console them for the fact that they are not permitted to dance at the Greylock nor to be seen smoking on the street. Nor are they ever to be seen in a front row seat at Jesup Hall or the Gymnasium, and even in North Adams they have to keep in the rear. Spring Street, too, has its inhibitions. It is the street leading toward Grace Court and the Laboratories, and has convenient benches on it. Yes, we guessed it—for this information was being conveyed to us by an earnest Sophomore—Freshmen must not sit upon those benches. Also, each Freshman is begged to show a proper deference to upperclassmen.

"What, let me inquire, is a proper deference?"

It was I who wanted to know. For opinions might vary a good deal—particularly the opinions of the Freshman and the upperclassman. Was he supposed to give a sweeping bow in passing, or merely to get off the pavement? Did he stand at attention, or was goose-stepping demanded?

"Oh, well, just—you know . . ." was the response. We kept a lookout as we walked about, but it was so late in the year that Freshmen had practically ceased to be Freshmen. Their caps had long gone, though the corduroys had not arrived. Perhaps the deference stage only lasts a few months, until acquaintance has been made. At least, we could see no signs of it.

"And, of course, no Freshman must spin a top in front of Eddie's."

That was final. It had a ring to it.

"Who thinks them up?" asked Sister.

But there she struck a mystery.

Along after the second football game the Freshmen engage in a parade. Parades are not the happy occurrences of any and all occasions, as at Brown, but they occur, and this one, with each fledgling student expressing his sense of humour through the garments upon him, is something all Williamstown turns out to see. The parade marches from the Gym to the Greylock, and there the chosen stars give a vaudeville.

"And they get off some pretty good stunts,"

admitted the Sophomore, who, after all, had once been a Freshman.

In May the baseball season is in full swing, and after the Amherst game the four classes assemble on the Laboratory campus, where each class sings two songs, the original work of its members, or of some one or two of them. This is the famous Interclass Singing contest, one of Williams' dearest traditions. The songs may or may not be good, but to hear the boys singing out there with all the fervour and conviction on earth, and with the fresh and sweet voices of youth, is something distinctly worth while.

The students have their own fire brigade, with full apparatus, and are ready to co-operate with the Williamstown regulars whenever a fire breaks out.

Among the societies that are not Greek Letter are the literary groups, publishers of the Lit. and the Record, the latter a tri-weekly, and the Purple Cow, where humour finds its home. There is also a small club of upperclassmen, the Pipe and Quill, a most exclusive organisation of men interested in the English classics. Lectures for this group are given by members of the Faculty, and speakers of renown from outside the college limits. A Senior society that is not secret, and that exists for the purpose of upholding the Williams spirit, and of furthering in every way

the highest interests of the college, is the Gargoyle, now twenty-two years old. There is much of honour in being a Gargoyle man, the maximum membership amounting to twenty, who are chosen publicly after the ball game on Decoration Day. Juniors only are eligible to such choice. But Williams has its own ideas as to the limit of the Freshman or the Junior ranking. A Freshman remains such until he has passed the required Gym and Hygiene courses, and a man is reckoned as a Junior by the Gargoyle if he has not more than fifty-five semester hours to pass before graduation. It is on their working record that men are chosen by Gargoyle.

No college is complete without its Dramatics. Williams', called the Cap and Bells, gives two plays a year, if not more. In the fall the intention is to amuse, and the plays chosen are of the type that is supposed to interest the tired business man. But in the spring the student's fancy is turned toward serious things, and the play reflects this mood. There are always trips to various cities, where a good time is had by all, including the audiences.

Once at least the part of the leading lady in one of the plays, I think we were told it was "A Pair of Green Stockings," was taken by a girl. Unbelievable in college dramatics. But this is how it happened:

There was just one man at the college who could take the part, and take it he did, splendidly. But the day before the performance was to be given he was called home by an imperative summons. What was to be done? The seats were sold, everything was on the tiptoe of expectation, and no one in Cap and Bells knew the part, nor, knowing, could have played it. It was a frantic time.

Then some one recalled that Mount Holyoke had given the play only a short time before, and that the girl who had taken the lead had been particularly delightful. Would it be possible? Could it be managed? The Dean was dragged into the question, every one who could give a suggestion was pressed into service, and at last Mount Holyoke was approached.

So there was one woman in the cast that night, and most successfully she played her part, receiving an ovation when she made her first appearance that almost swept the roof away. One can imagine with what snap and zest the play went, and it would have been a treat to hear the story of it all as told to the rest of Mount Holyoke's girls when the heroine of the occasion got back to that college.

There was drilling going on here, though not very many of the students had left college to join any military unit. But they were getting

ready to go if called, learning to march and the manual of arms and all the preliminary work of the soldier, in so far as it could be managed without interfering too seriously with college work.

"We want the men to finish here before they make up their minds to go to the trenches," said one in authority, with whom we spoke. "On the whole we have held the classes pretty well together. The drilling is good for them, but they have a task here that is important, and that they ought not to drop unless they have to do so. That time is not yet here."

Williams is another of our colleges that has instituted the Honour System, first imagined as a sane and fine manner to manage young men by Thomas Jefferson, in the college that had been first on our list. Here its earliest use was in 1896. A committee made up of four Seniors, three Juniors, two Sophomores and one Freshman has charge of all cases that may be suspected of violation of the rules, and in case of such violation the penalty is expulsion for any student not a Freshman. A Freshman is suspended.

Since 1914 there has been a Student Council, with powers similar to those we had found exercised elsewhere. Williams has been a bit late getting to these things, but now they run as

smoothly as though she had never been without them.

Williams also has its Outing Club, organised in 1914, and now joining with Dartmouth in various activities. It works both in summer and winter, and there are separate leaders for the different interests. There are trail markers, hunters, fishers, snowshoers and ski runners in the club, which is rapidly catching the interest of the college. Last winter there was a carnival, and next season will have another. Like Dartmouth, Williams finds that her sons take easily to winter frolicking, and that only a beginning in enjoying winter sports has so far been made.

"There is corking skiing all round here," said the student who had helped us in so far as was possible to get a notion of the undergraduates' Williams. "These mountains that come right up to the campus, for that's pretty near what they do, are full of the finest kind of ground for skiing. Why, Dartmouth has to go miles for what's at our front door!"

Weston Field is the college Athletic Field, with cinder track, football and baseball grounds and a field house. Here the intercollegiate games are played. On what is called the Old Campus, lying between Main Street and the Field, there are grounds for the interclass teams to play, and for practice work, and there is a baseball cage.

In fact, Williams has provided very thoroughly for the health and the amusement, as well as for the working hours of her students. Since it is clearly the habit of colleges and universities to choose beautiful situations, she is not peculiar in the site she has found for herself, or rather, which Colonel Williams selected for her. It is extraordinarily lovely, to be sure, cupped in its circling hills and so bowered with great trees that it looks more like a forest than a college when you look down upon it from one of those friendly surrounding mountains.

Years ago, on a fall day, I had walked up Greylock to the Hopper, and had finally got to the top, and stayed there for the night, in the little rest house where they give you food and a bed. I had come back in the morning, starting very early, and when I first looked down at Williamstown it was hidden under billows of fleecy mist, which gradually broke and vanished away, leaving here and there a long white streamer behind them, like the veil from some fleeing princess. Never shall I forget the loveliness of that view, with the silvery green trees faintly burning into yellow and red, the houses and stately college halls gradually showing themselves, the sloping hills and fields, all mysterious in the haze that still remained, looking as though new-created, half unreal.

CHAPTER XIV

Vassar

THE story of the founding of Vassar is really the history of a man's soul.

For more than sixty years Matthew Vassar struggled to make a fortune. He came from England when a little boy, and went with his family to a farm near Poughkeepsie. Here he grew up while the farming turned to a brewery business, and moved into town. Under the rule of a severe father, headstrong and quick-tempered, the boy was given practically no instruction, hardly knowing more than to read and write, and these with difficulty. He was supposed to work for his keep, and to work hard. Presently he was apprenticed by his father to a tanner for seven years, but just before the articles were signed he ran away from home with his mother's connivance, she walking with him as far as the village on the river from which he was to be ferried to the opposite shore, parting from her boy with tears.

His worldly possessions were six shillings and a bundle wrapped up in a bandana handkerchief. But before the day was out he had work

with a farmer and small shopkeeper, and three years later was given a salary of three hundred dollars a year, so satisfactory was the work he did. He left then for a better paying position, but was presently called by his father to come home and take care of the books of the brewery, now doing a fine business.

Things seemed going well, but a fire destroyed the brewery and ruined Matthew's father as well as indirectly causing his older brother's death.

This happened in 1811. The next year Matthew Vassar started in to make his own way in business. He was twenty years old. He hired part of an old dye house, and began brewing ale. Then he opened the first oyster and ale house in Poughkeepsie. He also got married.

All day long he worked. Brewing his ale, selling it to customers, selling the grain that had been used to make the drink by hawking it through the streets, and serving till midnight in his little restaurant.

That was his life for more than thirty years, with a constantly increasing success and ever-growing wealth. New breweries had to be built, and in time many men were working in his employ. By 1845 fortune had come.

Up to this time there had been no signs to show that the short, stout little gentleman, with the large, well-shaped head and the Napoleonic

profile, as the silhouette cut at the time reveals him, had anything but the instinct for business and saving (he grudged the spending of a penny that would not show solid value received), in the makeup of his character.

And now comes the moment when the idea for Vassar was born, and when the dormant soul of the man began to assert itself. It was a big soul, and it was satisfied only with a great accomplishment.

He went to Europe on what was probably the first vacation he ever took. There he visited Guy's Hospital, a charitable institution, and there the idea of using his money for some charitable enterprise struck him. A niece of his in Poughkeepsie was teaching a small school, which later developed into "a female seminary," and it was in talks with this niece that the conception of founding a college for women first broke upon his mind.

But it was a man, Milo P. Jewett, who did most of the hard work connected with getting the thing focused. It was he who suggested "a college for young women which shall be to them what Yale and Harvard are to young men."

There were scattered schools and what Dr. Jewett termed "so-called colleges" for women in existence, but there was no true endowed college.

Probably if there had been no Dr. Jewett there would have been no Vassar to-day. The brewer's fortune would have been scattered among a number of small benefactions, a school here, a library there, an asylum or hospital. There was plenty of opposition to the scheme, not only from Mr. Vassar's family but from many outsiders. But Dr. Jewett worked unceasingly for the purpose that had caught his imagination, and held the Founder's interest to the original conception—"The first grand permanent endowed Female College in the United States."

In 1861 the charter was granted, and the first building was staked out on the day when Fort Sumter fell.

Through the four years of the Civil War the building of Vassar went forward. Her President was appointed, naturally no other than Dr. Jewett. Her Trustees were chosen, and Dr. Jewett was sent to Europe to study the best methods of instruction. He came back with a splendid curriculum, broad as any yet known, with great plans for a first-class equipment, including an art gallery and library, great endowments, scientific apparatus; all this in 1863! He insisted that the college must fulfil expectations by opening in the following year, and pressed all his plans with the enthusiasm and

fervour of his temperament, against a growing opposition.

This opposition won, and President Jewett resigned before the opening of the college to which he had given years of ardent work. The actual factor was a letter he had written under great nervous strain and considerable heat of temper, in which he asserted that the Founder was showing an increasingly childish and vacillating spirit. This letter was put into Matthew Vassar's hands, and the break followed.

But Vassar College was not to be stopped now. It possessed an unusually good equipment for the time, its charter was singularly broad, and it had, in its Founder, a man who was growing to meet the opportunity in a remarkable manner. He wanted the best, and every day he saw further to what that best meant. No small and mean rules should warp the women coming here to work and to study. He wanted women to stand beside men as its professors, he wanted the religious element based not on this church or that, but on every Christian church. As he said, "Let our pupils see and know that beyond every difference there is, after all, but one God, one Gospel; and that the spires of whatsoever church forever point to heaven."

On September 20, 1865, the college opened. The great building was ready, the gardens and

parks were laid out and blooming, a curriculum had been prepared that had weathered many vicissitudes, being forced to bow in some degree to the ideas current at the time, but which worked fairly well, and which was in the hands of a fine Faculty. Vassar was open, and to it, from all over the country, came eager students, some as young as fifteen, many in their early twenties, others mature women who had longed for a wider horizon and saw in Matthew Vassar's realised vision a hope come true.

Vassar opened as Vassar Female College, but there was strong objection to the word female, and Mrs. Sarah J. Hale, editor of "Godey's Lady's Book," made a successful effort to have the word stricken out. In 1867 the marble slab in the front of the original, now known as the Main Building, was taken out and the present one

VASSAR COLLEGE
Founded A. D. 1861

substituted.

It had taken twenty years from Matthew Vassar's visit to London and the hospital that first spoke to him of a use for his money other than that of decorating his country home and laying out his private grounds, to the opening of the college that bears his name. They had

been twenty years of happiness, of great spiritual and intellectual growth, of an ever-broadening activity. Three years later, seated at conference with the Board, to whom he was reading his customary address, his head fell back upon the chair, and with hardly more than a sigh death took him.

To-day the great institution on the Hudson has grown from one to over a score of buildings. Its campus is one of the most beautiful to be found, and thousands study in its halls where there were hundreds in his day. It was Vassar that fought the good fight for a woman's right to the best there is of education and cultural development, preceding by ten years any other strong women's colleges here in America, and meeting the brunt of all the objections, fears and enemies to such a conception without wavering.

No wonder Vassar women are enthusiastic and loyal daughters of their Alma Mater.

And now for the present day, and the picture as we saw it, with June on the brink, and the Vassar girls working harder than ever, not only at the curriculum, but on the famous farm that has always belonged to the college, though as a rule the girls have shown no overpowering interest in agriculture. But in this war year they were doing their bit behind the hoe with a glorious

enthusiasm and splendid results in the rows of growing vegetables.

"Who will write 'The Girl with the Hoe'?" asked Sister, after we had seen them at work.

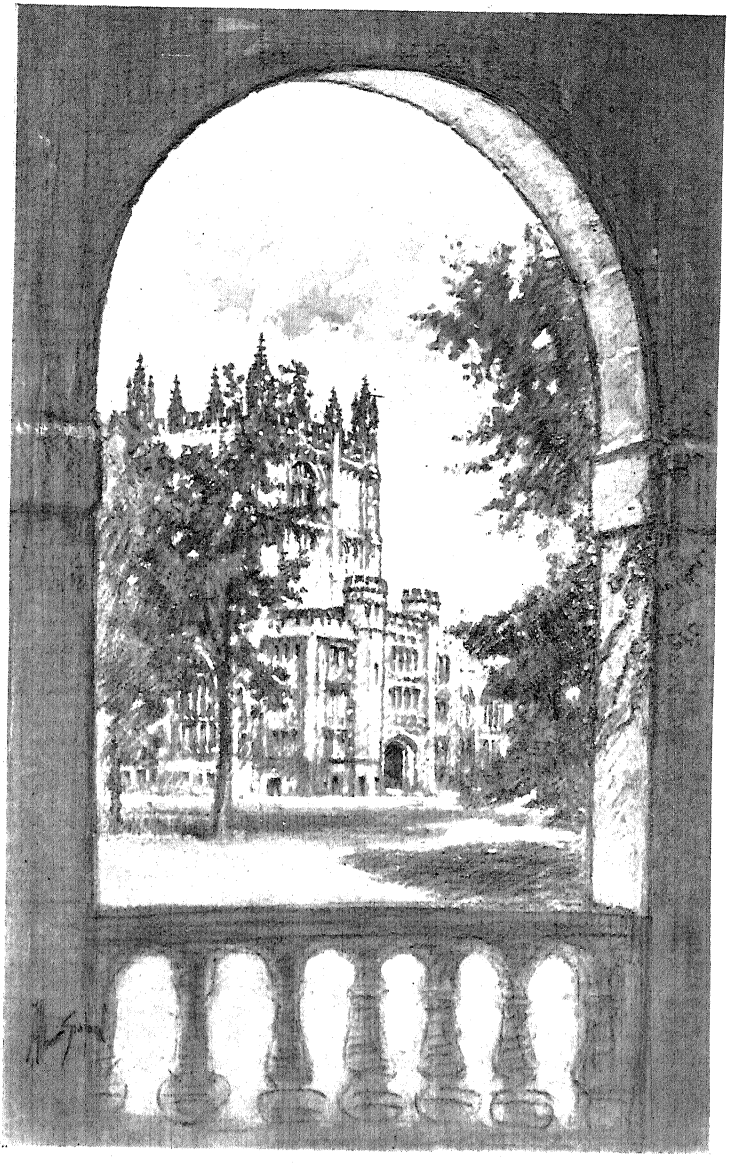
Vassar is about two miles from Poughkeepsie, in which she shows her good sense, for though the city, with its parks and its old homes, terraced up from the river as it is, holds much of beauty, it is too busy and crowded a place to have given Vassar the wide sweep she enjoys back there on her own hills under her giant trees. A small community has grown up about her, which is part of the township of Poughkeepsie, though it is not incorporated. This village is known as Arlington. Its claims to consideration are use rather than beauty, but its unattractiveness adds to the effect of Vassar upon the visitor, if that were needed.

You go in through the Lodge entrance, a medieval looking gateway of two flanking tower-like buildings joined by a central portion over a triple arch. A clock is set in the middle, above a row of narrow windows. The effect is good. A low wall fences the college grounds from the rest of the world.

By curves and under trees you reach the campus, which now has vastly overstepped the limits of the old grounds laid out by, it is said, Frederick Law Olmstead. Vassar is for-

tunate in her trees, which are fine and of many varieties. Pines flourish, firs make solid walls, beeches and oaks and maples, many of them class trees, for the Sophomore Class plants a tree for its memorial, give each their form and colour to the picture. Then there are gardens; gardens of all sorts, formal and useful, spring and wild, each one a glory and a delight after its own fashion. Amid all this expanse of natural and cultivated verdure and colour, the buildings, finely spaced and conforming to a large extent to the Gothic type, stand nobly. To be sure, there are many other specimens of architecture than the Gothic. There is the huge bulk of Main, which has been partly remodelled, and whose character is found in its practical fulfilment of the ends for which it was meant. There is the Students' Building, in the style of one of Virginia's public Colonial halls. There is the Olivia Josselyn Hall, with its wide spreading wings and severity of outline, and the New England Building, fashioned like some old Colonial structure in Massachusetts or Maine.

But Taylor Hall, that gives a magnificent entrance to the campus through its perfectly proportioned archway, the Chapel with its fine cloisters and low Norman tower, the Library, perhaps most beautiful of Vassar's buildings, these make the college notable for Gothic addi-



The Library, Perhaps the Most Beautiful of Vassar's Buildings

tions to our American possessions of that special form for which we can well be thankful. There are other portions of the college that take this same architectural shape, but these three are supreme.

The flat campus, while about are plenty of hills and long slopes, is most effective. It gives distance, it allows the arching trees to form long aisles, it harmonises the various portions of the college into one impressive whole.

Main once held all Vassar. Now practically all the different departments have found each its own building, the professors have moved out to houses of their own, the great residence buildings make the new homes for the students. Here, however, Main still holds its own, for in her the Seniors live, and here they have their Parlour, that room that has become one of Vassar's chief traditions—and bids fair to become, too, an enormous expense to each incoming Senior Class. For it was considered that the latest come Seniors must express the particular character and temperament of their special class in a totally different way from those who had gone before. So new furniture, new rugs and hangings and fittings, must be put into the old room. Each class tried to outdo the one preceding, with the natural result that economy curled up and died, and it was becoming impossible to beat the game,

anyway. Thereupon reason stepped in and now the girls are gradually assembling certain permanent pieces in the Parlour, and seeking simplicity rather than expensiveness in the more ephemeral of the decorations.

It is close to Main and the older buildings, with the ivy creeping up the brick walls, that you find the largest of the Class trees. The Sophomore Tree exercises usually take the form of a lovely pageant, with dances and singing. Now it may be some Druid ceremony, with woven paces and with waving arms, or lightly dancing hamadryads that play some Grecian game. Or it may take the form of an old legend, or simply express some charming fancy born in an undergraduate brain. Raymond Hall, Strong Hall, these have their trees from older days. Now they are being set out along the newer campus and by buildings that have come into being since the new century entered—and Vassar has made great growth in the past ten years. The Chapel, the Gothic Library, the Chemical Laboratory, Students' Building, Taylor Hall, all these have been built since 1904, besides a great work of reconstruction in some of the older buildings. Vassar has never lost any of her original buildings. No fire has come to destroy the cradle in which she spent her youth. Here she is to-day, growing on and on, spreading into new halls and lecture rooms

and laboratories, yet keeping all she had. You can read the whole history of Vassar right on her campus.

Even the grounds themselves have grown and changed with her development. Besides the little old lake there is the New Lake; and come, as we did, on a day in spring down the path to that lake, with its tall pines mingling their singing boughs far overhead, whispering of the water that begins to gleam between their trunks. Follow that exquisite path as it follows the curves of the lake shore. What a green and checkered way it is, and how the birds sing there!

Sister and I, who had been going the round of the buildings, joyfully followed a charming girl along this path, steeped with pine fragrance and bordered by lovely little wild flowers, purple and white and pink.

"Do you use the lake much?" was our question. For it looked a place to live on, as we stopped to gaze across to the hillslope on the farther bank, Sunset Hill, or Sunset, as they call it, affectionately. Pines fringed its brow, and on one side an orchard from which the blossoms had now gone climbed sturdily up, the trees leaning over to the task in the way the apple has.

"We float about a lot in those safety first flat-bottomed boats, that are the best in the world to lounge in. And we canoe, too. Go way up the

brook, across a swamp, anywhere where a few inches of water will float the canoe. But it isn't big enough for racing."

Vassar is a place for walks, even for hikes. They have their Mountain Day here too. Usually it falls about the middle of October, and away goes the whole college. Some make tramps of twenty miles, others are far more conservative, and two miles look good to them. But before any girl is through with her four years she is sure to appreciate outdoor life. You couldn't live in such an environment and not be attracted to the great outdoors.

"We have a skating carnival in winter, lots of fun," went on our guide, stepping ahead of us in her green smock, that merged with the woodland delightfully. "Build big bonfires all round the lake, hang up Jap. lanterns, toast chestnuts and marshmallows, and skate to beat the band. We ask our men friends to that, and it's a sight, with the shadows leaping and falling, and the woollen caps and sweaters, all colours, the black lake and sky, the trees, the white snow. Once in a while we get some coasting, though there are so many trees that we usually have more spills than clear racing. But fun!"

She had more to say about the lake, for it seems that if there is no skating a gloom falls upon the college, not alone because a charming

sport is lost, but because it is a Vassar fact that more students fail at midyear examinations. So it is, let who can explain it.

"Exams.," she continued, with a considerable twinkle in her eye, "are queer things. Now, it is a foregone conclusion that every Freshman has to fall down the entrance stairs of Main at least once. Should she escape this fate, she won't pass her exams. Out she goes. It is mysterious, but Vassar has her mysteries. There is a ghost in North Tower, you know. And the owl, of course, is our bird. You can see its interesting face on the spoons in Senior Parlour, and meet it round generally. Well, the wise bird knows it's our mascot, and there are always one or two living round the eaves of Main."

We walked across to the outdoor theatre, under the trees on Sunset in a natural amphitheatre. Vassar's Dramatic Club gives plays here, and pageants are also held in its green lap. Vassar loves pageants and dancing. There is the Senior hoop and dance celebration of May Day. Each class varies the program, of course. But it is usually held at dusk of a fine May evening, the Seniors are in costume, the hoops trimmed to match, and the evolutions, measured and beautiful, with the colours of the dresses carefully planned and massed, make an unforgettable sight. Founder's Day is another occasion for

festal events. Field Day is the time for the athletic contests on the Circle. Vassar was busy with athletics before such things were considered quite proper by the mammas of the period, and she has kept them up. Now there is the big new Gymnasium with its track and paraphernalia, there are tennis fields and golf, basket ball and base-ball. Vassar is agitating the question of inter-collegiate sports.

"Why shouldn't the girls' colleges compete with each other as well as have the interclass contests?" I wanted to be told. But the matter is still a moot one. There is the danger of making athletics too important, there is the expense, and it will be necessary to get the other women's colleges to agree, since it would hardly pay to have but two or three interested.

The students all live in the Residence Halls, and have their various dining halls. Student Building has one, also Main, and there are others. The college is supplied with its own milk, having a beautiful herd of certified cows, on whose sleek forms we were permitted to gaze. The farm supplies fresh vegetables too. This has obtained from the first and works out well. It makes for a large number of employees, most of whom live in the village of Arlington. Vassar runs a club for these assistants, at least for the women, the Goodfellowship Club. There are no dues, and the college girls

do a lot of work in connection with the classes held there, the dances and parties given. It is a sort of college settlement right inside the college walls, where girls interested in social betterment can come to grips with actual conditions.

Vassar works hard for democracy within her gates. It is the proper thing to dress simply. No student is allowed to keep a horse or an automobile. All the rooms on the campus, be they good or be they less so, cost the same. You must depend on your luck and not on your pocket-book to secure the one you want. Another point making for democracy is that the Faculty share the houses on the campus to an unusual extent with the students. There is a most friendly and chummy relationship between many of the girls and their women professors. There have never been any fraternities; the unit is the class. A Student Association sees that the rules of the college are maintained. There used to be a great many, but now the modern idea prevails, and the girls are no longer treated like children. Chapel attendance is enforced by the Faculty, which also has the responsibility for social conduct beyond the campus, and for absences from college in its control. But most of the extra-collegiate matters are managed by the Seniors who form the Association.

The day had grown warm, and we lingered at

the Gymnasium to watch the swimming in the pool with envy. Every girl seemed to be an adept at diving and fancy strokes. How they loved it! Surely this life of the college girl is a full and an interesting one. It takes both body and mind and seeks to make them fit and fine. It is full of joyous celebrations, and there is plenty of serious work. Out again on the campus we were given an idea of the charm of Class Day, and of the singing on the steps of Rockefeller Hall.

Every one has heard of the Daisy Chain. The march from Rockefeller to the Square before the Chapel, with the different classes in their fresh summer gowns, the famous chain in the midst, a chosen group from the Sophomore Class, clad in pure white, bearing the flowery rope on their young shoulders. On the night of Commencement Day the class supper is held, and the Seniors, so soon to scatter, sing around the tree they planted in their Sophomore year. There is a picnic supper on the Circle the evening of Class Day, there are dances and receptions.

With each step you take about the campus you find some item worth notice. There is the inscription on the lamps leading to the Library: "Light Was Given Us to Discover Onward Things." There is the Conservatory, a spot of revelling flowers and growing things. There is

the Observatory, with its traditions of Miss Maria Mitchell's Dome parties, delight of her students.

"And here they hold the Junior Masquerade in April, when all sorts of stunts and skits are the order of the hour. And the College Choir marches here to Chapel for the Commencement exercises. And here . . . and here . . ."

But enough. It would take much more than a chapter to tell about Vassar. There she is, among her glens and singing brooks, her splendid campus, her two lakes and her hills, busy, happy, filled with the spirit of the times. This year her students have been plunged in war relief work, in Red Cross work, in agricultural labour. They are thoroughly alive to the call of the times, and ready to give themselves freely.

"If this business the reincarnationists tell us is true, I'm going to come back here for the sole purpose of being a college girl," declared Sister, as we motored away to take the departing train. "Choosing would be difficult, but you can go from college to college in each reincarnation, and get the fun—and of course the work—out of all."

The work is the most important part to the college. But to the visitor it is the fun that makes the greater appeal.

CHAPTER XV

West Point

As we sped along the Hudson, south from Poughkeepsie, we were on familiar ground. More than once the boat races had brought us up here, when everything was a-flutter with flags and packed with holiday girls and boys and alumni. We decided, being now fairly wise on the subject of women's colleges, that the girls' crews ought to meet on that beautiful stream each year for a race and regatta of their own.

"Why not? Wouldn't it be a fine sight to see those slim maids pulling against each other, with mothers and aunts proudly telling how they themselves had rowed stroke or number five or been coxswain of the crew of such and such a year, and brothers and fathers rooting with all their manly vigour? I think it will come some day, and I hope I can get up here to see it." So Sister.

I put the thought down here, a free gift to the athletic societies of the women's colleges.

West Point was almost like getting home to us. Many a wonderful night had we had at cadet hops in the years when such events spell

the word heaven. Every inch of that historic ground not covered by buildings into which we were not allowed to go was known to us. The river there takes a noble course between the precipitous Highlands, that tower up to Storm King and Crowsnest on the West Point side, and the lovely hills of the opposite shore, where, at Garrison's, we left the train to take the ferry across.

There had been much building on the Academy grounds since we had been frequent guests there. The Chapel, rising so superbly above the trees that climbed the abrupt slope from the river, had not been finished when last we visited there. The whole outline of the college as seen from the river was more impressive, more solid, far more what a great military school should be, than in the old days. Between 1902 and 1908 West Point had had something like seven and a half millions spent on improving its equipment. The work had been needed, and it has been magnificently carried out.

The road from the ferry landing that carries you up to the plateau where West Point stands, dominating the Hudson like some medieval town in an ancient print above a fabled river, is easier of grade than it used to be, and in tip-top condition. Our jitney whisked us up with no more effort that it takes a ball to sail through the air.

"We could do with some more like that," was the comment of our driver, as we remarked on the perfection we had rolled over.

There it lay, the green, flat stretch, some sixty acres, of the Parade Ground, looking unchanged, as it probably is. The elms ringed it as finely as of old, drooping their boughs in a vast fringe along its western edge, where the roadway bounds it, and where the homes of Officers' Row stand orderly and attractive.

The modern buildings have a fortress-like look. Grey stone, with square towers and battlemented façades, with long, narrow windows, the academic building stretches in a long line from one angle to the other, a truly colossal structure. There is nothing ephemeral in the present appearance of West Point. It is built for use and it is built to stay. There is something stern in the effect it gives, but this does not detract from its beauty.

"It looks the way it ought to look," said Sister, as we walked, matching our memories with what we now saw. And somehow, for all its changes, the old place gives you the same feeling.

This is partly because the setting of the school is so wonderful, the outline of mountain, precipice, curving river, the farther views, the nearer splendour of forest are so unforgettable. It is these that have remained in your mind, not the precise look and placing of the buildings.

We crossed the Parade Ground, going north to the Battle Monument, with its Victory, work of MacMonnies, atop the graceful column. Beyond that flying figure the blue reaches of the Hudson sweep grandly. Constitution Island, site of two old forts, and the property of the Point since 1908, lies in the river almost directly below. You seem to be looking on a sea of green boughs where you are not looking at the shining river. Surely never was there a greener stretch of country than that around West Point, or one more thickly wooded.

"Mustn't miss Flirtation Walk," I reminded Sister.

West Point is not so devoid of "quiet nooks" as Annapolis. The contours of its site cannot be so easily circumvented here as there by the machinations of landscape gardeners or official plans. Flirtation is a long, meandering path, barely wide enough for two, that hangs its enchanted footway along the cliffs of the river edge of the post for a considerable distance. There are times when any one not accompanied by a cadet would be an intruder here. But at present the students were all thoroughly occupied behind the grey walls of Academic Building. That is one thing about a military or a naval school. You can find every single cadet at any moment of the day, simply by looking at the clock. That is, of

course, if you know the schedule. We had been familiar with it once, from reveille to taps. And now, since we saw no grey figures moving anywhere, we knew that they must be at their study hours.

The first class had already graduated, on account of the war. The second was to graduate months and months before its time, but was still here, with the plebes and the third class or yearlings. Presently the whole corps of cadets would be moving into summer camp.

That camp is a sight every housekeeper in the world should see. Those immaculate company streets, the tents so perfectly aligned, all the living arrangements completely adjusted to the requirements, not a thread or a fold out of place or crooked. In the Army and the Navy, and in their two Academies that draw boys from every part of the land and from all conditions of life, neatness and order are raised to the height of fine arts. No lad who has spent his four years at either place is going to have a sloppy or an untidy cell in his entire makeup.

During the summer the academic work is suspended, and the cadets attend entirely to the business of learning to live properly in camp, and to what they call field work, which means a good deal. Rain or shine, they are out in the open to a degree that makes it unanimous.

Marches, drills, riding and artillery practice, map making . . .

But I won't change this into an itinerary of the myriad tasks that engage a West Point cadet even at what might be termed the slack time of year. It is usually soon after the graduation of the first class that the corps moves to its summer quarters. In a moment the tents are raised, the figures that seemed to be scurrying about aimlessly have finished changing a piece of ground into a little city, the band plays, everything is ship-shape and company by company the boys take possession.

West Point, now moving with such smoothness, and destined to greater expansion, for which it stands ready and fit, had anything but a smooth beginning. It started and halted and almost quit, like a balky car. Washington had recommended the Point as a good place for the military school that had been proposed as far back as 1776, by Henry Knox. At that time a committee to draw plans for such a school was appointed by the Continental Congress. The year following a Corps of Invalids was organised in Philadelphia, and in 1781 this corps was transferred to West Point, and was to serve "as a military school for young gentlemen previous to their appointment to marching regiments." To accommodate the corps of teachers and the young

gentlemen due to follow, three buildings had been erected, a Library and Engineers' School and a Laboratory.

But Washington wanted something more like the idea contained in Knox's recommendation for an Academy, and in 1783 he took the matter up at Newburgh, to which he had removed his headquarters. Nothing much happened, however. It was not till '94 that a school for artillery, engineers and cadets was established, and two years later the buildings burned down, ending that.

Once more, in 1801, the attempt to get a start was made. In fact, it was all starts. In 1802 there was another, President Jefferson approving an act to establish a military school at West Point, and on the Fourth of July of that year the Academy opened with ten cadets. Acts of this year and of 1808 authorised as many as a hundred and seventy-six cadets, but that was all there was to it. Nothing was done toward appointing them, and during the season of 1811-12 there was practically no instruction at all. In March of the latter year there was not a single instructor at the school. So far, in all its years of life, if it could be called anything so energetic as life, eighty-eight cadets had been graduated.

But one month later a change came. Congress got stirred to whatever corresponds to depths, re-

organised the Academy and developed general plans and principles that have endured to this time. As many as two hundred and fifty cadets were allowed, and a Superintendent appointed. This man was Major Sylvanus Thayer, an able and intelligent officer, and under his administration West Point found a real birth.

The historical interest of the place dates back before it was a school, of course. Here were part of the important defences of the Hudson. Up on the hill behind the Academy was Fort Putnam, named for General Rufus Putnam, the great engineer, who planned the defences. Down close to the present landing was Battery Knox. At the sharpest projection of the point stood Fort Clinton, called Fort Arnold at that time.

Old Fort Putnam, or its ruins, still remain, and the climb up Independence Mount is worth taking, not so much because the grass-covered remains of the earthworks tell you much, nor the shattered walls that are so covered with creepers, but because of the view. An autumn day up there is a revelation of what the Hudson Highlands can do in the way of colour, and the view up and down the river extends for miles. Fort Clinton, nearer to the Academy, has before it a monument to Kosciusko, who was associated here with General Putnam, which was put up by the Corps of Cadets of 1828. It was these fortifications that Benedict

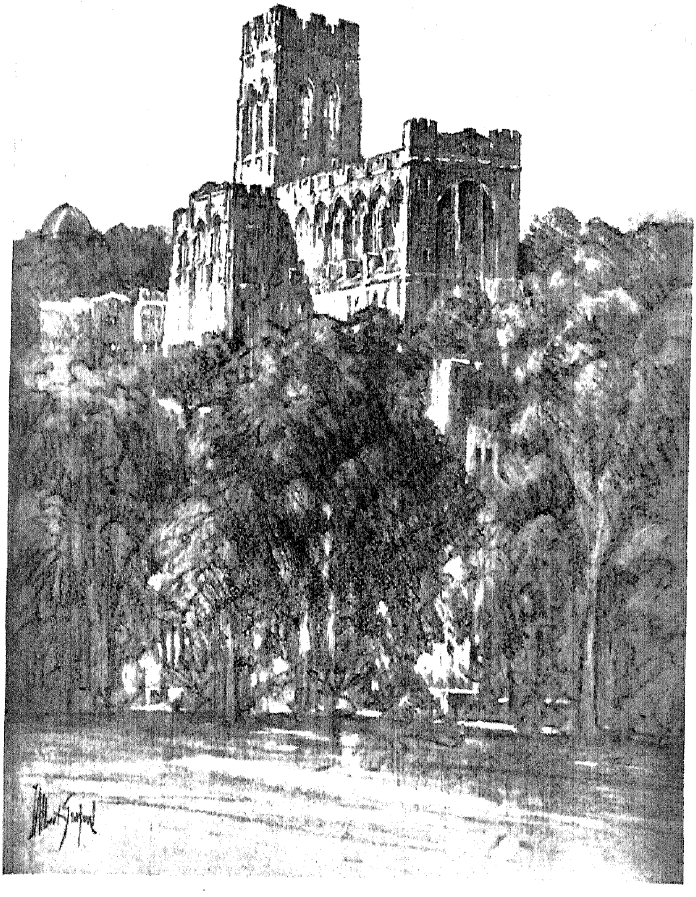
Arnold, then commanding them, had planned to deliver into the British hands.

Sister and I climbed the hill to Fort Putnam for the remembered beauty of that panorama. Could it really be as lovely as we thought it had been?

It is.

You look up river to where the bulk of Crowsnest faces the noble headlands that there reach their greatest height on the opposite shore. The river narrows and darkens between them, with wonderful purple and emerald hues caught from their shaggy sides. Just a glimpse of farther stretches, silvery clear, and lower hills. The long, beautiful island, with its bold banks, splits the water just below the narrow gorge, and the opposite country here lowers and spreads to lovely rolling hills, still thickly wooded, but showing a white spire or a roof, a cluster of buildings on the shore, the tracks of the New York Central and a crawling train. Right below the Parade, the buildings, the ordered beauty of the Post lies flat before you, beyond the massed trees that slope down to it, while southward the eye gathers other glorious reaches of green and blue. A steamer comes upstream, a sailing boat slips through the water.

Around us hundreds of birds were flitting and singing, mad with the loveliness of the early June



The Chapel, West Point

day. Budding laurel promised glory in a week or two.

"We have been from river to river on this little trip of ours," Sister remarked. "There was the Rapidan, the James, the Androscoggin, the Connecticut. But after all, there's something about the Hudson . . ."

"That can't be beaten? You're right."

We walked slowly back through the fragrant woods, for we had not yet really begun to see the new West Point.

The Tudor or Collegiate Gothic is the architectural style in which the great academic buildings and the cadet barracks have been built. The Chapel strikes the note of pure beauty; in the working buildings the first consideration has of course been that of use, but beauty has never been lost sight of, and these fine piles, with their towers and their richly treated entrances, make a superb showing. There is just enough decoration —a piece of carving here, a turret, an arch, a vaulted passage, an arcade—to break the severity of the grey stone with its necessary repetitions of design. Clocks add a bit of variety, and the green boughs of the trees soften the whole admirably. It is a beautifully planned thing, and the arrangement of the buildings is such that they can be almost indefinitely enlarged to meet increasing needs, should these arise.

The most striking success is the adaptability of the style of the architecture chosen with the type of landscape into which it must fit.

"The whole thing might almost have grown here of itself," was my decision, as we took the effect of the mass and extent of the buildings with the crags and sharp rises that surround them. "Nothing else would have done."

In the past the officers' quarters south of the Mess Hall, on what I believe is called the Peru Road, used to be unsatisfactory and barren places. Now they are charming gabled homes of brick, sheltered by an excellently planned wall, and making, with their vines and under their shadowing trees, as pretty and delightful an impression as any young wife could wish for. We had visited a bride in one of those earlier houses, or half-houses, and had heard criticisms of army ideas of home architecture. These had been excellently thorough, and you could almost imagine anything but the most hardened house simply crumbling under them. Well, they had crumbled.

"And do you remember the first winter night we spent there?" Sister asked me.

I did. About four in the morning we had been—you couldn't call it awakened, it was too violent, too tremendous, for that—we had been suddenly yanked from a deep slumber into a mad place where gigantic demons belaboured each

other with shrieks and howls, with wild whangs of metal on metal and terrific explosions. Clasping each other as we shot into the air and trembling with emotion, we gasped; we couldn't even call for help, the thing was too awful.

Somehow, piercing through the hideous clamour to where we sat and shook, our hostess' voice reached us from an adjoining room where she, too, must surely be suffering:

"Don't mind it," she called. "They are just turning on the heat at the central plant, and it's the radiators."

The sound of a bugle reached us as we turned back from this spot of many memories, and we stepped lively, in true New York fashion, for we knew it meant that the boys were marching to mess, and we wanted to see them.

If any one on earth doubts what training can do, let him or her come to West Point and see it working. When the candidates arrive they are a motley crew of embarrassed youngsters of every shape and size and idea in clothes. They come from every part of the country and from pretty nearly every kind of a home, or no home, for occasionally some boy has been appointed from an orphan asylum. They look every which way, and they feel that way too. "Animals" was what the upperclassmen called them when we used to be visitors at the Point, and I daresay they call

them that yet. I think the appellation lasts till they arrive at Plebe Camp, though maybe it drops away earlier.

Look at those same boys only a year later.

While they are in the Plebe state they are treated with a good deal of contempt by the superior classes. That is, they are not supposed to speak till spoken to, they cannot dance at the hops, they must hold themselves rigid, they must do certain chores, they must serve the dishes at table,—not as waiters, but as servers—they must walk a chalk line. If they are out walking and meet an upperclassman, they salute him, but to address him would be unthinkable, and as for his speaking to them, except in the voice of command, it isn't done, that's all. The year has been a hard one, and it has been solid work. But what it has accomplished is not less than marvellous.

We stood on the sidewalk and watched the corps swing along in faultless alignment. The three lower classes were all that was left, since the First Class had gone. The Plebe Class had only been there since September. Yet look at them. Each young figure so disciplined, so sure of its movements, so rhythmical. Clear-eyed, clear-skinned, tanned, alive to their finger tips, company by company they marched, radiating health, vigour and control.

"In the pink, as our English allies would say," murmured Sister.

The rattle of commands as the officers swung the column and took it into the hall fell sharp and decisive. No hesitations, no mumblings, no waste movements. Grey line by line they vanished, to take their places at the tables, each holding ten, each most attractive with linen and silver . . . and immediately to burst into lively talk and laughter, for there is no silence rule to make eating a glum business. They used to tell us that the Plebes were obliged to answer unerringly just how many days it was to June whenever the question was fired at them by an upperclassman, and that this was one of the topics at meals. If a Plebe miscalculated, why, the right number could easily be fixed in his memory by requiring him to eat it in prunes.

"Many a Plebe forms a dislike to prunes that lasts through life," was the grave statement. And when we were further informed that as many as a hundred had been eaten by some luckless youth as a penalty we had not wondered.

Mess Hall, or Grant Hall, to give it its right title, together with Headquarters Building, contains portraits of a number of distinguished soldiers. Memorial Hall has relics of wars and victories, of the heroic dead who had lived and died for America. Captured cannon, flags, in-

signia, West Point is full of reminders to its growing classes of what the men who preceded them here have done. An hour in Thayer Room in the Memorial Hall is worth more than many written pages. Spacious, silent, with its ring of immortal battle names making a glorious frieze beneath the beautiful ceiling. The supporting pilasters that mark the wall into segments, within which are precious bronzes, portraits and trophies, seem to stand like sentinels, guarding a treasure. At the end a painting of the Hudson opposite West Point, with the great headlands that confine it, hangs with the effect of a stage drop—a fitting set. Flags droop their folds on either side.

Colonel Thayer, called the Father of West Point, has a granite statue to his honour in one corner of the Parade Ground, and a bronze statue has been raised to Major-General Sedgewick, of the U. S. Volunteers, killed at Spottsylvania while making a personal reconnaisance.

West Point's Library is said to be the largest military library in the world, so far as the collection of books goes. The building has been tremendously improved from what it was, having been, so far as we could see, entirely reconstructed. It contains two interesting memorials by Saint Gaudens, in honour of two cadets who never graduated: James McNeil Whistler and Edgar Allan Poe. Neither of these two, appar-

ently, had been raised to be a soldier, and their contact with West Point was brief. A drawing or two of Whistler's without any special merit is still owned by the Academy, but there seem to be no West Point poems by Poe.

If we had had time we should have travelled again the lovely bit of road between the Point and the Cemetery, where lie Thayer, Winfield Scott, Anderson and many more. There is also a monument to the Cadets. But we could not leave the centre of interest. Riding drill was on on the drill grounds, with its clouds of dust following the heels of the horses. That is a sight of real adventure. Perhaps not so thrilling as the stunts done in Riding Hall, which we had watched with breathless interest many a time, especially when the Plebe Class took its life in its hands and flew about the ring, on or off the horse, as luck had it. But out on the plain it was great riding. The West Point day is full of incidents. In the morning you hear the light, ringing reveille and soon the marching feet, and later there will be Guard Mount and special drills, sword and foil exercise, athletic work, the marches to and from mess and to and from recitation, and at last Dress Parade. Dress Parade, even in camp, in all the speckless pride of white trousers and short cadet jacket, before retreat.

And what a sight it is. Sitting there under the

elms in the iron seats we watched it. Heard the music blare out as the classes formed on the south side, the approaching softness of sunset just tingeing the sky. There they came. First the band, then those inerrant ranks. The shadows are deepening a little, the green parade looks greener, beyond the view spreads far. Over our heads the elms swayed slightly, dreaming to the music. How often we had seen that gallant sight, but never at the edge of war. Here they come, led by their trig young officers, those who would so soon be in France, fighting in their turn that age-long fight for liberty which has always been America's fight since the day of her birth.

There is the adjutant, his plume waving. The Commandant of the Academy is waiting, with his staff. The commands sound, the companies advance, the sun touches the bayonets till they look like a river of silver. The colour company passes, the banners waving, and there are more orders, rhythmic yet sharp, and with matchless ease and precision the battalion comes to parade rest.

Now the band marches across, down in front of the whole line, pauses, turns, and marches back, playing all the time.

After that come the evolutions, the inspection, the march of the officers and salute to the Commandant. Picture on picture. We sat, looking, listening. It is one of the finest things in

America, dress parade at West Point, and at this time, when war lay in waiting for those bright figures, it was almost too beautiful for endurance. As the band died to silence, as the drum rolled and the flag came fluttering at the same instant to the ground, to be caught and furled, while the corps stood at attention and such lookers-on as were there stood silent, my eyes were so full that the picture wavered and blurred. . . .

And then the spell broke. Away marched band and cadets. The wives and friends of the officers began to talk and laugh. We, who were to motor down home with friends, made off to the waiting car and climbed aboard. The sun had gone, but the sky was rose and purple, and we left West Point behind us in a glory.

CHAPTER XVI

Cornell

I HAD always thought of New York as a state running north and south, and to find it just as enthusiastically going west was interesting. Its Western progress too proved full of variety. New York is fond of scenery, and experiments in pretty much all kinds, omitting deserts and snowpeaks alone. Sister and I found it more exciting to look out of the car window than to read the magazines with which we had fortified ourselves against the hours of travel before us.

Ithaca is huge and very busy. Since firearms are part of the job it has on its manufacturing hands, it has been speeding up considerably during the last three years. With water power that comes shouting in from all the surrounding hills, wheels are turning madly day and night, and the streets are crowded with traffic. Even coming directly from the metropolis Ithaca gives you an impression of hustle and life. No quiet college town this, lost in the long, long thoughts of youth. But up on the heights above the business city there are charming residential sections. East Hill they call that part, and Cornell and Cayuga

Heights, or simply The Heights, which has a sort of Excelsior! sound, are the choicest portions. Wonderful views, a fine air, the music of running waters and plenty of elbow room for gardens give the Ithacan every reason for the enthusiasm he shows regarding his home town.

Cornell, like the town to which it gives distinction, is also very busy and very large. The largest of any American University except Columbia, co-educational, and carrying out with triumphant success the expressed desire of Ezra Cornell to found a place where everybody could learn anything.

Cornell wanted to found a University that was absolutely unsectarian, and that should meet the demand for practical training and instruction as well as for study in the sciences and the humanities. He stood ready to give half a million dollars, two hundred acres of land and some other items for this purpose, on condition that the state would add the money to be derived from the sale of the Morrill lands, public lands in its possession granted to it in 1862 by the Morrill act, for the purpose of establishing a college where agriculture and the mechanic arts should be taught.

In April, 1865, in spite of bitter opposition to Cornell's plan, especially from denominational schools and institutions, the University was incor-

porated. It is extraordinary to find how certainly opposition can be counted on in this world when there is a proposal to do anything thoroughly worth doing. There seems to be a permanent body of antis in existence, ready to flap and screech and warn and hamper at a moment's notice. One visualises them, bat-like in their dark haunts, happy and at peace until a new ray of the hated light strikes upon them, and then they are up and whirling.

And here, in spite of them, magnificent Cornell sat proud and fair on its hills, overlooking city and lake and rolling country, welcoming thousands of young men and women yearly to its privileges, reaching out through its summer schools and its extension work to the remotest parts of the country, working "from the ground up," teaching the farmer how to farm and the scientist how to use his trained faculties for definite accomplishment. For a University with so broad an aim, no more characteristic site could have been chosen than this. From the campus you see water and land and sky at their loveliest, and there appears no limit to the distance except that imposed by your own eyes. Close at hand are the wildest and most beautiful glens and cañons, rushing streams and numberless falls, shadowed by pines and hemlocks and noble deciduous trees—nature untouched and splendid. There are also

farms and factories and mills. And there is the ordered charm of lawn and garden, the richness of ivy, the dignity of noble buildings. All that Cornell stands for surrounds her.

There is so much of Cornell that it is difficult to get a complete impression of the University. You imagine that you have seen it all, and then another step opens up what looks like a whole new University to your astonished eyes. But there is a centre, the famous Stone Quadrangle, and there is a particularly charming way of reaching it, by Central Avenue. This was the mode of approach Sister and I chose. The Avenue is one of the college streets, running from town into the very heart of the campus, and is bordered by magnificent trees, elms and horse chestnuts. On one side is a paved pathway, on the other the ground, grassy and exquisitely cared for, slopes upward from the edge of the roadbed.

These long slopes are characteristic, and give a beautiful effect. Everywhere the lawns seem to heave slightly, in curves so subtle that they produce a sense of rhythm. In some places the descent is sharper, such, for instance, as the ground where the men's dormitories stand. Here terraces have been necessary, the necessity inducing a particularly good result. Flights of steps lead up from house to house, the houses being architecturally fitted to this arrange-

ment in a delightful manner. The open court that lies between is dominated at the top by a beautiful, heavy square tower, that makes the transverse holding the long, descending wings together. The stone used for building has been taken from the neighbourhood, and as the colouring of this stone is warm and varied, the entire effect is one of welcome and gaiety that is most appealing.

But Sister and I are still on Central Avenue, with the high tower of the Library soaring above the trees, an unmistakable guide to the campus. Just before attaining to it we passed Sage Chapel, a harmonious grouping of gables and sloping roof, with great oriel windows that let a glamourous light in upon an interior rich and subdued, with a vaulted ceiling full of colour and finely decorative. Here ministers from all denominations are free to preach the truth they accept, and here the students may come if they choose, or remain away unquestioned. Close to the Chapel is Barnes Hall, the building of the Christian Association at Cornell, large, with a rounded end and a tower giving it a semi-ecclesiastical look. The fact that Cornell opens its doors to those who have no religious convictions does not prevent it from giving a hearty and a beautiful welcome to those who have.

And now we walked on, between the Library

and Boardman Hall and gazed down the length of the campus.

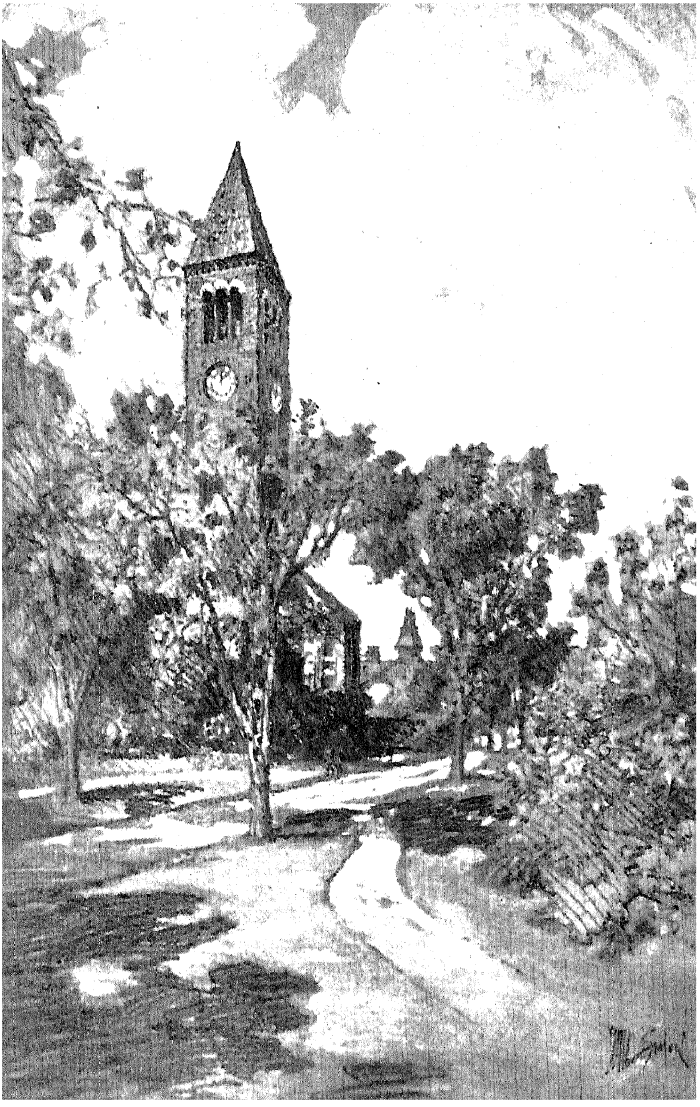
What a scene of activity and yet of peace it was. The long stretch of lawns, so beautifully shaded by elms, with drinking fountains in graceful stone bowls, with decorative seats of white marble, with crossing paths on which young men and maidens passed, going from college to college; the stone buildings, richly hung with vines, the breadth and airiness, the impression of being on a height—the moment was a fine one.

Clear across, occupying the entire north end, was Sibley College, the mechanical engineering and mechanic arts building. With its heavy, square central portion, its broad wings and low dome this college is a perfect terminal to the long vista.

Sitting on the steps of Boardman Hall, we surveyed the prospect in sequestered ease, except when prospective young lawyers, on their way to and from classes, ran up and down these same steps. Boardman Hall is very thoroughly covered with ivy and makes a handsome background. In line with it to the east, but off the University campus, as the one enclosed by the stone quadrangle is called, is Stimson Hall, the medical school. Only the first year men study here, the course being finished in New York City, at the college there owned by the University.

The eastern frontage to the campus is supplied by Goldwin Smith Hall, with broad wings extending from a Doric centre, whose huge columns, sun and shadow flecked, were beautiful to look upon. Here the humanities are taught; history, the arts and the liberal sciences. Up and down its wide steps went men and girls, eager after beauty and truth. Never, it seemed to us, had we seen so much life on a campus before. Perfect streams of young people moved within our line of vision, going in groups and squads. Many of the men were in khaki. Cornell has long maintained a military organisation, it has officers of the regular army for instructors, and practically the entire Freshman class of men go into the regiment as the best way of fulfilling the required athletic and hygienic requirements of that year. The effect upon their carriage and good health is marked; they are a lively, snappy set, and after continuing the work for several months they have learnt much of the technique of military life and the science of war. Of course, in a year like this, the military course was crowded. The uniforms gave the campus scene an added touch of romance and colour.

"What a place!" exclaimed Sister. "Just sitting here and looking on is a liberal education. I suppose every state in the Union is represented among those boys and girls. How im-



The Great Library with its Upspringing Tower

mensely alive they all seem, and what a lot of enthusiasm they express simply by their way of walking, of talking in such interested groups, of dashing away suddenly toward one of the entrances. And see them disappearing down those paths leading east. There must be a lot more to study over there."

There was. In that direction lay most of the technical and agricultural buildings, the farms and poultry houses and dairies. Southeast was the great Athletic Field, the Armory and the Gymnasium. But of these later.

Finishing the eastern side of the quadrangle is Lincoln Building, the home of the civil engineering work of the University, a place of many gables and much ivy. Between the buildings show fascinating hints of the scenery, and from their upper, outward looking windows the view of the surroundings is superb.

The west side of the quad are White Hall, College of Architecture, McGraw Hall, Geology and Zoölogy, with Morrill Hall, which holds the administrative offices on the ground floor, and the Psychological Laboratory on the upper floor. In the corner, between Boardman and Morrill, is the great Library with its upspringing tower, sharply pointed. The light grey stone of which it is built, much hidden by ivy, is beautifully adapted to the irregular charm of the construc-

tion, and the building completes a particularly harmonious and yet sufficiently varied frame to the fine campus. The Library has an endowment of a million and a great collection of books in the general library, besides many special collections. As was explained to us at Yale, a University Library has many needs to meet, amid which those of the undergraduates are but a small part. Cornell is magnificently supplied to meet such needs, and is constantly adding to her possessions.

Here then was the entire group that goes to make the Stone Quadrangle, but the difficulty of conveying an impression of that sun-swept and tree-shaded and palace-sided oblong as we two, sitting there and looking, caught it, is beyond me. Again and again, to us, was emphasised the abounding feeling of vitality that is Cornell. The very colour of the stones carries this sense of life. The faraway shine of the lake, beautiful Cayuga, stretching north, flashes the same message, the smell of the pines, the lush elms, the clear, high notes of many birds, and always and ever that stream of ardent young life pouring in and out, traversing the lawns, meeting and passing on the paths.

"Come along," said a girl student, who was going to show us more. "There are the gorges, you know, North and South. We have a series

of the loveliest falls in the country, some as many as nine miles away, some . . ."

She halted us on top of Ithaca Falls and let us see for ourselves. They are the largest in Falls Creek, directly north of the campus. Their music sounds above the soft murmur of the University life in a continuous chant as they tumble in white glory down the rocks. A woodland path, arched over by evergreens, lets you walk along the glen, climbing through a forest of noble trees, with that wild little river rushing beside it, and plunging down between its stone precipices in one fall or cataract after another. We followed it to the lake made by damming its headlong career where the Hydraulic Laboratory hums and whirls, a building that almost makes a cañon wall itself, as it steps down from level to level. Lake Beebe is a charming little sheet of water, quite unconscious of being artificial.

The whole country round about Ithaca is a treasure of glens where the hemlocks keep the sun away from the dark pools and flashing falls of Falls Creek and Cascadilla Creek, which runs to the south of the University, and is as beautiful, if not quite as large, as Falls. These two streams have cut very deep gorges of a singularly picturesque type. Bridges span them with high arches, some of stone, some of wood, and Falls Creek is crossed high in air by the electric cars.

We stared up to see a car race along the dizzy bridge that carries it and decided to take that car in a spare moment, between other sight-seeing engagements.

Forest Home Path and Godwin Smith Path, or Walk, were shown to us in a sort of hushed rapture by our young guide.

"Did you ever see a college that had such a campus as this?—for all this is a part of our campus. Waterfalls people come to see from all over the country, just chucked in with the tuition fees," she laughed.

"I've heard about Cornell all my life," I said, "but it has always been the working side of the place, the wonderful agricultural work done here, the letters sent out to housewives and farmers, the fact that the Cornell Crew had won again—I've seen it at that deadly work on the Hudson. But of all this green enchantment, these dancing waters and deep glens, the exquisiteness of the lake, the splendid bits of forest—never a word."

"Winter here is simply wonderful," the girl responded, and her eyes fairly shone. "You ought to see this glen after the first fall of snow, with every branch loaded with it, and icicles shining everywhere, and the water still calling and plunging. It is a real fairyland. And then the lake. They build a great toboggan slide, you know, and from that you fly far out on the ice—whisshh!

Talk about fun. In spite of our being in a big city like Ithaca, it's the most outdoor place, Cornell."

On our way to see the Agricultural Buildings, a fine, businesslike appearing collection, handsomely conceived, we stopped to admire the beauty of Bailey Hall, the new auditorium, named in honour of Liberty Hyde Bailey, who for fifteen years was a professor at Cornell, and for ten years Dean, and unusual in many ways, particularly in the way of genius. The building is encircled by slender pillars, with a low, graceful dome, almost circular in its form, and seats a very large number. It is proper that it should lie on the way to the Agricultural College, since that was Professor Bailey's field of work. He still lives in a little house under the very eaves of the great heights on which the University stands, with a greenhouse adjoining his workshop.

"Presently he will be going to his summer home, on Lake Cayuga," we were told. The University has many tales to tell of its late Dean. Tall, thin, true countryman, with a countryman's speech and manner, he is at home in any environment and with any human creature. He has lived all over the world, not in its cities so much as in its wild places, where plants grew for the seeking. His additions to knowledge have been important, his manner of imparting

what he knows distinguished by an entire lack of affectation, considerable humour and the finest simplicity. The best that is meant by the spirit of Cornell may be said to find its expression in him. He is now working on his Standard Cyclopedia of Horticulture, but he has not lost touch with Cornell nor ceased to be a vital portion of the University.

We had kept chickens ourselves, so that in the great agricultural group we were more attracted to the Poultry House than to any other item. Here are things as they should be. Here all sorts of experiments are tried, and the chickens, from earliest cluck to the last squawk, are made to walk a chalk line. The plant is a delight, and we could hardly drag ourselves away.

It was in my early teens that I had developed the mania for raising hens which lasted some years and had its measure of success. I remember once stating solemnly and with conviction that my life would always be completely happy if only I were allowed to keep chickens.

"If I can keep chickens, even a few, I shan't care," was my conclusion.

We wanted to see some of the military work, so there we went now, as it was an hour when something might be expected. On the way we took a look at the Stadium on Alumni Field, a huge flight of seats, tier on tier, and at the base-

ball cage and field house to the south. Then we stopped, in view of the campus before the Armory. The men were at work, and the sight was inspiring.

"Khaki and green make a pleasing combination," Sister said, as the three of us stood watching the charging, the marching, the turns and abrupt pauses of the military instruction in progress. "What a lot of them there are!"

And how easily they went through the work. It was nothing new here, and the boys showed it.

We both decided that what we had seen of military training in the lay colleges was a wonderful argument for military training as a part of the life of every boy. It certainly did not make for the militaristic spirit. There was nothing of that shown, and very few of the boys in normal times entered the regular army. But in every physical sign and in a poise that was unmistakable, it gave a definite result and a praiseworthy one.

As we looked on, watching the young officers take their companies through the proper evolutions, we turned to the young girl beside us and told her that war or no war, and certainly it was to be hoped that never again in the future was there to be a war, we were for universal training.

"My brother says he wouldn't have missed it

for anything," she told us. "And when he came here he rebelled against it at first. But practically all the Freshmen take it, and you have to have a pretty good reason to be excused from it. So he joined the rest, and before long, when he saw what it did for the boys, he was strong for it."

"Is he there now?"

But he had graduated the year before. And when we wanted to know whether it was customary for brothers and sisters to attend the University together she said it did seem to be. But the boys and the girls were apt to centre on different studies, and there was so much to do, each in his or her own sphere, that as likely as not they saw very little of each other.

"But let me show you Sage College, the first Woman's Dorm," and away she went, winding us back behind Boardman and past the Chapel. Sage is a building of too many sharp, thin towers and the terrible word ornate might be applied to it with justice, but it is large and comfortable, the rooms are delightful, the green boughs of the trees embrace it and the creepers adorn it lovingly.

Not far away is South Gorge, with a finely arched bridge spanning the falls of Cascadilla Creek, that comes down a series of natural stone steps in a welter of foam. The evergreens are

close-set here, and a sweet wind blew down the gorge, carrying the voice of the waters on its cool wings. Cascadilla Hall too is near here, another dormitory.

Many of the students sleep and live in the fraternity houses, for Cornell supports the fraternities with entire enthusiasm. Apparently each college without them is filled with self-congratulation to think of its happy fate in this respect, and precisely the same appears to be true of each college with them. The puzzle of the frats.—it might make a good detective story, but it would have to end with two solutions.

"Do you approve of fraternities in college life?" might be asked of American institutions of learning.

"Yes—and No."

The answer covers the whole ground.

Cornell has many other societies and clubs. A great deal of its life is subdivided off, college by college. Many students come for definite courses in one special college. Many come only for the summer school, but among the summer students are plenty of others who are shortening their necessary time at the University by carrying on work during the extra season, or by taking up an entirely different branch. The athletic work brings a great many into close relations, and Cornell is famous for its prowess on

the field and on the water. There are various student associations, each numbering many members. Both the men and the girls have their meeting rooms, their special interests. There are several student publications.

"It is a complex, crowded life here," said our guide, as we drifted back to the University campus, and once again gazed at the charming scene and the beckoning view. Up beyond Beebe Lake we could see the domes of the Fuertes Observatory, like bubbles amid the greenery, and now we knew that the thick dark line of evergreens that was traceable beyond the campus boundary marked the wild course of Falls Creek. The better you know Cornell the better you realise how beautiful it is. Complex and crowded the life may be. But it is surrounded by immensities of peace and loveliness.

"Yes, it is crowded and it is full of varying interests," said the pretty young creature, who looked so fit and ready in blouse and short skirt, with a sweater as golden as her hair. "Naturally it can't help being a good deal split up; but that is so everywhere. Some of the students go to the city a great deal, some of us hardly ever. Of course Lake Cayuga is a rallying place both in summer and in winter, and so is Alumni Field and so, more than all, is the Library. Then there are special celebrations of the different

classes, and the mad excitements of Commencement. It's a huge, intensely interesting, colourful kaleidoscope. As the pattern turns and changes, you pick out of it what appeals to you, and go for that. Sometimes you make a mistake, but there is plenty of time to make a fresh start, to find yourself here. It's wonderful!"

Much of Cornell's prosperity has come from the sale of western lands, located by Ezra Cornell and handed over to the University whose welfare he had so much at heart. For a number of years there were troublous times, and money seemed impossible to get. Whenever things grew too strenuous Mr. Cornell would dig in again, and pay off salaries or debts and set the wheels rolling once more. During those first struggling fifteen years famous men lectured at the University, for it is part of the Cornell plan to have lectures each year by non-resident professors and men of attainments. Lowell, George W. Curtis, Theodore Dwight, Goldwin Smith, Bayard Taylor and Louis Agassiz, were among those early lecturers. There are few men of mark of late years who have not spoken before the undergraduates.

We left the grounds with a copy of The Cornell Widow under one arm, and of the Cornell Magazine under the other. The one is serious, the other is not. They express some-

thing of Cornell, between them. But only a little.

The University has far outrun Ezra Cornell's ambition to "found an institution where any person can find instruction in any study," noble as that ambition was. Much more than instruction is found there.

As Sister put it:

"I don't see but that, by and large, Cornell doesn't pretty well express the whole of this country of ours, male and female, rich and poor, in most of its countless activities and interests. A great democratic University, wonderfully beautiful, magnificently situated, thoroughly alive. It's tremendous!"

THE END

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